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GREGOR JOHANN MENDEL.

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IT is now one hundred years since a child, afterwards christened Johann, was born in the small farmhouse of a peasant farmer named Mendel, at Heinzendorf, near Odrau, in what was then Austrian Silesia. It is more than sixty years since his epoch-making works were published and attracted no attention. It is some thirty-five years since their author died, chagrined at the cold reception of what he knew to be important contributions to science, but confidently asserting that his time would yet come. He was right. Some twenty-five years ago his papers were discovered by several men of science almost simultaneously. His time had come, and the re-discovered papers have turned the biological world upside down. Bateson, who is the prophet of Mendelism in England, has declared that "his experiments are worthy to rank with those which laid the foundations of the atomic laws of

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chemistry," whilst Lock, another biological writer, has claimed that his discovery was "of an importance little inferior to those of a Newton or a Dalton."

For the sake of the comparison which must naturally arise at a later point, let us set down the chief dates in the life of that other great biologist, Charles Darwin, for, though he knew nothing of Mendel's work, which was almost contemporary with his own, that work has shaken the Darwinian edifice. Bateson, in a Presidential address to the British Association for the Promotion of Science, declared: "We go to Darwin for his incomparable collection of facts. We would fain emulate his scholarship, his width and his power of exposition, but to us he speaks no more with philosophical authority. We read his scheme of evolution as we would those of Lucretius or Lamarck, delighting in their simplicity and their courage."

Darwin was born in 1809: his great work, *The Origin of Species by Natural Selection*, was published exactly fifty years later, and eight years before Mendel's work. It excited immediate attention. In fact, it convulsed the scientific world, nor had its influence in any way abated at the time of its author's death, in 1882, two years before that of Mendel.

The centenary of so distinguished a man and so distinguished a Catholic as Mendel, should not pass unnoticed in a Catholic periodical. The name Mendel has a Hebrew twang to those familiar with German and Austrian names, nevertheless the Mendel family was of pure Austrian descent, poor but fervent in their religion like most of their compatriots. Johann was educated at the ordinary school at Leipnik, near his home, and proving himself to be of uncommon abilities, his parents made a great effort to send him on to the gymnasium or higher school at Troppau, and subsequently to the still more important one at Olmutz. How great a strain this was upon the meagre family resources, may be gathered from the fact that Mendel's sister, at her own suggestion, gave up a large part of her dowry that her brother's education might not be interrupted. The magnitude of this sacrifice can only be estimated by those who know that in some European countries the marriage of a dowerless girl is a most unlikely incident. It is pleasant to recall that her self-sacrifice was re-

warded, for her brother not only repaid what was lent, but himself defrayed the expenses of the education of two of her sons.

At Troppau Mendel had as one of his teachers a young Augustinian from the monastery at Brünn, and it may have been on this account that, when his time at the gymnasium was up, he became a novice at the Abbey of St. Thomas, of which his teacher was a member. This was in 1843, when he was twenty-one years of age. Four years later he was ordained a priest. Another four years were spent in teaching, and then the young Augustinian was sent for a two years' course of study to the University of Vienna, where he devoted his time to mathematics, physics and natural science. In 1853 he was back again in his monastery and was appointed a teacher in the Realschule or Technical School of the town. Here he labored for fifteen years and seems, as indeed one might have anticipated, to have been a stimulating and much appreciated teacher. It was during this time that he carried out the experiments on which his papers are based. The fact that he was engaged in research no doubt tended to give a life and vigor to his teaching which can never characterize the instruction of those whose knowledge is purely theoretical. Then occurred what one can only call a real tragedy: Mendel was appointed *Prælat* of his abbey. This is the accurate term, although he is generally called Abbot,¹ the nature of the office being identical. Here one cannot but be reminded of another great scientific ecclesiastic, Nikolaus Stensen. Stensen, after making discoveries in Geology and in Anatomy which won him the title of the Father of Modern Geology and caused the assembled men of science of the world, in the latter part of the last century, to place a tablet over the spot where his remains rest, proclaiming him to be "*inter Geologos et Anatomicos præstantissimus*," was, unfortunately for science, made a bishop, sent to a part of Europe, where he spent his latter days in what, to the human eye, seemed fruitless toil, and was completely cut off from all scientific work.

Such was the case with Mendel. Quite possibly he said to himself when he became Prelate: "Now I shall have time

¹ The title of Abbé, so often employed when he first became known, has been dropped by all but the most ignorant.

to work more steadily at my beloved experiments, having no more teaching to occupy me."

Of course, he reaped the fruit everyone reaps who abandons teaching for administration, hoping for more time and a fresher mind for scientific work. Stensen achieved nothing more after he became a bishop; that perhaps was inevitable, for he was sent far from laboratories and libraries. But neither did Mendel, though he was not separated from the garden which had been the scene of his labors. The general routine business of his Abbey, if nothing had been super-added, might have left him leisure for scientific work, but Mendel was drawn into a long and troublesome dispute with the Government in respect of a taxation scheme which he believed to be unjust to the religious houses. So, no doubt, did the other houses, but many, if not most of them, capitulated to the Government. Efforts were made to induce Mendel to do likewise, but he steadily refused, and the contest was still raging at his death, though not long afterwards matters were settled along the lines for which he had always contended.

The struggle in question was enough to embitter the last years of Mendel's life, and it was not his only cross. Racial feelings and strifes were then most acute in that part of Austria, and an Abbey with such wide ramifications as that at Brünn, could not but be much affected thereby. Furthermore, he felt very bitterly the chill neglect with which his papers were received. This neglect is somewhat curious to explain for, though his papers were not published in an important periodical (the Proceedings of the Brünn Natural History Society are not of world-wide reputation), yet they were sent to the Royal Society of London and doubtless to other important libraries, and there is no doubt that Mendel corresponded with Nägeli, a very distinguished biologist of the day. Nägeli's failure to see the value of Mendel's papers is the more remarkable because of his own views, of which more shortly. Finally, the Abbot was the victim during the last years of his life of Bright's disease, that depressing malady, of which eventually he died. It is perhaps not surprising, therefore, that, in a fit of depression, he destroyed a number of his notes, including, apparently, those he had made on bees, on which much-studied insects he is known to have carried out a num-

ber of experiments. After his death, no trace of the notes of this and other researches were discoverable, nor has the most careful search ever brought them to light.

A complete study of the Mendelian doctrines as at present formulated is no part of the present writer's intention. They have arrived at a complexity of detail and of nomenclature only understandable by the expert. Some account of what Mendel discovered must indeed be given, for, without it, to estimate the importance of his position today would be impossible. Only an outline will be attempted. What is more important, from our point of view, is to see the effect his discoveries have had upon current biological opinion, and the relation they bear to some of the great philosophical problems of this and every age.

When we survey the realm of nature, we are confronted with certain obvious facts which must form the basis of all our study. In the first place, the picture which is unfolded before our eyes is *discontinuous* in its character. There is no apparent reason why all living things should not be of exactly the same species. They are not. And, what is more, they belong to species sometimes very sharply and always with sufficient distinction separated from one another. Again, the *discontinuous* picture is also characteristic of the past, where we find, in continuous succession, the rise, climax and, almost always, decline of various races of beings. There were at one time the great saurians or lizards which have completely disappeared. So has the Mammoth, to take but two examples familiar to all. Why this discontinuity? It is a question clamant of an answer. Then we find ourselves face to face with the undoubted fact of *Heredity*—a wonderful thing even if we are anæsthetized by its invariability and seldom stop to think how remarkable it is that a duck never comes from a hen's egg, nor is a colored child the offspring of white parents. Finally, for our purpose, we must not forget that, though heredity causes the offspring to resemble closely the parents, they are not precisely similar; in other words, we have to do with the factor of *Variation*.

Things may vary in two ways. There may be very slight variations such as a twist to the eyebrow hairs at the inner side of the eye—a small thing, yet one which has been known to descend in families for generations. It was to these small

variations that Darwin attached all importance in connection with his doctrine of Natural Selection. Huxley told him that he was making a mistake and that *Natura facit saltum* at times at any rate. We now know that such is the case, and many at least are of opinion that the small variations merely swing backwards and forwards around a fixed central point and have very little, if anything, to do with any process of evolution which may be taking place. On the contrary, major variations, which their latest describer, de Vries, calls *Mutations*, do seem to have a real effect. There is a well-known example in connection with the Greater Celandine (*Chelidonium majus*), of which a variant (afterwards named, from the lace-like character of its leaves, *Chelidonium laciniatum*), suddenly appeared in the garden of one Sprenger, an apothecary in Heidelberg, in the year 1590. At the time, what we may call systematic (though there was not much system about it), botany, was a favorite pursuit, and Sprenger sent specimens to many botanists, none of whom knew the plant. They could not well know it, as it was a perfectly new appearance. Yet it has gone on breeding perfectly true ever since.

Heredity, Variations, Mutations, such are the factors which confronted Mendel and confront all workers in the biological field. Mendel determined to attack a problem which had been attacked by others before and has been by others since, and to adopt a perfectly original method of attack—simple, like almost all great ideas, yet yielding, as we shall see, almost astounding results. What he determined to study was the question of Heredity and Variation, and to ascertain what, if any, were the laws connected with these phenomena. Let us, for a moment, review the attitude towards these factors of a few other great men of science.

LAMARCK (1744-1829) started out by accepting inheritance which he did not try to explain. Moreover, he accepted the inheritance of an acquired character, a subject, to this day, of even bitter controversy, of which more presently. What he did try to explain was Variation, which he looked upon as nature's response to some pressing need.

DARWIN tried through his theory of "Pangenesis" to explain Heredity, but he could not explain the origin of variations on which, however, he had to rely for his theory of Nat-

ural Selection. In the language of philosophy, Lamarck took *Heredity* and Darwin took *Variation* as "given."

WEISMANN, who died only a short time ago, abandoned the theory of the inheritance of acquired characters which Herbert Spencer said was of such importance that, without it, there could be no evolution. He had to admit Variation of course and, in order to account for it, he formulated a theory of internal germinal selection which we need not linger over, since it never obtained any position in the scientific world.

Now the road is clear for Mendel and his experiments. Up to his time, workers had looked upon each living object which they were studying as a whole. The human being produced a human being more or less like its parents. The pea produced fresh peas more or less identical with the progenitor peas and that was all. Mendel had the flash of genius which led him to see that the proper path by which to approach the problem was by that of *individual and sharply contrasted characters*. The common pea was the first and the most important object of his study. Now there are tall and dwarf peas; there are peas with wrinkled skins and peas with smooth; there are peas with yellow flesh and peas with green (technical terms are rigorously excluded from this article), and so on. Mendel's idea was to take these contrasted characters and study their heredity, and this is how he did it, described as briefly and simply as possible.

Let us take the sweet pea which everybody knows. There are two varieties for our present purpose—tall and dwarf or "Cupid" as it is called. Several feet high and only a few inches high—a sufficiently striking contrast. Mendel took plants which had been breeding true for some time and he saved their seed. When these seeds had been planted, had germinated and grown up, he carefully fertilized the flowers of one with pollen (the golden dust on the stamens of the male plant which must reach the female flowers for seeds to be formed) from the other. It does not make any difference which way the cross is made. He took every precaution to prevent any other pollen but that which he had selected from reaching the female flower. Then the resultant seeds were saved, labeled, laid aside and, next year, planted. Now it seems obvious that from such mixed parentage the most likely

thing would be a mixed progeny, but such was not the result. In the case we are studying *all* the progeny were tall. It would appear as if the tall stock was so strong as to have wiped out the puny, but attractive, "Cupid" variety. However, the experiment was not over, for the seeds of these tall plants after being carefully excluded from the influence of any alien pollen, were allowed to grow and to fertilize themselves as they would do in a state of nature. The resultant seeds were again sown and the result was another surprise, for now there were a mixed group of descendants, tall and short, but in definite proportions: three tall for every one short.

Mendel so far, then, came to the conclusion (for the same things followed in connection with the other contrasting characters such as wrinkled and smooth) that one of the characters was suppressed or held *in petto* in the first generation, and this he called *recessive*, whilst the other alone was visible and thus *dominant*. Tallness, then, was dominant and dwarfishness recessive in the case we have under consideration. Yet, again, the experiment was not entirely concluded, for another generation's breeding was observed, again as the sequence of carefully protected self-fertilization. Now what came to pass was that all the dwarfs produced dwarfs and, it may be added, would go on producing dwarfs forever, so it would seem. In other words, they were a pure strain. As to the tall, they produced both tall and dwarfs. The dwarfs, as before, are pure and will go on producing dwarfs. The tall are partly pure and will go on producing tall. But partly they are not pure and will go on producing a mixed breed in the proportions just given. Thus after the first generation, all tall, there will be a second of seventy-five per cent. tall or dominants and twenty-five per cent. dwarfs or recessives. These last will go on producing one hundred per cent. of dwarfs, or breeding true; of the remaining seventy-five per cent. of tall, twenty-five per cent. will be pure, breeding tall, and the remaining fifty per cent. will be mixed, producing offspring in the numerical arrangement mentioned throughout, namely, one recessive to three dominants.

The same proportions are maintained in many other pairs of characters, and since the re-discovery of Mendel's papers, a vast amount of work has been done in order to ascertain what, if any, are the limits of this rule. Nowhere it may be

remarked has more striking or important work been carried out than in the laboratories of Columbia University by Professor Morgan and his fellow-workers; work, which with that carried out by Professor Bateson and his assistants at the experimental garden over which he presides, have filled many thousand pages of scientific works, and led to the formulation of many theories of which Mendel knew nothing and of which nothing will be said here.

One point, however, of prime importance must not be overlooked before we turn to some general considerations. Mendel's method shows us how a *pure* breed may be obtained, pure that is in so far as concerns some important factor—surely a point of first importance to breeders of horses and cattle, not to speak of growers of wheat and other agricultural products. A man wants a cow, let us say, with a certain characteristic—it is to be a first-class milker. There are good milkers and bad. Let us breed them and see if they work on Mendelian lines. All characteristics do not, and the case I have taken is purely imaginary. If it worked, it is easy to see how a pure breed of good milkers could be obtained. Let us take an instance where the principle was actually worked out along economic lines. There is a certain kind of wheat which alone will make the sort of bread people in England wish to eat, and its quality is called “strength.” That quality is found in Canadian and American wheats, but not in English wheats, which can be grown at a profit, *i. e.*, which have a good yield per acre. If the “strong” American wheats are brought over and grown in England they soon become “weak.” By means of experiments on Mendelian lines, it has been possible to produce a wheat with the “strong” quality which has the free cropping characteristics of the less valuable variety. Further, and in connection with another problem on Mendelian lines, it has been possible to produce a “strong” wheat which is insusceptible to the attacks of “rust,” a fungoid plague which had been previously a desperate enemy of the desired varieties of wheat. Thus the “pure” scientific experiments, as in so many other cases, lead to economic results or become “applied.” Thus again proving that any distinction between “pure” and “applied” science is untenable and, indeed, absurd.

Let us now survey the field of science from the aspect pre-

sented by Mendel's discovery. First of all, plain and distinct as sunlight, is revealed a law. We cannot have a numerical arrangement of unvarying character like that just described and refuse to give to it the same significance that one does to the laws called after Newton, for example. If one has a series of occurrences which occur and recur with complete regularity, and one has to account for them, one can only do so in one of two ways. They come about by chance or they come about by law. Huxley said somewhere that no one who had ever seen a glimmer of scientific light, could stand by the chance hypothesis and, indeed, it does not take much consideration to see how untenable such a thing is here and in a thousand other instances. "Personally, I always maintain that, if there are laws of nature, it is only logical to admit that there is a lawgiver. But of this lawgiver we can give no account." These were the words of Professor Plate in the well-known Berlin discussion between Father Wasmann, the eminent Jesuit biologist, and the combined materialist talent of Germany. As to the latter part of his statement, much might be said but cannot be said here. The first part contains the needed admission. If there is a law, there must be someone to formulate that law.

"With the experimental proof that Variation consists largely in the unpacking and repacking of an original complexity, it is not so certain as we might like to think that the order of these events is not predetermined." Professor Bateson, as I have pointed out before, in this passage uses a curious expression, for it is not clear why the scientific man should "like" to think of anything but the truth, whatever that may be. But he has clearly indicated an important point which calls for an explanation and can only obtain one by conceding the existence of a packer and a predestinator. In other words, to drop paraphrase, we come back to the need of a Lawgiver and a Creator. That is the first and, from our point of view, at least, not the most negligible asset obtained from Mendel's discoveries.

There are other things, however, to which we must direct our attention. In the passage just quoted, the writer alludes to an "original complexity," and on that phrase hangs a most important consideration. The Darwinian view as to evolution, indeed we may say the general view of all Transformists,

was, it may be safely said, that of an original simplicity passing to greater and greater complexity. Thus we have the efforts to show that life first appeared in some vaseline-like carbonaceous jelly by the side of some steaming pond of millions of years ago, which somehow divided and somehow got the habit of dividing, a process which in time became hereditary, and that this jelly gradually became more complex, and thus you have all the living things of the past and the present. It takes some believing but, as a method of Creation, there is nothing in it to turn a hair on the head of the firmest believer in religion, though he may be assured, to begin with, that there is not one particle of evidence for anything of the kind. It may have been, but then, and a hundred times over, it may not. But the view of some of the modern Mendelians is quite a different thing. According to it, everything that ever was to be, was in the original germ or germs. *Germ*s we say, advisedly, for we gather that Bateson and his following would agree with Father Wasmann that evolution was polyphyletic; that there is, as the Bible says—though not as a scientific pronouncement, one flesh of fish and another of birds, and so on. This text Bateson put on the title-page of his first and greatest work.

Just how many sources of development or starting points, to make our meaning clearer, they would allow, is nowhere stated, but let us suppose—for the sake of clearness—that a starting point was allowed for vertebrates. That would mean that all the characteristics of all the vertebrate forms that have ever existed, or will ever exist, were in that germ which formed the starting point. That is a startling idea, but it follows from the statement of this school of Mendelians, that nothing can ever be added to the germ, and that the differences we observe are due to the removal of some inhibiting factor which permits the previously “stopped down” character to make its appearance. Let us take an illustrative quotation: Professor Bateson expresses his confidence that “the artistic gifts of mankind will prove to be due, not to something added to the make-up of an ordinary man, but to the absence of factors which in the normal person inhibit the development of these gifts. They are almost beyond doubt to be looked upon as *releases* of powers normally suppressed. The instrument is there, but it is ‘stopped down.’”

Now, if all the characters are in the original germ, we have to account first of all for their being there, which on materialistic lines seems absolutely impossible. There was some wild kind of possibility—never coming within hailing distance of a probability—that an originally simple germ might develop and, without any direction, acquire further complexities. I say that this is wildly thinkable, but the other is not, wildly or otherwise. If you are going to begin with a germ packed with all the characters which are to develop afterwards into a rich and varied fauna or flora, they must have been packed there by a Creator. There is absolutely no other way out of it except by plunging into the agnosticism of Professor Plate and saying: "Of course, there must have been a Packer, but we cannot know anything about Him."

Further, it is also abundantly obvious that if you are going to achieve development by gradual shaking off of inhibiting characters, you must in your developing germ have some directing factor. It is obvious that this train of thought could never have passed through the mind of Nägeli when corresponding with Mendel, for Nägeli was a strong upholder of what he himself called orthogenesis, that is the existence of something in the developing individual which impelled it along a certain line of development and no other. Strange that ignorance or prejudice should make men invent new names for old things. Nägeli's orthogenetic factor was, and could be, nothing else but the "entelechy" of Aristotle and today of Driesch and that, of course, as every educated person knows, is nothing else but the "soul" of Scholastic Philosophy—the "animal" or "vegetable" souls, the principles of direction and of the perfection of the possessors.

But, if we have reached this conclusion, then where is the original Darwinian Deposit of Faith? If everything is in the original germ, then there is an end of any discussion as to the Heredity of Acquired Conditions; there is an end to Natural Selection; there is an end to almost everything that Darwin and his followers have postulated and argued about. No wonder that, this being the case, Bateson, the chief prophet of Mendelism, should tell us that it is useless any more to look upon Darwin's works as anything more than a storehouse of facts. We are not now laying down the conclusion that

Bateson is right and all the Darwinians and Neo-Darwinians wrong. It is not hard to understand why these latter classes are not best pleased with the extreme Mendelians who are challenging all the tenets which they had almost converted into scientific dogmata. This final moral we may surely draw. There was a time when the major scientific excommunication seemed to await any daring mortal who appeared to deny any part of the doctrine not only of Darwin, but also of Darwin's numerous disciples. There was a time when not to believe in Weismann was to earn a cold shrug of the shoulders. Professor Bateson, let it be said at once, always had the courage of his opinions. It may be that now he will become the enunciator of dogmata, and that to deny some of the recent accretions to the true Mendelian faith will become the sin that the denial of other much lauded scientific keys to all mysteries once was. And the moral? Well, it is not difficult to draw. The non-scientific reader may bear in mind that the scientific gospel of today may find its way tomorrow to the scrap-heap, and, in that fact, find good reason to exhibit some decent incredulity when he is told for the thousandth time that such and such a discovery has put an end to the effete ideas of a Creator and Maintainer of nature. Thus the non-scientific man. The scientific student ought to know these facts, if he does not, and to order his thoughts accordingly.

THE WOMEN OF SHAKESPEARE.

BY HELEN MORIARTY.



O impressions are so lasting as those of childhood. We ourselves know this to be true. The loving faces that floated above us in our awakening consciousness, the emerald sward that enticed our first tottering steps, the clouds that caught our wandering vision, no less than the paths we trod and the ways we knew in childhood's happy days, these go with us, howsoever vaguely and indistinctly, all through life. Perhaps unconsciously, they make more perfect our golden moments. Certain it is, they brighten many a dark and tedious hour, cheering them with glimpses of long-past innocent joys, memories none the less sweet because thorned with poignancy.

In Warwickshire, sometimes called "the garden of England," Shakespeare was cradled. Through his native town flowed the peaceful Avon, and green bank and grassy path alike invited the dreamy boy to many an idle stroll, where in youth's happy inconsequence he thought that "there was no more behind, but such a day tomorrow as today, and to be boy eternal." We are given to believe that his home was gentle, and his early experiences such as to set in his plastic mind ideals that were never to depart.

I like to think of him as a gentle, thoughtful lad—later in life, he was to be known as the gentle Shakespeare—playing by the picturesque stream, and making friends of the flowers and birds and bees, or lying in the grateful shade to let his thoughts sail away in cloudy armadas over "the long savannahs of the blue." He took, I think, a "shining morning face" to the Guild school where he studied and where he was probably not a very attentive student, learning "little Latin and less Greek." What need had he of foreign tongues who was to read the deepest secrets of the human heart? Indeed, as Dryden said: "He needed not the spectacles of books." It is thus I like to think of him, as child and boy and stripling, imbibing the sweetness and peace of the quiet idyllic country-

side. He was to require them later in turbulent, foul-smelling London, and true to his dreams he often wandered back in spirit, immortalizing with his pen the spots he earliest loved. Shakespeare was born with the heritage of dreams, "the curse of destinate verse," but on the harsh anvil of life a modicum of practicality was forged into the shining metal of his soul. Both were to stand him in good stead in the proper study which was to engage the best years of his life.

But what has all this to do with the women of his plays? I think it has much to do. For it is my belief that only a real dreamer, one, that is to say, to whom dreams are as real as the actual and the actual sometimes as visionary as dreams, can properly interpret the heart of a woman, itself the shrine and centre of all the dreams the world has ever known, or distill from the fire and dew that are her soul the strange and subtle sweetness that makes her so essentially human and so essentially a woman. For not all the seers who dreamed of life and saw it wonderful, had this sure and certain gift of divination. Dante, I dare assert, did not really know his Beatrice, for against the vision of the great Florentine the heart of woman locked many secret doors. Poor Tasso, burning himself out against the slight flame of a woman's inconsequence, failed in that high and perfect understanding which comes only to the serene of soul, and Cervantes, immortal in his men, left us but pale spectres of women who refuse the light of day. Still others give us weak imitations, sticks, as it were, clothed in women's garments, who, like Hawthorne's Featherhead, shrivel and die at the first touch of human feeling.

Not so the women whom Shakespeare has depicted. They are real because they are what we call, for lack of a better term, human, by which we might mean any or all of a number of things—fallible, faulty, inconsistent, proud, unreasonable, weak and vacillating, foolish, passionate, petulant, demandful; and yet how compellingly sweet and wonderful, how engaging in *naïveté*, how strong in virtue, pure, high-souled, dignified, "instructing even their sorrows to be proud"—what an array of attractions is theirs; what moods to match our own, what cleverness we fain would snare, what brilliancy one might dream to emulate, what sprightliness, what fancy, what arresting yet elusive grace! And who, caught in the

trammels of a later civilization and hampered by the conventions of polite society, has not had moments of envying Katherine the frank directness of her vitriolic tongue?

Easy enough it is to picture the faults in a woman; easier still to memorialize in her those admirable qualities which we like to think belong to her as her own peculiar property; but it is not so easy so to mingle the two—amazing fault, incredible virtue—as to build a character irrevocably “grappled to our soul with hooks of steel.” Who but Shakespeare could have fashioned a Lady Macbeth, make her before our horrified eyes by intent a murderess, and a few moments later shake our very soul to tears by the mere sight of her tragic, haunted figure and blood-stained “little hands?” Who but he could have won us to the knowledge of how closely interwoven with the fibres of a woman’s heart is the stinging, searing, bitter, saving thread of quick remorse.

If it were one type of woman alone that Shakespeare had presented, he would still have all the elements of greatness in the charm of his drama no less than the depth of his philosophy. But he was great again in his portrayal of women, wonderful in the types he limns and the perfection of his handling. All types are here, from the girlish Juliet flaming innocently into first love, to the impassioned, unprincipled daughter of a hundred Ptolemies, implacable in her evil course, piteous in her final desolation, immortal in her deathless love. Here is personified the beauty of filial love, there, the incomprehensible horror of the thankless child, sending a mad old king to desolation and death. Here is the brilliant, charming, attractive Portia, strong to aid, but with a woman’s heart trembling under her masculine disguise, and there, fleeing away in the darkness from the falling house of her usurious father, a perfect foil for the majestic figure of Portia, is the shallow, deceitful, dishonest Jessica. Were I a Jew, I would never resent Shylock, but I should resent Jessica, a type uncommon in the Hebrew race. In all literature, there is no more noble figure than that of Paulina in *The Winter’s Tale*, defending her young mistress, the Sicilian queen, against the unjust accusations of the jealous king; but give me a tale of fishwives and I will point out its prototype in the sharp, not to say vulgar, exchange of personalities between Constance and Queen Elinor in *King John*. Elinor says (to quote some

of the most innocuous): "There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father!" And "there's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee," retorts Constance.

"Come to thy grandam, child," begs Elinor further on. And Constance: "Do, child, go to its grandam, child; give grandam kingdom, and its grandam will give it a plum, a cherry and a fig; there's a good grandam!" She scolds superbly, we must admit, until Elinor inveighs bitingly: "Thou unadvised scold, I can produce a will that bars the title to thy son!"

"Ay, who doubts that? A will! A wicked will; a woman's will; a cankered grandam's will!"

In truth, a lusty fight, only retrieved from complete immersion in the pit of sordidness by the motherly devotion of Constance, which drives her to strike fiercely back at those who sought to injure her son. Shakespeare, be it said, always exalts mothers and motherly devotion, and in an age of moral corruption pays strong tribute to wifely fidelity, a fidelity too often unappreciated by recreant spouses. What womanly truth and purity and goodness we have exemplified in Queen Catherine, in Desdemona, Hermione, Imogen, what potential devotion forecast in the gentle Miranda. All that is sweet and admirable he has given us in womanly characters; sometimes, too, all that is mean and contemptible; but transmuted by the alchemy of his genius, some bit of golden light touches, however remotely, each one. Even to Dame Quickly we give the tribute of a fugitive heart throb as she speaks of the dying Falstaff.

But though all of Shakespeare's women are creations of an inimitable sort, to them, as women, we cannot and do not always yield our fullest admiration. Yet in judging them we must take into consideration the character of the times in which our author lived and wrote. It was to some extent merry England, the England of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, of *As You Like It*, of prototypes of Falstaff and Touchstone, of jester and fool and strolling player. It was likewise in London a foul England, given over in the new freedom and license of the period to loose speech, worse action, every vulgar intrigue that evil imagination could spawn. In the world's history it was perhaps the greatest period of change, second only, one might say, to that in which we are living

today. England, in the main, had thrown off the shackles of the old religion and, finding no like restrictions in the new, laid hold again of that dark pagan strain so long held in check by the wise impulse of spiritual forces. The old simple faith had gone down, and with it the old simple, well-ordered life of religious restraint.

The world was opening out, too, with new adventures on land and sea, new colonies in far countries, and a new stimulus was furnished to men's minds by the Italian renaissance, the effects of which were but now penetrating to this little isle, "set in a silver sea;" and novel ventures showed alluring avenues to wealth, tossing fortunes into hands all unaccustomed to the uses of prosperity. A mad orgy of spending ensued, luxury rioted, and fashion trickily gave rein to every freakish fancy. Of styles, there were almost an endless variety, some, as witness the ruff, inconceivable in their absurdity. But women not only took to them with avidity, as they always do, but set agile wits to work to invent others still more striking. Out of the exigencies of the ruff, which demanded something less rude than spikes to keep in place its ever-growing width, was born the homely starch, a pointed exemplification of the utilitarian following in the wake of the ornamental, and that sartorial feminine genius was loudly acclaimed who invented a colored starch to suit the taste, and it might have been the complexion of the wearer. Though, to be sure, complexions were made to order then as now.

Despite this elegance in dress, this fair outward seeming, mere bodily cleanliness was lightly esteemed and strong perfumes took the place of the bath. The rushes with which the floors were covered, even those in the very audience chamber of Elizabeth, were allowed to disintegrate into foulness before being removed. Masses of filth filled the streets and those who were fortunate enough to escape the royal ax, were like to be swept away by the pestilence which scourged the unsanitary cities. Who is wise enough to say what relation this general uncleanness had to the loose speech and degrading conversation of the day?

It is safe to say, however, that it would be strange indeed were not the women of those times to suffer some contamination from these sinister influences, or that the bright lustre of pure womanhood should not be dimmed in some measure

by the foul miasma of the reeking streets. But the old faith was not dead, though hunted, decried, contemned, and history has preserved for us the story of many a pure and exquisite life whose influence, like a hidden rose, sent forth a saving odor. There were many spots in England where family life was still sacred and secure, spots even in the teeming city itself, and places remote from London and the glaring corruption of the court. And if we wince at the coarse speech of the day, as wince we must, we need not for that reason rashly condemn the speaker, for custom is powerful and impels betimes into strange ways. We have only to look around us in our own times to see how custom makes fashion to gibe at modesty. So far as dress was concerned, the women of Shakespeare's time presented a more modest mien than those of today, whose offensively scant attire has won, if not international reprobation, at least to the doubtful ascendancy of the international joke. Then, at any rate, the ladies were well guarded behind the barricading ruff from whatsoever gallant would fain steal a kiss. This may be one reason why our poet puts so many of his heroines in male attire, sending them forth unhampered by fripperies and trailing skirts to seek the truth of the romance that beckoned, beckoned, and would not be denied. But are they not as modest as they are attractive in their disguises, Viola, Olivia, Rosalind? We might never have come upon the tricky charm of Rosalind had we not adventured with her through the Forest of Arden, and witnessed her naïve girlish joy over her swain's adoring verses yielded up so obligingly by the friendly trees. We are fain to sympathize with Phoebe in preferring this graceful youth to her own lovesick, tiresome pursuer.

The only woman over whose characterization we like to take special issue with Shakespeare is Joan of Arc, and even at that we recognize that his misconception of the Maid was due to the false opinions of his day. The years that justified and crowned the Flower of France, produced in Andrew Lang, who, though a Scotsman, is, of course, esteemed to be British, another genius who helped, with Justin Huntley McCarthy, to redeem England from the obloquy of Shakespeare's mistake.

A writer with some vogue among Shakespearean com-

mentators has arisen in our own day who chooses to read into the character of Shakespeare's women a moral turpitude which those who have loved them long will be slow to accept. Perhaps he is a good judge of moral obliquity, but I suspect that he has looked too long upon dunghills to vision the flowers that may spring there. He would have us believe that of that gracious and brilliant galaxy stepping ever sedately across the glass of Time, many were formed on the character and personality of an infamous woman at Elizabeth's court for whom the poet-dramatist had cherished an illicit attachment, and, to prove his case, he goes through the plays like a carrion crow, picking out to his own satisfaction lewd speeches and bald words. Now it is not for me to claim that Shakespeare escaped the moral laxity of the time or failed to pay homage at the shrine of court beauties. Perhaps he did sometimes follow the line of least resistance. But shall we, because Juliet falls unconsciously into the free speech of the day, suffer a foul imagination to smirch the fair, white robe of her virgin innocence? Besides, it is a foolish, as well as an unprofitable, task to search for obscure motives, to find ulterior designs in casual complexions, or to probe the gentle speech for hidden sores that may never have existed.

I venture to believe that, if Shakespeare "looked into his heart" and wrote what he saw there, fixed in the fine, resilient fabric of a mind that roamed widely and at will, was not the shortcomings of any particular person who may, however unhappily, have crossed his path; but the engaging faults, the little weaknesses, the piteous sins, the dear inconsistencies, the lost dreams and forgotten aspirations, the triumphs he had visualized of right and justice and sweetness, though it may have been in the dark night of death and tears. In a word, what he saw there and wrote down for succeeding generations, were all the splendid, fallible forces of the restless, resistless, human soul, the same yesterday, today and forever.

THE ETHICAL BASIS OF WAGES.

BY FATHER CUTHBERT, O.S.F.C.



IN a previous article we drew attention to the fact that the Labor programme is no longer concerned primarily with the question of wages, but with the general economic freedom of the worker. The movement is definitely towards a larger liberty in the economic sphere corresponding to the democratic movement in the political sphere. On the general claim involved in this question, the words of Leo XIII. concerning political liberty may well be applied to economic liberty: "It is not in itself wrong to prefer a democratic form of government. . . . Unless it be otherwise determined by reason of some exceptional condition of things, it is expedient to take part in the administration of public affairs."¹ If this be true of political liberty, it must be true also of economic and other forms of human liberty. On the general question of economic freedom, it may be taken that the Christian conscience regards it as not merely lawful, but expedient, "unless it be otherwise determined by reason of some *exceptional* condition of things."

This limitation of its expediency will be admitted by every serious thinker, and by none is it more candidly admitted than by many of the leaders of the Labor movement itself. Full economic freedom can come to the worker only in so far as he is efficient and self-disciplined. Consequently, it can only be achieved gradually, as the education of the worker, intellectual and moral, proceeds apace. Yet, as we have said, in placing this ideal of economic freedom in its wider sense in the forefront of its endeavor, the Labor movement has become more consciously ethical in character than when its direct purpose was concerned merely with wages. The question of wages, however, must always remain one of the fundamental problems: it can never be absent from any Labor programme since it eagerly determines, even as it is largely

¹ Encyclical, *Libertas Præstantissimum*, in *The Pope and the People*, edit. 1912, p. 129.

determined by, the other conditions of the worker's existence. The worker and the economic student today are not less intent upon the wages question than were the earlier Trade-Unionists: but this question has become envisaged in a larger conception of economic and social well-being. Wages, it has been said, are but a means towards the achievement of a higher human existence. That being so, they must be determined with a view to that ultimate end.

The first consequence of admitting this principle is that wages should properly be based not upon the market value of a man's work, but upon the necessity of his well-being as a man. Market value enters into the question not as a primary determining factor, but as a secondary consideration for the securing of the worker of a wage which will enable him to attain to a proper human existence. In other words, market value should not so much fix the rate of wage and, consequently, the condition of the worker's life; but the claim of the worker to a human existence must be a factor in determining market values. Any competition which ignores this principle, is so far unethical and cannot be defended on moral grounds. And thus the whole system of free competition as it was understood by, let us say, the Manchester School of economists, is revolutionized. That school of economic thought was, from the point of view of Christian ethics, radically unsound, inasmuch as it considered a man's labor as apart from the man himself and bartered with his labor instead of with the man. The man as a human being did not enter into the economic scheme: he entered into it merely as a machine for turning out so much work: and the value of his work was determined theoretically merely by the price it obtained in the market.

As a matter of fact, the worker did not usually obtain the price his labor was worth in the market, simply because there was no real freedom in the barter on the worker's part: the worker was at the mercy of the employer, who exploited his necessity and manipulated the market to his own advantage, with the result that the employers too frequently amassed vast profits while the worker had a bare subsistence wage, or less. But even apart from this abuse of the employer's power, the taking of market value as the ultimate basis of the worker's wage was wrong ethically, in that it limited the

responsibility of the employer to paying a reasonable price for the mere product of Labor apart from wider considerations of the worker's welfare: it meant that the worker was regarded as a mere tool, and not as a human coöperator in industry whose work is indissolubly bound up with his personality. The system itself was ethically false in its first principles: nor did the economists endeavor to justify it on high ethical grounds. They fell back upon the proposition that economics stand apart from ethics, in the same way as political action was justified by its expediency without reference to the moral considerations which are recognized as regulating individual conduct. So the worker was considered to have no claim apart from the selling price of his labor in a market uncontrolled by any consideration for the worker himself.

Instinctively, the workers have taken other ground as the basis of their demand. What they have almost consistently claimed is that their wage should not be measured by the market value of their work, but by the standard of life to which they felt they had a just right.² The economic value of their labor might be above or below the wage necessary for the sustaining of this standard of life: generally speaking, it was above, as the wealth created by industry shows; but they were content with a wage which would secure them a certain standard of life. As a general principle, this claim of the workers was sound: instinctively, they took the ground that the first call upon Labor is the maintenance of the worker. With the majority of them in the earlier days of Labor organization, it meant simply that they should have a sufficient wage to prevent them from falling lower in the scale of human life.

Today it means more than that: what the Labor Organizations have for years past aimed at, is a progressive raising of the standard of life and the right of the worker to opportunities for bettering his human conditions and social status. Wages are regarded as a means towards this progressive betterment. But the important thing to be taken notice of is

² For one period, the Trade Union movement in the early seventies of the last century abandoned this principle, though not without protest from the organized workers of certain industries. The principle then adopted was that wages should be regulated by the price of product without insistence on a minimum wage. The result was disastrous to the worker, and did much to bring about a Socialist reaction. Cf. Sydney Webb, *History of Trade Unionism*, edit. 1907, p. 324, et seq.

that wages are not primarily to be adjudged by the output of labor, but by the standard of life to which the worker has raised himself. There can be no doubt that this principle is ethically more sound than the "payment by output" theory: and it may be well to remember that, after all, it is no new principle. For a long time, it has been the basis of remuneration generally recognized in the professional vocations. It is only new in its application to workers generally.

The principle is ethically to be upheld for several reasons. In the first place, there are no possible means by which a man's labor can be absolutely or adequately reduced to a money value. In all labor there are certain real but intangible values beyond what falls under the eye: and these values are the greater the more a man puts himself into his work. A miner not merely brings coal to the surface: he contributes to the comfort and well-being of his fellow-men: in proportion as he does his work honestly, he is making himself a good citizen: his work is a link in the general scheme of civilized life and contributes, directly or indirectly, in the upbuilding of the general social fabric, morally, intellectually, as well as materially. No wage can be affixed to the moral and intellectual product of a man's labor: and yet in all honest labor there is a direct and indirect moral and intellectual value, even in the meanest, which benefits not merely the individual himself, but the community.

To base a man's wage absolutely, or even primarily, upon the material output, is not to give him a just wage. His wage should have a correspondence to his value as a man and a citizen: and the only practical means to secure that correspondence, is to give him a wage which will enable him to maintain a standard of life and a status in the community such as is needful for his moral and intellectual development and welfare. In that way a wage acquires a real human value to the worker: it is a recognition on the part of his fellow-men of the worker's moral or intellectual value in the community, and not a mere payment for the material product of his work. From this point of view, the higher ethical value of the wage based upon status and the standard of life, lies in the fact that it is a recognition of personal worth: it is an acknowledgment of the man in his labor.

But further it tends towards a recognition of a more moral

character in labor itself. The idea that a man can sell his labor in exactly the same way that he can sell impersonal goods, is morally degrading. This is commonly felt in regard to work which is mainly intellectual or spiritual. The man who writes for mere gain seldom produces good literature; the minister of religion whose work is weighed against his salary, is generally reprobated by honest men. And much the same feeling exists in regard to all men who hold any high position of responsibility in the community. It is recognized that their work is of higher value to the community in so far as it is not governed by the thought of "market values." The salary or honoraria given them is regarded in the light of a maintenance allowance which will set them free to devote themselves to the work they have undertaken. They themselves will seldom confess that their emoluments are the price of output, because they instinctively feel that to regard them as such would degrade their work to mere menial service.

All honorable labor must bear the character of a free service or of a free activity of the human mind and will; and it loses that character of freedom when shackled to mere market values. Its motive must be dictated by spiritual or moral interests—the service of God or of one's fellow-men, the sense of duty or the desire for a higher self-development: and the further removed is the motive of material gain, the better is it for labor itself, and the more nobly will it express the man in his work. Material gain will of necessity enter into the worker's motives: the problem of the economist should be to make it less prominent. And the means to that, is to apportion the material reward by a regard to his status and standard of life rather than by the immediate output of his work. There can, in fact, be no real freedom of labor until the wage-earner's work is regarded in the same light as that of the higher professional or public vocations—as a contribution to the common good, in return for which the worker is maintained in that status of life to which his contribution of the common life gives him a legitimate claim.

The general recognition of these principles would at once tend to raise the moral dignity of labor and to increase its value in the moral development of the worker: but it would, at the same time, give a deeper meaning to the social value of

labor in the building up of a real common life in the community, and of a common life based in a true liberty of action. The industrial system of the old competitive school took from the worker both his liberty and his interest in the common good of the community: it depressed his liberty by refusing to allow him an economic status, and forced him to concentrate his thought and energy upon a mere struggle to maintain himself against the social body at large. Market values, divorced from the larger considerations of human life, were to him nothing but a symbol of his servitude and a call to battle. That he should consider the general welfare in his struggle for his individual existence, quite intelligibly seemed to him a cynical mockery of justice. The community which treated him as a tool, could hardly expect him to respond to the responsibilities of a citizen. Status and freedom are the two necessary qualifications for citizenship: and both these qualifications have long been denied him in the economic world. Given status and freedom—and by freedom we must understand not merely the freedom of bargaining, but even more an inducement to put himself into his work as into a human and moral activity—industry will inevitably tend to assume a more social character.

Much, of course, will depend upon the spirit in which the new conditions are accepted by all concerned; it is not claimed that the mere shifting of the basis of wages from output to status, will, of itself, bring in an era of perfect peace and Christian amity. The new system will have its own problems demanding reasonableness and good-will on all sides, if strife is to be avoided. But in so far as the claims of the human personality are considered in the estimating a man's wage, the economic system will have been brought into a closer harmony with Christian ethics and with the Christian conception of society. The estimation of wages by status and by the standard of life which the status implies, will, at least, mean that the worker is recognized in his work: industry will regard him no longer as a machine, but as a man.

A difficulty, however, at once presents itself. By what means is the status of the worker and his standard of life to be determined? The answer is surely that once the principle is accepted, the common sense and right feeling of the com-

munity will determine its practical application, in the same way as it already determines to some extent the status and standard of life due to those in the higher professions. There will, indeed, always be the temptation to create an artificial standard of life, and a status which has no real correspondence either to the necessities of the individual or to the function he discharges in organized society. That danger has been apparent enough in the higher grades of society at all times: it is already manifesting itself amongst the workers in the highly paid industries. The only effective remedy lies in a higher intellectual and moral education and in the fostering of the religious sense. Without a moral and religious background, no human system can work towards that rule of justice and good-will, which is the basis of a free community.

It must, however, be frankly recognized that as regards the individual worker and corporate bodies of workers, status and the standard of life are not fixed quantities. No fixed status or standard of life can be imposed upon the worker or any man in the community, irrespective of his personal qualities and abilities, without infringing his rightful liberty and reducing him to a condition of serfdom. Every man has a just claim to the conditions in which he can make the most of himself or spend himself to the greater advantage of his fellow-men: to refuse him these conditions by any arbitrary rule, is to deny his right to a full human existence. In any well-organized community the endeavor will be to prevent its members, individually and socially, from falling below their accustomed standard of life and to maintain them in the status which they have acquired: but it will go beyond that in holding out opportunities, and securing to them the liberty of legitimate advancement. And with this advancement necessarily goes the right to a wage sufficient to secure a man in its enjoyment.

Only when we recognize that the remuneration of the wage-earner should have some correspondence with his legitimate standard of life, and his status in the community and that his labor can never adequately be fixed by market values—only then can we rightly approach the question of the distribution of wealth as resulting from industry. For, to some extent, wages do, and must, represent the worker's share in the wealth his labor helps to produce: and there can

be no question as to his moral right to a share in the wealth produced corresponding to his part in the production. As economists point out, three factors nowadays have to be considered in industry, the capitalist who puts his money into the concern, the employer who runs it, and the worker. Each of these has his claim to a share in the wealth produced; and to these must be added the State, which, in the interests of the common well-being, has a right to a share in the wealth of the country. Under whatever form industry may be conducted, these four factors enter into the ethical question of the distribution of the wealth produced. For instance, where capital and employment of labor are in the hands of one man, a share in the product may be claimed for the capital put into the industry and another share as remuneration for the employers. Even if the State were the owner, the worker's claim to a share in the wealth produced would not be morally greater than under private ownership. Here we have to distinguish clearly between two problems: the right of a man to the status and the standard of life due to him as a citizen, and the right to his own property. In so far as labor produces wealth, that wealth is the property of the worker: but in industry, as we have seen, several factors go to the production of wealth besides the worker's labor: and the problem before the ethical economist is to determine how far the product of industry is the property of each of the partners in production.

It may be said at once that no practical determination of the separate claims can be made with mathematical precision, simply because no one can exactly define the limits of the activity which each factor puts into the industry. The actual workings and contributions, whether of capital or labor, of State protection or of management, are so complex and, to a large extent, intangible, that the right of each to the product can never be exactly weighed up in money values. All one can do is to determine certain principles which enter into the problem: the practical application must depend upon the common sense and good-will of those whom the question affects.

The primary principle from which we must start is that the product of industry is the joint property of all who are engaged in the industry: consequently the distribution of wages and profits—and we may add, taxes—must have regard

to this right of property in the product. Thus, though the State in return for the protection it affords an industry, has a right to a share in the product, it cannot in justice so tax an industry as to prevent a fair share of the product falling to the other partners concerned. Equally as between these other partners, the capitalist, the employer, and the worker, regard must be had by each to the others' inherent right of property in the concern. Hence, although it is impossible exactly to determine the limits of each one's share, yet it may normally be assumed that an increase in the value of the product, gives a just right to an increase both of wages and of profits. Equally does a decrease in product or the value of product, mean a decrease in what can be justly claimed. But both increase and decrease must, in justice, be shared proportionately by all the partners.

Here, however, we are met by the principle implied in the claim of the worker to a standard of life which necessarily includes a more or less stable wage sufficient to maintain that standard. Were the problem merely one of the distribution of wealth as the product of industry, there would be no just reason why, in a time of depression of trade, such a wage should be maintained. The primary question, however, in industry is not the distribution of wealth, but the maintenance of the standard of life, which is the first duty on industry: and, consequently, no industry, viewed merely as market produce, has a right to exist which does not provide the wage-earner with a proper maintenance. Such industries are injurious to the individual and to the public good. But normally industry tends to increase wealth: the transient fluctuations in value eventually more than make good the losses incurred in times of depression. It is true that in times of depression someone must bear the transient inconvenience and risk: but that inconvenience and risk justly falls on those who are the better able to bear it, the employer and the capitalist, especially as the remuneration of employer and capitalist is partly based upon the risk they take. The wage-earner dare not take the risk which is taken by the employer and capitalist just because his labor is his only asset: he necessarily demands a stable wage which shall not be liable to sudden fluctuations.

As a consequence, in fixing the standard of wage at any

given time, a balance has to be struck between the transient particular values. Thus the wage-earner is debarred from seeking a rise in wages with every boom in trade by reason of the condition of the security he claims, in the same way as he rightly refuses to accept a decrease in wage with every depression. Nevertheless, he has an undoubted right to a share in the permanent rise in values as apart from fluctuating values. The difficulty is to justly apportion his right share or, in other words, to determine his right of property in the product of his work. What is certain is that the more a man puts himself into his work, the more does the product become his rightful property. Thus a mere manual laborer, as such, has less property in the product of industry than the man who puts his training and intelligence into the industry, or who brings his moral force into the building up of industry. On this ground, a skilled workman has morally a claim to a higher wage than one who is unskilled. On the same ground, an employer or manager, whose part in production calls for a greater output of character and intelligence, rightly claims a larger share in the product. He has put more of himself into the industry than has one whose part demands less intelligence and moral force.

The case of the capitalist, who merely puts his money into the concern and takes no further part in it, is more difficult to determine. That he has a right to remuneration for the loan of his money and that the remuneration should be in proportion to the risk he takes, can hardly be gainsaid. Yet he cannot claim the same direct right of property in the product which belongs to the man to whose labor—whether as employer or worker—the product is due; simply because his part in production is less personal. Beyond a due interest proportionate to his risk, therefore, it seems difficult to assign him any absolute claim to a greater share in the product corresponding to its increased value, in the same way that such a share is due to both employer and wage-earner. For if the right of property in industry is connected with the personal activity put into it, it would, at least, follow that the more personal the activity, the greater the claim to the increased value of the product. Even admitting that the capitalist indirectly puts personal activity into the industry he supports, in so far as his capital represents his labors in the

past, yet such indirect labor cannot give an equal right of property as does the direct labor of the workers. As a consequence, wherever there is an absolute increase of value in industry, the workers, whether employers or wage-earners, should benefit more than the capitalist. For the capitalist to take the greater share is nothing less than to defraud the workers of their due and to fall into that "usurious dealing" which Leo XIII. has classed with force and fraud as immoral means of "cutting down the worker's wage."³

That, of course, is a principle unrecognized in the old school of economics, in which the buying power of money is exalted as the main determining factor in industry, and in which the necessity of one man is regarded as another man's opportunity. Otherwise, we should not have witnessed the gradual fall in real wages and the large increase in returns on invested capital which has characterized the industrial conditions during the past twenty years. But it must be remembered that upon no ethical principle could that school be justified. It was as much a tyranny in the economic world as Prussian autocracy has been in the political. And under any economic system, unless the right of property is conceded to the worker in his work, he must become a mere tool and sink into servitude, whether capital and employment be in private hands or in the hands of the State or public corporations: nor will he attain to full economic freedom nor to full justice, unless the share in the property of industry is adjudged in accordance with the human activity put into it.

But, further, it is from the standpoint of the worker's property in his work, that wages—or the remuneration for his labor, under whatever title it is made—will naturally find a correspondence with the worker's proper standard of life, since it is in his work that a man proves his own proper value. Upon any other basis, the correspondence will be artificial and unenduring. A man's standard of life and his status must, if it is to have any real significance, express his personal worth either individually or socially, and his contribution to the well-being of the community: and there is no other way of determining that except by the work he produces. An increase of wages based upon his right of property in his work, though no absolute test of a man's value, at least gives

³ Encyclical, *Rerum Novarum*, in *The Pope and the People*.

some indication of his worth to the community. Moreover, it is the quality of a man's work which determines the standard of life which is requisite for him to make the most of himself; and when wages correspond to that quality, the requisite standard of life will normally be realized.

We have, however, still to face the problem as to who shall determine for practical purposes the fair share which each of the partners may claim in an industry. Granted that workman and employer, capitalist and the State, have each a right to a share in the wealth produced, and that the wage-earner and the employer, have a right to the greater share, there is still the difficulty of precisely determining the value of each one's claims: and the difficulty is the greater from the fact that much of the activity put into industry is of its nature so very intangible, though real. The practical question here is not so much the fixing of the real values of industry, as of fixing the rate at which each partner is willing to sell his right of property in the industry for a money value. The only just solution lies in the principle of free-bargaining: any other solution strikes at that very principle of property which is fundamental to economic freedom in the widest sense. Neither State nor capitalist, neither employer nor worker can arbitrarily fix their own or each other's interest and claim, without regard to the rights of all concerned: yet each has a right to obtain his full value or what he considers such and equally a right—subject to certain moral considerations—to accept less than his full value. But in the determination of that value, each has the right to be heard and to put forth his own price.

The worker has an equal right to bargain for the sale of his labor as the merchant has for the sale of his goods. And where there is no real standard for the fixing of values, free-bargaining is the only means of arriving at a price which satisfies a man's just claim to his own property. Hitherto, the lack of freedom in his bargaining with the employer and capitalist, has been one of the main grievances of the wage-earner. He feels that his necessity has been exploited to the advantage of others and that, in consequence, he has received less than his due. To remedy this state of affairs was the primary object of the Trade-Union movement. Its aim was by collective action to obtain for the worker a larger freedom

in bargaining with the employer, than could be obtained by the isolated action of the individual.

That the Trade Unions have at times shown a tendency to restrict unduly the liberty of the individual worker can hardly be denied. But the difficulties are not to be overlooked. The Unions had to teach the individual worker that he may not willingly barter his labor for a wage which is insufficient for a decent existence; they had to teach him that no man may enter into a contract to the injury of his fellow-men; and, consequently, that the individual wage-earner should not accept a wage which is sufficient for his own actual needs, if that wage is likely to be used as a standard for fixing the wages of other men whose needs are greater than his. Yet in aiming at establishing these and other rules of conduct, which are morally justifiable, the Trade Union has not always kept itself free from an arbitrary restraint from the individual worker's freedom of action: and it is partly in consequence of this arbitrary restraint that the workers are seeking a greater liberty through the formation of workshop committees and such like associations. But in whatever way it is to be attained, the right of free-bargaining is due to the wage-earner equally with the employer. It follows as a direct consequence from his right of property in the wealth his labor helps to produce. This right—as are all particular rights—is conditioned by moral considerations. As we have already noted, the industrial worker may not bargain for himself to the injury of his fellow-workers. Hence, normally, it is a mere matter of justice to one's fellow-workers, to refuse to accept less than the recognized standard of wages. Free-bargaining does not imply either a right to starve oneself or to starve others, which is what undercutting in the price of labor frequently spells. So, again, he cannot morally extort from an employer, either by force or fraud, a wage which will react injuriously, either to the employer's own legitimate interests or to the interests of the community at large, no more than the employer can act in the same way towards the worker.

So far we have mainly regarded this question of wages from the standpoint of mere justice, or of a man's due. It need hardly be pointed out that in any treatment of the question on the basis of Christian ethics, there yet remains a

higher rule of conduct than that of mere justice, the rule of Christian fellowship or neighborly charity. Where this rule is accepted and made the basis of social intercourse, the rights of property and the right of free-bargaining and all such rights which aim at giving a man his natural due, will tend to fall into the background, so far as their practical assertion is concerned. They come to the forefront when they are called in question or when a line of conduct is based upon their denial, as has been the case under the dominant economic system of the past century. In so far as the sense of Christian fellowship obtains amongst men, rights of property and free-bargaining give place to the higher law of a common life founded in a free service of each other and the community and a free partnership in the goods of life. Yet even so, the fundamental rights of justice remain intact, nor can there be any true Christian community of interests or of fellowship which theoretically or practically denies these rights.

Any individual, for the sake of a greater good, may divest himself of his natural right, but no individual or community may take them from him against his will or to his injury. There is no Christian charity where justice is denied. To feed the poor, whilst at the same time denying them their right to earn their living by their labor, is not Christian fellowship, but a mere covering up of an essential act of tyranny: and it is just that line of conduct which has given the word "charity" so sinister a meaning amongst the honest poor. Precisely the same fallacy as that which underlies this so-called "charity," is at the root of many communistic theories: the worker is to be given the sop of higher wages and a better material condition, whilst his real freedom as a man is to be taken from him; he is to be held in servitude by the State or communistic society instead of by the private owner; but it is servitude all the same.

The only proper function of a State or Society is to protect the individual and common rights of its members: as soon as it oversteps the limits of protection and assumes to itself the rights which belong inherently to the individual, it becomes a tyranny: the common life thus created is not fellowship, but servitude, and that is true whether the form of government be aristocratic or democratic: the substance remains the same by whatever name it is labeled. To some extent, the

workers are already aware of this truth: hence, the reaction against the old collectivist theories. If, at the present moment, the worker still leans towards systems which deny the right of property, it is because his own right of property in his labor and in the product of his labor is still largely denied him; and until that right is more widely recognized and conceded, Christian fellowship and the neighborly charity which it implies, will continue to bear the sinister meaning of the "charity" he rebels against. The due recognition of his fundamental rights as a human worker is the first step towards the spirit of good-will and fellowship, in which an industrial economy will be built up such as the Christian Faith demands.

LIGHTS OF BLACKWELLS.

BY HARRY LEE.

BLACKWELLS castles
Like phantoms loom,
Grim and ghostly
Along the gloom.

Castles of penance,
Castles of pain,
Castles of madness,
In wind and rain.

The dim lights flicker
And fade, and then
Out of the darkness
They flare again.

So on Blackwells
The souls of men
Fade and flicker
And flame again.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

BY BROTHER LEO.

I met a traveler from an antique land
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand
Half sunk, a shatter'd visage lies, whose frown
And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamp'd on these lifeless things,
The hand that mock'd them and the heart that fed;
And on the pedestal these words appear:
"My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
The lone and level sands stretch far away.



T would require much ingenuity to find in those lines an exact parallel to the character of Shelley, the man; but it would require something like obtuseness not to find in his picture of the desert's "colossal wreck" a prophetic symbol of Shelley, the poet. About the man there is to us of the twentieth century nothing shattered or trunkless. A good sized library has been written about his life and personality. He has been appreciated by Dowden¹ and depreciated by Jeaffreson² and "gribbled"—the verb merits incorporation into the language—by an Oxonian who dispenses gossip with more assiduity than Suetonius and with more piquancy than St. Simon.³ His theories have been interpreted by Francis Thompson,⁴ Mr. Yeats⁵ and Professor Santayana,⁶ and some of his associations have been dramatized by Mr. Harvey.⁷ His life in England has been memorialized in scholarly fashion by Mr. Ingpen,⁸ his life abroad has been sympathetically recorded by Mrs.

¹ Edward Dowden, *The Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley*.

² J. C. Jeaffreson, *The Real Shelley*.

³ Francis Gribble, *The Romantic Life of Shelley*.

⁴ Francis Thompson, *Essay on Shelley*.

⁵ William Butler Yeats, *Ideas of Good and Evil* (*The Philosophy of Shelley's Poetry*).

⁶ George Santayana, *Winds of Doctrine*.

⁷ Alexander Harvey, *Shelley's Elopement*. ⁸ Roger Ingpen, *Shelley in England*.

Angeli,⁹ and his deeds and moods and opinions, his plans and preferences and prejudices, live for us anew in a remarkably complete collection of his letters,¹⁰ the first written when he was a boy of eleven, the last within a week of his tragic death. Opinions continue to differ concerning the uprightness of his character, the validity of his beliefs, the rationality of his projects, the significance of his actions; but there is a compelling unanimity in our recognition of the leading traits of his personality and the motivating facts in his troubled life.

As far as man can be known, the man Shelley we know; and we know—whether we condemn him as a monster of heartless irresponsibility or acclaim him as the Prometheus of a new era of liberty and light or dissect him as a rare specimen of personal reaction to an uncongenial environment—we know that “Ozymandias” is not his picture in little. We know that, though his big blue eyes often widened in wonder and narrowed in perplexity, utterly alien to his countenance were the “frown and wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command.” That description might serve for a caricature of Byron—at least of the Byron that Byron pretended to be; but it is too remote from the real Shelley to possess even the fragmentary resemblance essential to caricature. Shelley himself recognized a vital distinction between the man and the poet. “The poet and the man,” he wrote to the Gisbornes a year before his death, “are two different natures; though they exist together, they may be unconscious of each other, and incapable of deciding on each other’s powers and efforts by any reflex act.”¹¹

When Shelley wrote “Ozymandias,” he did not paint his own portrait; but he did, unknowing, foretell the fate of his own poetry. Much that he wrote—indeed, the bulk of what he wrote—though not forgotten, is ignored; today “Queen Mab” and “The Revolt of Islam” and “The Cenci” are truly “lifeless things.” But still potent above the sifting and obliterating sands of opinion, still visible against the fierce and veering winds of time, loom, at once vast and trunkless, the noble remnants of his verse. “The Cloud,” “To a Skylark,” the “Hymn to Intellectual Beauty,” thrillingly eloquent are

⁹ Helen Rossetti Angeli, *Shelley and His Friends in Italy*.

¹⁰ Roger Ingpen, *The Letters of Percy Bysshe Shelley*. ¹¹ *Letters*, July 19, 1821.

they of "The hand that mock'd them and the heart that fed." In the highest and best expression of his lyric gift, Shelley is not only unsurpassed, but peerless. Isolation is his, the splendid isolation of sheer and undisputed excellence: "The lone and level sands stretch far away." And on the pedestal of his genius gleam the ineffaceable words: "Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair."

One thing must be taken into account in seeking to understand Shelley either as man or as poet: he died before completing his thirtieth year. And he was young, almost incredibly young, for his age; he united, even to the end, a singular precocity of expression with an exceptional ingenuousness of character and temperament. Literally, his favorite amusement was to make and sail paper boats; figuratively, he was habitually engaged in the same occupation. His school career at Brentford and Eton, where he won the significant nicknames of "Mad Shelley" and "Shelley the Atheist," and his Oxford months at University College with their absorption in experimental science and their culmination in his expulsion on account of "The Necessity of Atheism," show him to have been the victim of what the Freudian psychologists would call an infantile fixation. He never quite grew up, and his life, at almost every point, serves to illustrate La Bruyère's reflections on childhood.¹² It was boyish thoughtlessness which brought about his quixotic elopement with Harriet Westbrook; and it was boyish thoughtlessness that cost him his life. When his body drifted ashore near Via Reggio, his friends found in his coat pocket a copy of Keats' poems with the pages folded backward. Evidently, he had been practising his oft-formulated theory that, since reading is an intellectual occupation and managing a boat a mechanical one, it is possible to attend to both at the same time. That was eminently boyish logic, and only in death did he discover its underlying fallacy.

Boyish was Shelley's unreliability, his whimsical and passionate judgments, his self-pity, his fatuous conceit, his penchant for novel and impractical theories; boyish, his youthful revolt against revealed religion and his adoption of the atheistic materialism of "Queen Mab," which later merged into a nebulous pantheism expressed in "The Sensitive Plant" and

¹² La Bruyère, *Les Caractères* (De l'homme).

"Epipsychidion." He was a reformer, a vegetarian, a teetotaler; to the last, he was an enthusiastic, even a rabid, foe of tyranny and conventionality. Boyishly, he railed against the institution of marriage, and boyishly inconsistent, he married both Harriet Westbrook, whom he abandoned to her suicide, and Mary Godwin, to whom he remained faithful, less through his own sense of loyalty than through her very capable tact and determination. Singularly immature were his revolutionary theories and his opposition to militarism¹³ and to capital punishment.¹⁴ Boyish was his devotion to William Godwin's political principles and his interest in the Godwin coterie—"What a set!" cried the urbane Matthew Arnold. And boyish beyond the verge of the farcical was his famous invasion of Ireland to bestow upon the people of that island their political and religious liberty.

The essential boyishness of the man Shelley is manifested at every turn in episodes comic and episodes tragic, in things little and things great. On the eve of his final departure from England, he entertained a group of friends by falling into a heavy slumber and compelling the adieus to be addressed to his recumbent and unconscious figure;¹⁵ and it was characteristic of him that he should subsequently reproach Leigh Hunt, one of the guests on the occasion, for not waking him up. His unique invitation to his wife, Harriet, to join him and Mary Godwin in Switzerland has rightly been recognized as an indication of the lack of humor; but it is most significantly a boyish lack. Amid all the linked fantasies of his glowingly poetic essay on Shelley, Francis Thompson is psychologically correct when he maintains that: "To the last, in a degree uncommon among poets, Shelley retained the idiosyncrasy of childhood, expanded and matured without differentiation. To the last, he was the enchanted child."

The application to Shelley's life and character of this theory of boyishness, the envisaging of Shelley as "the enchanted child" and "the magnified child," may easily be pushed too far; by Thompson it has been pushed too far. Though it helps very considerably to explain Shelley to the

¹³ "Declaration of Rights," section 19.

¹⁴ "On the Punishment of Death;" also, "Address to the People on the Death of the Princess Charlotte."

¹⁵ Ingpen, *Shelley in England*, vol. II., pp. 529, 530.

psychologist, it does not altogether justify him in the eyes of the moralist who might—rather ungraciously, perhaps, but most consistently and logically—object that even the poet, when he becomes a man, should put away the things of the child. It is conceivable, though by no means probable, that had Shelley lived longer he might have outgrown his seemingly incurable boyishness. The fact is that, as Thompson well puts it, “less tragic in its merely temporal aspect than the life of Keats or Coleridge, the life of Shelley in its moral aspect is, perhaps, more tragical than that of either; his dying seems a myth, a figure of his living; the material shipwreck a figure of the immaterial.” The case of Shelley calls less for the strictures of the moralist than for the sympathetic understanding of the student of human nature. Here was a victim of inadequate home training, of grossly incompetent education, of a state of society in which the letter of Christ’s teachings was accorded lip honor, but the spirit of it tacitly ignored. The “ifs” of history are ever alluring. Had Shelley encountered among the Oxford dons even one man big enough and kindly enough to win his admiration and his confidence, had he been led to perceive the rather elementary, but not always obvious, truth that life is a discipline not less than a field for self-expression, had his eyes been opened to the essentially expansive and uplifting possibilities of religion, despite its inevitable and extraneous accretions of human greed and human narrowness and human insincerity, it is more than possible that the man’s life would have been cleaner and nobler and happier and that the poet’s fruitage would be, not “a shattered visage” and “two vast and trunkless legs of stone,” but a statue goodly and splendid of white and enduring marble.

Certainly, for all the brevity of his life, Shelley revealed growth and the possibilities of growth; he was always a child, but not always a very young child. In 1813 he planned that the notes to “Queen Mab” should be “long and philosophical”¹⁶ because “a poem very didactic is, I think, very stupid.” But presently he discarded the practice of burdening his poetic flights with a panoply of explanations, and even grew contemptuous of the juvenile incendiarism of “Queen Mab” itself. Crabb Robinson found young Shelley’s conversation

"vehement, arrogant, and intolerant;"¹⁷ Byron and Trelawny and the Williams, who knew Shelley at Pisa and Lerici, could tell another tale. Indeed, whatever his conversation may have been, Shelley as a poet was, unlike Byron, no adept in the ungentle art of vituperation. Far removed from the ferocity of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" or the mordant satire of the comminatory passages in "Don Juan" is the mild expostulation of Shelley's "Lines to a Critic," beginning:

Honey from silkworms who can gather
Or silk from the yellow bee?
The grass may grow in winter weather
As soon as hate in me.

And, in one of the last letters he wrote, he embodies a canon of literary appreciation which some day, had he lived a little longer, he might have seen the wisdom of applying to life itself:

I do not think much of —— not admiring Metastasio; the *nil admirari*, however justly applied, seems to me a bad sign in a young person. I had rather a pupil of mine had conceived a frantic passion for Marini himself, than that she had found but the critical defects of the most deficient author. When she becomes of her own accord full of genuine admiration for the first scene in the *Purgatorio*, of the opening of the *Paradiso*, or some other neglected piece of excellence, hope great things.¹⁸

The note of boyishness is there, to be sure—it is reminiscent of advice imparted by the very young and condescending pedagogue—but in spirit how different from "The Revolt of Islam!"

Shelley, the boy whom England had failed to educate, was learning something from Italy, an older teacher and more humane. Always reading, Shelley absorbed much of Italian literature; and Dante and Petrarch did for him what Eton and Oxford had failed to do. In the north, he had learned the languages of the ancient civilization; beneath southern skies, he began to sense something of their rich and

¹⁷ Crabb Robinson, *Diary*, Nov. 6, 1817.

¹⁸ *Letters*, vol. II., p. 976.

fascinating vital implications. Only a few days before he embarked for the last time in the ill-fated *Ariel*, he could enthusiastically write: "I still inhabit the divine bay, reading Spanish dramas, and sailing, and listening to the most enchanting music."¹⁹ The music was discoursed by Mrs. Williams' guitar, presented to her by Shelley. The dramas were the plays of Calderón. Superficially considered, it is a bit incongruous that Shelley, who professed such intense hatred of religion in general and Catholicism in particular, should find delight in the most religious and most Catholic of dramatists; but over and over again in his letters from Italy he expresses his keen enjoyment of Calderón: "Plato and Calderón have been my gods."²⁰ "I am bathing myself in the light and odor of the flowery and starry *Autos*."²¹ The author of "The Necessity of Atheism" immersed in devotional dramas of the Blessed Sacrament! He even translated portions of Calderón's *El Mágico prodigioso*.²²

There were, then, intimations of maturity, hints that those blue eyes were losing their hunted look of wonder, that that shock of auburn hair had not prematurely grayed in vain. Italy taught him much, even though to some of her most persuasive lessons he turned an unappreciative mind. After viewing an alleged devotional painting by Guercino, he exclaimed: "Why write books against religion when we may hang up such pictures?"²³ His response to the highest religious art was equally unsympathetic. Says Dowden: "The genius of Michelangelo disconcerted and almost repelled him. . . . His 'Moses' was only less monstrous and detestable than the Moses of the Old Testament; his 'Day of Judgment' was a kind of 'Titus Andronicus' in painting. Of his tenderness, his ardor of love, his passion of inspiration, Shelley could perceive nothing."²⁴ Nothing in him responded to that "sad sincerity," though in good sooth the sadness in his own heart was genuine enough. Even Italian skies are occasionally overcast, and we need no Francis Gribble to interpret their portents. "Few poets," says Thompson, "were so mated before." It may well be so, and it is beyond question that

¹⁹ *Letters*, June 29, 1822. ²⁰ *Letters*, vol. II., p. 831. ²¹ *Letters*, vol. II., p. 333.

²² A suggestive study of the influence of Calderón on Shelley is *Shelley and Calderón, and Other Essays*, by Salvador de Maderiaga (1921).

²³ Mrs. Angell, *Shelley and His Friends in Italy*, p. 48.

²⁴ Dowden, *Life of Shelley*, pp. 419, 420.

Shelley's union with Mary Godwin brought him congenial companionship and a measure of happiness. Yet there were times when, with his boyish habit of dreaming unrealizable dreams, he longed mightily for solitude; and for true happiness his heart was out of tune. We have his own word for it in "The Woodman and the Nightingale:"

I think such hearts yet never came to good.

The thought of death, of sudden death, even of self-inflicted death, was to Shelley no strange visitant. One day he gave Mrs. Williams a fright by suggesting—some would say in jest, but the jest wore a sombre mask—that she and he and her two children, being out in a boat, might together attempt to solve "the great mystery." It is a coincidence that when Shelley was drowned Mrs. Williams' husband shared his fate. And he actually wrote to Trelawny for poison—"Prussic acid, or essential oil of bitter almonds." "I would give any price for this medicine. . . . I need not tell you I have no intention of suicide at present, but I confess it would be a comfort to me to hold in my possession that golden key to the chamber of perpetual rest."²⁵

The phrase—was it an unconscious variant upon the *lux perpetua* and the *requiescat* of the Catholic liturgy?—does not sound the true note of Shelley's interest in the life beyond life. It was not rest he sought, but certainty; not surcease, but perfection; not inanition, but surpassing loveliness. And in that unrest, by no means ignoble, the poet of beauty and aspiration joined issue with the ineffectual man. The sting of eternity had entered his heart, a hint of the abiding verities had dazzled his imagination, and henceforth there could be for him no complete satisfaction in the things of earth. For upon Shelley, who worshipped Plato and translated the *Symposium*, had fallen the spell of the Platonic quest.

Fell custom desecrates even the fairest things, so it is not surprising that the popular impression of Platonic love is at considerable variance with the signification animating the phrase in the *Phædrus* of Plato. In common parlance, Platonic love means "passionate attachment apart from desire,"²⁶

²⁵ *Letters*, vol. II., p. 980.

²⁶ *Edinburgh Review*, cited in *Standard Dictionary* under "Platonic."

an affection in which the sensual element has no place. And this popular connotation, though not altogether erroneous, is inadequate and misleading; it substitutes a part for a whole, a consequence for a principle. The true Platonic lover is he who recognizes in even the most beautiful mundane objects their innate imperfection and evanescence, who takes delight in them not for themselves, but because the soul of him is inevitably drawn to the Infinite Beauty and Perfection behind and above them, and of which all that men call beautiful is but a shattered and imperfect reflection.²⁷ Most of the supreme poets have been in this sense Platonists, have in their finest and highest strains sung the pæan of Platonic love. Thompson did so in *The Hound of Heaven*, Dante did so in the *Commedia* and in the *Vita Nuova* as well, Goethe did so in the noblest passages in the Second Part of *Faust*. And Shelley did so prevailingly and insistently.

For though Shelley the boy may have reputed himself Shelley the Atheist and the implacable foe of religion, Shelley the poet yielded himself fully and freely to the lure of the Platonic quest. He was one of those who perceive the illusory character of earthly delights, who detect flaws in the seemingly perfect beauties of nature and of art, who find in life and the experiences of life, not a cloying sweetness or a grateful surcease, but only an ever-increasing thirst for more and yet more loveliness, and an incentive to splendid hazard and unending pursuit. Not all men are in this sense Platonists. Every age and every country has its dominant quota of "fat and greasy citizens" who find the world to be, on the whole, a pleasant and satisfying place, who can do their work with easeful industry and enjoy the fruits thereof with comfort and complacency, who find a paradise terrestrial in human love and domesticity and creature comforts, who eat and drink and are merry and content. To such a man might be addressed the words in which Shelley greets his skylark:

Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

But the Platonist—whether he be a pagan philosopher or a Catholic mystic or an expatriated English poet—knows well

²⁷ See *Interpretations of Poetry and Religion*, by George Santayana, chapter v., notably pp. 127, 137.

the sad satiety of earthly life; for his heart is attuned to celestial harmonies, his eyes fixed upon the vision of the stars. He discerns things *sub specie æternitatis* and knows that, interpret the intuition as he may, he hath not here a lasting city. He can appreciate Thomas à Kempis' rhapsodical outpourings on "The Wonderful Effects of Divine Love;" and he reads an infinity of meaning into the familiar and soul-searching cry of the Platonic Bishop of Hippo, "Thou hast made us for Thyself, O Lord, and our heart is restless ever till it rest in Thee!"

The fitfulness and inconstancy of Shelley's human affections are in the light of this theory susceptible of psychological explanation. Such an explanation is offered by Thompson, himself a Platonist, when he insists that certain unpleasant episodes in Shelley's life were occasioned by "no mere straying of the sensual appetite, but a straying, strange and deplorable, of the spirit," that "he left a woman not because he was tired of her arms, but because he was tired of her soul." And Shelley himself admitted as much. Within the compass of a single sentence I know of no more complete and suggestive formulation of the Platonic quest, and of the obstacles which most commonly impede its advance, than that furnished in one of the poet's letters: "I think one is always in love with something or other; the error—and I confess it is not easy for spirits cased in flesh and blood to avoid it—consists in seeking in a mortal image the likeness of what is, perhaps, eternal."²⁸

That note, in infinite variety, is not infrequent in Shelley's letters, but in his poetry, or in that portion of his poetry which has preserved its vitality through more than a hundred years, that portion of his poetry to which we turn for a vision of sheer beauty and for high delight and an expansion of mood, the Platonic quest is the insistent and glorifying refrain. It seeks utterance in the philosophic idealism voiced by Ahasuerus in "Hellas." Wondrously is it phrased in his "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty" where, at the intimation of perfect loveliness he can say: "I shrieked, and clasp'd my hands in ecstasy." It is the motif of his "Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude," wherein with that wealth of moving imagery and that suggestion of impalpable abstractions so characteristic of the Shelleyan embodiment of human emotion, he recounts the

story of the poet who, at first happy and appeased with the joys of earthly love, was smitten in his dreams with the vision of a higher beauty and straightway rose up and followed it over seas and sands to his ultimate glorious doom.

He liv'd, he died, he sung, in solitude.

The fire of those soft orbs has ceased to burn,
And Silence, too enamourèd of that voice,
Locks its mute music in her rugged cell.

In his fragment, "Prince Athanase," Shelley sings once more the quest of the Ideal Love. The poem was never completed; but Mrs. Shelley tells us in her notes that the poet's plan "was a good deal modeled on 'Alastor.' . . . Athanase seeks through the world the One whom he may love. He meets, on the ship in which he is embarked, a lady who appears to him to embody his ideal of love and beauty. But she proves to be Pandemos, or the earthly and unworthy Venus; who, after disappointing his cherished dreams and hopes, deserts him. Athanase, crushed by sorrow, pines and dies. 'On his deathbed, the lady who can really reply to his soul comes and kisses his lips.'"

Her hair was brown, her spherèd eyes were brown,
And in their dark and liquid moisture swam,
Like the dim orb of the eclipsed moon;
Yet when the spirit flashed beneath, there came
The light from them, as when tears of delight
Double the western planet's serene flame.

Shelley was not the first poet to recognize in "the earthly and unworthy Venus" the most formidable obstacle to the pursuit of the Ideal Beauty, but no other poet has given that theme an ampler embodiment. There was in his genius nothing of the dramatic, nor of the melodramatic, and he lacked conspicuously—if we choose to consider it a lack—the ability to weave his fancies and emotions into vivid, concrete pictures. For these reasons, among others, he never has been and never will be a singer of wide appeal. The dramatic version of the Platonic quest we find in Calderón's *La Vida es sueño* and, in a measure, in *Hamlet*; its popular poetic pre-

sentation—unless we consider Thompson a popular poet—is yet to come. But it may be long in coming. Popular poets are popular for the very reason that, like Moore and Campbell in Shelley's day and Noyes and Kipling in ours, they are impervious to the light of the higher beauty to which the master singers were usually so sensitive. Yet Shelley, in an isolated passage of his "Ode to the West Wind," came nearer than his wont to the tangible and concrete when he gave to the frustrated quest of the Ideal Beauty this vigorous and colorful apostrophe:

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere,
Destroyer and Preserver, hear, oh hear!

Oh, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

There is the heart cry of the poet, the exquisite agony of the Platonic quest, there the vision of the surpassing loveliness, the eternal verity, the ultimate good; there, too, the realization of the pettiness, the inconsequence, the relativity, the evanescence of earthly things, coupled with the realization, not less keen and frantically bitter, that the shows of things, the refractions of the Ideal, exercise a potent spell on "spirits cased in flesh and blood." To open our eyes to this basic aspect of human life we need both the philosopher and the saint; it is not generally recognized that we likewise need the poet.

Taine has rather well said that Shelley's error consisted in giving full sway to his emotions and his imagination in daily life, instead of confining their spontaneous activity to the realm of art. Though it is a truism that, in a general sense, literature reflects life, it is not less true that the very qualities of temperament that make for distinction in creative literature frequently make for failure in the workaday world, that what is sublime in poetry may be ridiculous in conduct, that the best and purest literature is an idealization of normal living—that, in short, though art and life are similar, life and art are not identic. Shelley was an extremist, and therefore a tragic figure because he failed to make that important and fundamental distinction. Most men, also tragic figures,

err at the other extreme. They assume that life and art have substantially nothing in common; in practice they keep literature and the business of living in watertight compartments; they are prone to regard poetry as a frill, an adornment, as one of "the minor arts and graces," instead of a source of growth and power and inspiration. Somehow, we like to persuade ourselves that Shelley's was the nobler mistake.

The body of Shelley, found on the shore near Via Reggio on July 18, 1822, was first buried in the sand, and later cremated beside the sea. Byron and Leigh Hunt and the faithful Trelawny conducted the unusual obsequies. The fire was intense and consumed most of the poet's remains; but Trelawny records that the heart remained entire and unaffected by the flames. It was an impressive symbol of Shelley's poetry. Despite the extravagant eulogiums and encomiums of his worshippers—some of them none too wholesome in their moral tone and none too judicial in their attitude toward literature—much that he wrote shares the oblivion of his poor ashes, which now repose with those of Keats in a Roman cemetery; but, despite the hostility of his adversaries and the neglect of the great masses of the English-speaking peoples, his finest poems, his matchless songs of lyric loveliness, his unique triumphs of quintessential poetry, remain, like the heart of him, "tameless, and swift, and proud," untouched alike by the waters of forgetfulness and the flames of searing censure.

And, surely, it is meet and just, right and salutary, that what was weak and unworthy in his life and conduct be now, a century after his death, consumed in the fire of charity; that what in his verse was beautiful and sublime be cherished of mortal men with gladness and admiration. "A poet," Shelley once wrote, and in so writing described his own poetic gifts, "is a nightingale, who sits in darkness and sings to cheer its own solitude with sweet sounds; his auditors are as men entranced by the melody of an unseen musician, who feel that they are moved and softened, yet know not whence or why."²⁹ To be entranced and moved and softened—is it not enough?

²⁹ *A Defence of Poetry*, part i.

SAINTS AND FAIRIES IN PROVENCE.

BY GERTRUDE ROBINSON.



HERE are corners of the world, to wit, certain hill-sides of old Etruria, valleys of Thessaly, moors of Scotland and Cornwall, fir-clad mountains of Provence, some still bearing the names of the gods whose shrines they guarded, where old civilizations and old faiths seem to linger, not only as memories, but as potent, if unacknowledged, forces.

"*Omnes dii gentium dæmonia:*" it is one thing to remember the words in modern Oxford, reeking with reason, common sense and culture; it is quite another when they recur to a mind caught in the eerie mysteriousness of a Cornish moor while the feet roam in the trackless wastes of a long-perished Celtic village. It is one thing to apprise or criticize the Greek Pantheon over the *Iliad* by an English fireside or to wander through a museum between rows of satyrs and nymphs and fauns, even with Pan himself looking on; it is quite another to find oneself at midnight beside the marble image of a god which, broken though it be, seems scintillating with life, under the rays of a Greek moon in June, in a ruined and deserted temple of Thessaly far from any human habitation. Then there is real comfort in the memory that, while the gods of the nations are indeed but *dæmonia*, "*Dominus autem cælos fecit.*"

More than any other land I know is Provence *dæmon*¹-ridden. There the gods of all the nations meet. Though their reign is over, still in that land so like in some of its physical aspects to the Holy Land, with its sun-dried hills covered to the limit of cultivation with terraces of round, flat-topped olives, its burnt-white rocks crowned with little hill villages like in color and shape to the rocks on which they are perched, with its wild mountains so like to those Syrian heights where altars to Baal and Astarte were reared, there is a deep satisfaction in the thought that "the mountains of

¹ Using "dæmon" in its wide sense.

the world are bent beneath the weight of God's eternal journeyings." ²

For just as the ghosts of long dead peoples, Ligurians, Phocians, Phœnicians, Carthaginians, Romans, Saracens, seem to jostle one another on those ancient roads, so the shadowy images of their gods float, as it were, over their long since desecrated altars on those high hills. There were altars many as there were gods many. Belus, the Syrian, was worshipped side by side with the guardian deity of the Voconces on the mountains of Vaison, their capital. The great Phrygian Mother shared her honors with Andarte, the Celtic goddess of the Dienses, whose home was in the mountains of Drome.

The lesser divinities of the conquering people, the nymphs and fauns and fates, welcomed into their ranks those strange mysterious Celtic *Deæ matræ* (*Déesses Mères*), who are now said to wander about the land where they were once worshipped in the form of fairies. After the Roman conquest of Gaul, practically all the gods and goddesses of the country were received into the Pantheon and given the title of Augustus or Augusta, as the case might be. The *Déesses Mères* shared with the nymphs in the guardianship of the springs, with Ceres in the protection of fruitful lands, and with Juno herself in her care for motherhood and childhood. They were, indeed, the divinities of life and fruitfulness.

It is to this generosity of the gods of Rome towards their Celtic brethren that the latter owe their survival. Apollo shared his altar with Borvo, the Celtic protector of waters. To Rudianus, the god of the great pagus Vertacomacorex, a district of Voconces, a tablet was found at Vaison coupling his name with that of Mars. The great mountain of the South, Mont Ventoux, had for its tutelary god Albiorix; his name, too, is found on the same votive tablet with the Roman god of war. Albiorix means "king of the mountain," and it is easy to imagine how much reverence would be paid to him, connected as he was with that mountain of the *Midi*, who stood there clothed with robes of kingly purple or dazzling crimson, or collecting round him the mighty cohorts of winds who sweep through the valley of the Rhone with fierce yells and fiercer blasts.

² Roman Breviary, Friday Lauds for Lent:

Incurvati sunt colles mundi

Ab itineribus æternitatis ejus.

They all live, these old gods in broken altars and in votive tablets,³ but the *Déesses Mères*, for the people of Provence, still walk the land. Still, country festivals are held where their altars used to stand beside deep green pools fed by springs from some rocky mountain side. One such there is in the shadow of Mont Ventoux at Malaucène, where the waters of Groseau spring from the mountain's barren rocks, making fertile all the country round. But they are not only goddesses of the springs. *Deæ Matræ, Mairæ, Matrōnæ* (not *Matrōnæ*), sometimes *Matres Junones, Nemetiales* (from *Nemetum*, the Celtic word for a wood), or again, *Matres fatuæ*, sometimes simply *Fatuæ* they are called on their votive tablets. It is the latter name which has survived. The Latin *fatuus* and *fatua* became in the chroniclers, *fou* (*feu*) and *folle* and have become "*fée*" in modern French.⁴

Wherever one goes one comes across the *Fées*. In immense underground caves they dwell according to Mistral, the great Provençal poet. "In majestic halls suffused by a light veiled and pale, where altars and palaces, pillars and colonnades stand side by side in marvelous confusion, such as Corinth or Babylon never knew, and which vanish at the breath of a fairy. There, like trembling rays, the fairies roam, there in those shadowy aisles, in that peaceful hermitage they live the life they once lived on earth."⁵

It is beneath the strange rock city of Les Baux that Mistral images these spacious halls. And, indeed, nothing seems impossible in that amazing place. An impregnable rock whose history disappears into the dim past, the history of its inhabitants is like the history of the ancient world. Their traces lie thick about us as we walk amid the ruins; the caves of primitive man, Greek and Phœnician pottery, Roman walls, a tower where Saracens kept watch over the blue line of the just visible Mediterranean, an impregnable castle whence the Lords of Baux ruled all the country round, marvelous mediæval houses with whose sculptured remains the rock is strewn, and around and among these works of living men the stone tombs of the dead, Gallo-Roman sarcophagi cut closely together, one beside the other, in the rock.

³ Some of these tablets and heathen altars have been used to make holy water founts, or even Christian altars. Some are built into the walls of houses and churches.

⁴ In Provençal *Fado*.

⁵ *Mireille*, Canto VI.

Thither Marius came after his famous victory over the Barbarians to rest his army in the sheltered plain below the rocks. Thither, too, in the time of Alaric, the Arian, came Catholics from Arles to hide in the caves which primitive man had left. Thither, too, came Dante to find in the strangest and wildest of rock valleys a setting for his dream of the Inferno.⁶ It is just at the entrance to this Val' d'Enfer that Mistral has placed his *Trou des Fées*, the entrance to the Fairies' land, a dark and terrifying hole which leads to cavern after cavern of a most mysterious underworld—a meet abode for dethroned and dispossessed divinities.

But the *Déesses Mères* were not only *Matræ* and *Fatuxæ*, they were, as their votive tablets show, "*Dominæ*" and "*Virgines sacræ*" also. Partly for this reason, partly because they were most frequently represented as three, they have become curiously linked with the great Christian tradition of Provence, that of the *Saintes Maries*.

The coming of the Holy Women to Provence is too well known to need retelling. The Office for St. Martha's feast tells how, with a great company, they were wafted from Judea by a wind from God to a safe landing where now stands the great church of Les Saintes Maries de la Mer, and how thereafter the company dispersed to become the Apostles of the South of France. Mary, the mother of St. James, with Salome and Sara, the servant, remained on the shore, died and were buried there. In their honor, the great festival of Provence is held at the little village of Les Saintes Maries, when the holy barque is let down from the roof of the church in the sight of the multitudes who are gathered together.

But it is not at first apparent why the sacred barque, venerated in the great fortress⁷ church by the Mediterranean where the saints' bodies rest, should have its counterpart in the little church of Les Baux. Tradition, however, says that when the little company scattered, St. Lazarus to Marseilles, St. Maxim to Arles, St. Joseph of Arimathea to Glastonbury, St. Martha to Tarascon, St. Mary Magdalene to St. Baume, that

⁶ Dante's

In su l'estremità d'un' alta ripa

Che facevan gran pietre rotte in cerchio

is an exact picture of the rock valley known as the "Val' d'Enfer."

⁷ The church of les Saintes Maries de la Mer is fortified. It was a refuge for all the country round when the Saracens raided the coast, and is an excellent place of defence.

Mary, the mother of James, with Salome and Sara, the servant, left their home by the sea on various apostolic missions. On one of their journeys, they visited the Alpilles. Setting sail in their barque up the Rhone, in itself a miracle, they reached Arles, and from thence they made their way, taking their lives in their hands, to that rocky country which lay towards the north, and finally reached Les Baux.

It would be interesting to try to picture what the Les Baux of those days was like. No great castle crowned the rock, no Saracen towers looked over the plains towards the sea. A bleak wild jagged rock it must have been, raked by the wind; its unattainable peaks the dwelling places of wild beasts and wilder men. Once the Greeks had colonized the place and built a temple there. Had all traces of it disappeared, a prey to barbarian incursions and Roman military operations?

The Holy Women, if they approached, as they probably did, the rock from the south, must have come upon the Roman road to the city of Glanum, and must have seen the remains of the camp of Marius. Close to the camp, they would find altars, votive tablets and all the traces of Roman worship. Did they ever, we question, look with wonder at a great archaic representation of three figures carved in bas-relief on a mighty rock on the hillside? What would they have thought had they known that one day this monument would be connected with them and their mission? Yet so it is.

For a long time, its very existence in that wild and remote place seems to have remained undiscovered. When it became known, probably through the breaking away of a part of the rock, it was at once conceived to be a representation of the Saints of Provence. All kinds of legends circled about it, and it was considered to prove without possibility of doubt the presence of the Saints in Les Baux. A chapel was built beneath it and a pilgrimage established, which, though shorn of much of its glory, still takes place.

But if this monument does not represent the *Saintes Maries*, whom does it represent?

It stands now just at the bottom of the hill among strewn fragments of fallen rock. The figures are in a standing position, the two at each side leaning towards the centre, one in an attitude of dependence. This in itself seems enough to

disprove the theory of the French savant, M. Gilles, which has been adopted by certain English writers, that the figures represent Marius and his wife standing one on each side of the Eastern prophetess, Martha, by whom he was always accompanied on his campaigns. Marius allowing himself to be depicted in an attitude of dependence is unthinkable! Other historians and archæologists consider, with much more probability, it seems to me, that the figures represent certain indigenous Celtic deities, probably the *Déesses Mères*. It is no detriment to this theory that one of the figures seems to be bearded, for male deities were often associated with the *Matræ*, especially in the guardianship of waters and trees.⁸

This monument close to the site of Marius' camp may well have been the work of the Roman soldiers, who were disposed to pay peculiar honor to the *Déesses Mères*. Possibly, it was a votive offering made on the discovery of a spring; for though that side of the hill is without streams now, water must have been at hand when Marius chose the place to camp in.

But however we may speculate about the "*Tremaïe*," to the *paysans*, it is still the Saintes Maries. The shepherds, as they pass with their flocks, uncover to it, old women gathering sticks kneel for a moment before it; and on the twenty-fifth of May, the Feast of the Saints, it feebly reflects as a place of pilgrimage the great glory of the church of the Saintes Maries de la Mer.

There is legend which says that on this day the *Fées* leave their shadowy dwelling beneath the Val' d'Enfer to join in the homage which all the world is paying to the Mother Saints of Provence.

⁸ The name of the fountain just beneath Mont Ventoux, Groseau, comes from Grosel, its male guardian spirit who was associated with the *Déesses Mères*. Sometimes a male and female divinity are represented together, guarding trees as well as streams. See Toutain, *Les Cultes Païens dans l'Empire Romain*, and *Bulletin de l'Académie Delphinale* "*Dieux indigènes des Voconces*" 1876-77.

"HIND-SWARAJ."

BY BRIAN P. O'SHASNAIN.



HERE exists in India today a movement towards freedom which is shaking the British Empire to its foundations. For Gandhi's "Swaraj" movement is a revolt not merely against British rule, but against the whole machinery of Western militarism, bureaucracy, materialism and commercial exploitation. It is not only a political movement—it is industrial, social, cultural, spiritual. It is old India snapping its chains and standing upright after a century and a half of submission.

The Hindu revolt is undoubtedly the greatest menace that the Empire has ever faced. Taken in conjunction with Egypt's struggle for freedom and the partial breaking away of Ireland from the "United Kingdom," it has assumed most serious proportions. Naturally, the American people are asking themselves: "What justification have the Hindus for their revolt? Has not the Empire conferred upon them freedom from local wars and the blessings of Western civilization?"

To answer these questions a candid examination of the whole historical relation of India with the English is necessary. One does not go very far, however, in studying the story of the East without being compelled to abandon the idea that the Hindus were at any time in the historic period poor, ignorant or uncivilized. When Alexander the Great entered the northern part of India, he found rich and flourishing civilizations, which put forth, in opposition to his conquests, elaborately equipped armies commanded by chiefs who traced their descent back to the mists of antiquity. After his departure, the Greeks settled down into amicable intercourse with mighty kingdoms, the existence of which were, till then, unsuspected in Europe. That the Hindus were at that time (317-312 B. C.) the inheritors of an old and settled civilization is testified to in these words of Megasthenes, a Greek Ambassador to the court of Asoka: "They live happily enough, being simple in their manners and frugal. They

never drink wine, except at sacrifices. . . . The simplicity of their laws and their contracts is proved by the fact that they seldom go to law. They have no suits about pledges and deposits, nor do they require either seals or witnesses, but make their deposits and confide in each other. Their houses and property they generally leave unguarded. . . . Truth and virtue they hold alike in esteem. Hence, they accord no special privilege to the old unless they possess superior wisdom."

That the Hindus had a love of freedom (self-determination) and that they were intolerant of permanent foreign rule, is revealed by the successive national movements which destroyed the Greek kingdoms in India and restored the forms of native rule. It should be understood, however, that regardless of who sat on the throne the primary administrative unit of the nation—the village—kept its traditions and its ancient life unchanged. Monier Williams writes: "The Indian village or township—meaning thereby not merely a collection of houses forming a village or town, but a division of territory three or four miles in extent, with its careful distribution of fixed occupations for the common good, with its intertwining and interdependence of individual, family and common interests, with its provisions for political independence and autonomy, is the original type, the first germ of rural and civic society in mediæval and modern Europe."

It is easy to see that when life in the rural villages was so soundly based, the nation as a whole must have been creative and prosperous. Old India, indeed, was as happy a place as any land can be on this troubled earth. Her fame went abroad among the nations. A great merchant fleet exchanged her surplus with the traders of other lands. And the teachings of the gentle Buddha permeated the creeds and softened the relations of people with each other within the social scheme. This is revealed by the writings of Ta Hian, a Chinese traveler in the fifth century A. D., who states in his journal concerning Pataliputra: "The nobles and householders of this country have founded hospitals within the city to which the poor of all countries, the destitute, crippled and the diseased may repair. They receive every kind of help gratuitously. Physicians inspect their diseases, and according to the cases order them food and drink, medicine or decoc-

tions, everything in fact that may contribute to their ease. When cured, they depart at their convenience."

Another Chinese traveler, Houen Tsang, who lived in India for fifteen years of the seventh century A. D., writes: "As the administration of the country is conducted on benign principles the executive is simple. . . . The private demesnes of the crown are divided into four principal parts: the first is for carrying out the affairs of state and providing sacrificial offerings; the second is for providing subsidies for the ministers and chief officers of state, the third is for rewarding men of distinguished ability, and the fourth is for charity to religious bodies, whereby the field of merit is cultivated. In this way the taxes on the people are light, and the personal service required of them is moderate. Each one keeps his own worldly goods in peace, and all till the ground for their substance. Those who cultivate the royal estate pay a sixth part of the produce as tribute. The merchants who engage in commerce come and go in carrying out their transactions. The river passages and the road barriers are open on payment of a small toll. When the public works require it, labor is exacted, but paid for. The payment is in strict proportion to the work done. The military guard the frontiers, or go out to punish the refractory. They also mount guard at night around the palace. The soldiers are levied according to the requirements of the service; they are promised certain payments and are publicly enrolled. The governors, ministers, magistrates and officials have each a portion of land assigned to them for their personal support."

We now have to consider India under Mohammedan (Mogul) domination. From 646 to 1761 A. D. a stream of tribal warriors flowed down upon her cultivated plains, and contended with native rulers for these golden kingdoms of which rumor had brought them the tale. They were Huns, Turks and Tartars pouring in from the vast breeding grounds of warriors in Central Asia. When the Mongul conquests were consolidated, that part of India ruled by them settled down to a philosophical acceptance of these newcomers, who disturbed the political, but not the economic, structure of the land. As distinguished from the English, who followed them, the Moguls were *native* rulers, that is they lived among the people they had conquered and spent at home the treasures

they collected. They were easy of access to the people. The throne was not eight thousand miles away. Dr. Bernier, a French doctor, tells what he saw in Aurungzeb's Hall of Audience about 1660: "All the petitions held up in the crowd assembled in the Hall are brought to the King and read in his hearing; and the persons concerned being ordered to approach, are examined by the monarch himself, who often redresses on the spot the wrongs of the grieved party. On another day of the week he devotes two hours to hear in private the petitions of ten persons selected from the lower orders and presented to the King by a good and rich man. Nor does he fail to attend the justice chamber on another day of the week attended by the two principal chief justices."

Under Akbar (1556-1605) the Mohammedan civilization reached its closest amalgamation with the Hindus. This enlightened ruler abolished Hindu-Mohammedan race distinctions, inviting capable Hindus to share high offices of government. Unfortunately, Aurungzeb did not carry out this humane policy. His bigotry re-opened the old wound, and on his death the empire began to decay. Native India began again to assert itself. The Sikhs broke loose and established a league in the northwest. In the south, the Mahrattas carved out a kingdom. The Rajput power began to grow.

It was at this critical point, when India was going through civil wars and economic readjustments, that the European appeared on her shores. He announced that he had come to bring civilization, religion and protection to those who needed it. Meanwhile he would set up a store and trade. Hospitable India opened the gates to him. Portuguese, French, English flocked to the treasure-house of the East and looked with longing eyes—not on the poetry and art of wondrous India, not on her temples or her renowned sages. European eyes then saw only her piled up treasures, fruits of the labors of unnumbered generations of civilized and *skillful* natives.

The white men had announced themselves followers of the same Christ, yet, although they were all strangers in a heathen land, no sooner did they discover each other's settlements than they fell to fighting or intriguing—Dutch, Portuguese, French, English. This should have opened the eyes of the native rulers, but it meant little to them, and they went

on quarreling and plotting among each other, none, indeed, realizing that their hour had struck. For by the time the "Christians" had ceased slaying each other, there were no Dutch, French, Portuguese—there were only English! These were armed with weapons of precision such as the native armies could not match. They were desperate adventurers, to whom it was win all or lose all. At once, they found a fertile field for intrigue among the native princes, whose sense of patriotism had sunk so low that they did not hesitate to seek the help of the white traders with their convincing weapons. The rest of the story is soon told. The East India Company advanced to the rulership of all India, after the "Mutiny" passing on its title to the British Government. And the Hindus found that it was not the religion of Christ that had come to their shores, but a band of greedy and rapacious shopkeepers—a company of men whom their own home government had repeatedly to restrain lest they kill the goose that laid the golden egg. The servants of the East India Company, as Burke once said, were "birds of passage and beasts of prey." They were the carpet-baggers of their day, accumulating enormous fortunes, not spent in India like the loot of the Mogul conquerors, but taken across the sea, drained out of the country forever.

It is interesting to listen to the testimony of the great English historians as to the character and achievements of the men who conquered India. Macaulay, who was neither a friend nor admirer of India, wrote: "The Roman proconsul, who, in a year or two, squeezed out of a province the means of rearing marble palaces and baths on the shores of Campania, of drinking from amber, of feasting on singing birds, of exhibiting armies of gladiators and flocks of camelopards, the Spanish viceroy, who, leaving behind him the curses of Mexico or Lima, entered Madrid, with a long train of gilded coaches, and of sumpter horses trapped and shod with silver, were now outdone. Cruelty, indeed, properly so-called, was not among the vices of the servants of the Company. But cruelty itself could hardly have produced greater evils than sprang from their unprincipled eagerness to be rich."

Lecky says: "Nowhere in Europe, nowhere else, perhaps, in the world, were large fortunes so easily amassed. Clive himself had gone out a penniless clerk; when he returned to

India, at thirty-four, he had acquired a fortune of more than £40,000 a year, besides giving £50,000 to his relatives."

India now began to experience a government of aliens. Her people were gradually disarmed. Quietly, the white traders began to destroy the old foundations in government, economics, industry. Compared to them, the Mohammedans were amateurs indeed. The process of bleeding the land white began. The English mercantile aristocracy carried on, without hindrance, in India that process of uprooting native industries which, attempted in America on a far smaller scale, brought on the revolt of the Colonies. Lecky, in *A History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, writes: "The English officials (of the Company) began everywhere to trade on their own account, and to exercise their enormous power in order to drive all competitors from the field. . . . They defied, displaced or intimidated all native functionaries who attempted to resist them. They refused to permit any other traders to sell the goods in which they dealt. They even descended upon the villages and forced the inhabitants by flogging and confinement to purchase their goods at exorbitant prices, or to sell what they desired to purchase at prices far below the market value. . . . Monopolizing the trade in some of the necessities of life, to the utter ruin of thousands of native traders, and selling these necessities at famine prices to a half-starving population, they reduced those who came under their influence to a wretchedness they had never known before. . . . Never before had the natives experienced a tyranny which was at once so skillful, so searching and so strong. . . . Whole districts which had once been populous and flourishing were at last utterly depopulated, and it was noticed that on the appearance of a party of English merchants, the villages were at once deserted, and the shops shut, and the roads thronged with panic-stricken fugitives."

Thus we observe in India the opening scenes of the dark tragedy that was already being played to a cruel finish in Ireland. The same characters and conditions are there—an absentee government, the trader intent on the ruin of native industry through the absolute rule of a military bureaucracy. Let us glance at the scene through the eyes of another Englishman—one who was on the spot. William Bolts, in his book, *Considerations On Indian Affairs*, says that "various

and innumerable are the methods of oppressing the poor weavers, which are daily practised by the Company's agents, and sub-agents in the country, such as by fines, imprisonments, floggings, forcing bonds from them, etc., by which the number of weavers in the country has been greatly decreased. The natural consequences whereof has been the scarcity, dearness and debasement of the manufactures, as well as a great diminution of the revenue."

Not only was India looted by the first servants of the East India Company. It became the settled policy of the foreign rulers to make the interests of the country entirely subservient to those of England. From this time on, no better image can be formed of that unfortunate situation than that of England as drawing sustenance for its growing Empire from the life-blood of India. The standard of living of the natives began to go down as the standard of living in England went up. The menace of famine, an occasional occurrence under the native and Mogul rulers, now became an ever-present possibility. Since it was the interest of the English to prevent India from competing with them in the world markets, prohibitive laws were passed whereby the ancient industries and arts were destroyed, so that the whole country gradually became a market for English manufactured goods. Thus the artisans and craftsmen of the villages, finding no outlet for the products of native looms or shops were thrown back on the land, and having no income, save that from agriculture, were certain to starve if the rains failed even for a season. Is this an overdrawn picture? The late Hon. G. K. Gokhale of the Viceroy's Council states that "from 60,000,000 to 70,000,000 of the people of India do not know what it is to have their hunger satisfied even once in a year." The daily income of the people of India per head was in 1850 two pence, in 1882 it was one and one-half pence, and in 1900 it was less than three-fourths of a penny. This, according to Mr. William Digby of the Indian Civil Service, in a book with the ironic title, *Prosperous India*. The same author asserts that before the coming of the English, India suffered from: "Two famines in the eleventh century, both local. One famine in the thirteenth century, near Delhi. Three famines in the fourteenth century, all local. Two famines in the fifteenth century, both local. Three famines in the sixteenth century,

all local. Three famines in the seventeenth century, extent not defined. Four famines in the eighteenth century, north-west Provinces, all local."

With the invasions came widespread hunger. India was called upon imperiously to give, give, give. Wealth flowed in a steady stream out of the country. Her native industries wrecked, dependent upon England for unmanufactured goods, she fell rapidly behind the European races in material well-being. Her poorer classes of population began to starve. Between 1768 and 1800 India had four great famines. From 1800 to 1825 five famines with, perhaps, 1,000,000 deaths. From 1825 to 1850 two famines with, perhaps, 500,000 deaths. From 1850 to 1875 six famines, with 5,000,000 deaths, are recorded. And from 1875 to 1900, with the Western world at the highest efflux of material power and wealth, 26,000,000 people died in India of direct starvation. It must be remembered that the evil effects of a famine are not measured merely by the deaths from hunger. There are millions who do not die, who live on, permanently injured by a year or a two years' course of starvation diet. These fall an easy prey to Famine's prompt second, the Plague, and to other sicknesses.

It is commonly believed that India is overcrowded and that this is a main cause of famine. The density of population of some modern centres of civilization is given as follows (population per square mile):

Austria	246	Poland	247.4
Germany	310.4	Italy	313.7
Holland	470	Belgium	589
England and Wales..	519	India	244.27 ¹

The London *Times*, in its issue of March 24, 1911, discussing this question, admits that India's hunger is not a matter of over-population. The *Times* said: "Two-thirds of the people of India live within a quarter of its area. There are vast unoccupied lands which have still to be populated. . . . The problem of the Indian population is to distribute the people more evenly. The process is slow, but the difficulty is not insoluble, and every fresh migration increases pros-

¹ These figures are from the Statesman's Year Book for 1912.

perity. The growth of numbers is not a subject for alarm, but rather for congratulation."

The rains, of course, fall in India now as they did in pre-British times. Nor is famine due to the incompetence of the native agriculturalist. Mr. Vaughn Nash, an Englishman, in his book, *The Great Famine and Its Causes*, writes as follows: "The famine, let me say, is in no way due to defects of the ryot, qua agriculturist. He is short of capital and hampered by debt. But every competent judge admits his wonderful knowledge of the land and the crops, his laborious industry during the seasons of hard field work, and his eagerness to improve his holdings. Agricultural enthusiasts from the West, who came to scoff at his primitive customs remain to admire and learn as they watch him at his work."

These statements will perhaps surprise the reader who imagines that the Occident has said the last word in scientific agriculture. Dr. G. A. Voeckler, consulting chemist of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, was sent to India in 1889 to suggest improvements for Indian agriculture. He wrote that "in the ordinary acts of husbandry, nowhere would one find better instances of keeping land scrupulously clean from weeds, of ingenuity in device of water-raising appliances, of knowledge of soils and their capabilities, as well as the exact time to sow and reap, as one would in Indian agriculture, and this, not at its best alone, but at its ordinary level. It is wonderful, too, how much is known of rotation, the system of mixed crops and of fallowing. Certain it is, that I, at least, have never seen a more perfect picture of careful cultivation, combined with hard labor, perseverance and fertility of resource, than I have seen in many of the halting places in my tour."

Such is the condition of India (once the world's wonder for riches) in the twentieth century, that Dr. Sudhindra Bose of the University of Iowa expressed its degradation in these terrible words: "Famine has become a normal condition in India." Further in his book, *British Rule in India*, he writes: "The Indian famine is not a famine of food; it is a financial famine. Poverty is its prime cause. The ryot lives constantly on the borderland of starvation. And as he cannot save enough even in good seasons to tide him over the bad, he succumbs easily at the least touch of scarcity."

Although the Hindus are theoretically subjects of the King, equal in rights with any other subjects, actually they are treated as an inferior class in the outlying parts of the Empire. Those who migrated to Australia, South Africa, Canada, answering the call of these sections for cheap labor, seeking a happier life, found themselves quickly disillusioned. Discriminatory laws were passed against them, and they were made to feel, even in the most trivial affairs of life, the sting of inferiority. The writer just quoted says: "The Indians in Natal, as indeed all over South Africa, are subjected to many cruel indignities. They cannot find accommodations in public hotels, they cannot use public baths, and in many places they cannot travel even in municipal trolley cars. In Pretoria and Johannesburg, they are prohibited by law from walking on the sidewalks . . . and from use of the ordinary trolley cars."

It was in South Africa, as a leader of these oppressed Hindus, that M. K. Gandhi first came into public notice. Finding that his poor compatriots had been deprived of their elementary civil rights, that they were the most despised members of the community, he organized a passive resistance movement which, from 1894 on, proved that the Hindus yet possessed one weapon before which all material force proved vain. Gandhi, son of a distinguished family in India, had gone to South Africa to practise law. Arrived there, he quickly experienced in his own person the cruel persecutions of the dominant race. Although a man of the highest spiritual attainment, a graduate of an English law college, and expressing in his slight frame the utmost gentleness and tolerance, he was more than once brutally assaulted, kicked and beaten by white men twice his weight and size. Despite such experiences, despite repeated terms of imprisonment, he built up a great movement of protest on passive, non-violent lines. And then his genius went further. Passing beyond the farthest dreams of the modern Hindu liberals, searching in the souls of his humble followers, he found an ancient spirit there and brought it forth into manifestation. He discovered that the most powerful expression of Hindu genius is not political, but spiritual, and that this spiritual force, once aroused into manifestation, conquers even its bitterest foes. Since the hour of that discovery, he has been transforming

the carnal weapons of the political plane—the walkout and the boycott—into the spiritual weapons of passive non-resistance—or as he would say, conquering one's enemy through love. Coming to India in person during the Great War when he was still devotedly serving the Empire, he has gradually evolved his idea of "Swaraj," which may be roughly defined as freedom or self-determination, along with "Swadeshi," which involves the using of home-made articles only, and the revival of the historically celebrated arts and crafts of mediæval India.

At once, he found himself the leader of millions of Hindus, educated by the several great reform movements of the past hundred years—such movements as the Brahmo Samaj (Brahmo Society) founded in Calcutta in 1830 by Ram Mohan Roy; the Arya Samaj founded in Bombay in 1875 by Dayananda Saraswati; the Theosophical Society, which came to India about the same time; the Ramakrishna Mission launched by Swami Vivekananda during the eighteen-nineties. Through these movements have evolved various types of Hindus, all passionately devoted to the service of India, to the conservation of the best in her old life and faith. They find a common political platform in the Indian National Congress, and a common leader in the strange and thrilling personality of Mahatma Gandhi. The title "Mahatma" meaning Great Soul, or as we would say in the west, "Saint," conferred on Gandhi by universal choice, singles him out as unique among modern national leaders. His doctrine subverts all established political and revolutionary practices, for he expects to free India without using brute force, by using what he names soul-force or love-force.

This is a strange doctrine to Western ears, to those peoples skeptical and materialistic, who have forgotten that their own spiritual teacher, Jesus of Nazareth, taught the same doctrine in words even more emphatic than those of Gandhi, who admits that the Sermon on the Mount has been a permanent guide in all his activities; this along with the Hindu scriptures, for he holds that Swadeshi means the acceptance of the purified ancestral faith, not less than the ancestral industrial heritage. Also, he insists that his followers shall practise "Ahimsa"—literally non-killing, and that this prohibition shall be applied to animals as well as men. As

Gandhi interprets "Ahimsa," it really means much more than non-killing. It means leading an innocent, a beautiful life. The gradual giving up of Western machinery, the vow to wear native cloth only, to be fearless, truthful, to regard no one as an outcast or as untouchable, to use the vernacular languages of India in place of English, to work with the hand at weaving or some other craft, to bring religion into politics—all these are parts of the vast reform which this great leader proposes for India. His methods are so unique, his personality so innocent and simple, his spirit so fired with exalted altruism that he makes all other political leaders of our day seem very material indeed.

Yet Gandhi is not a visionary. He has actual political power—the power given him by over a hundred million followers. The British fear him more than any other man on earth today—far more than they fear De Valera or Lenine—for they recognize that he is fighting them with weapons which he knows how to use with consummate skill, but which they do not know how to handle at all. Bullets, bayonets, artillery, aëroplanes, bombs are useless against the man who is teaching all India to despise death, even to die loving the slayer. For Gandhi insists that his followers shall not harm the British no matter what evil they do. He treats the British as if they were ignorant children playing with forces they know not of. He teaches his people to take an attitude of spiritual leadership towards their oppressors, to be careless of death and wounds, to have the sublime indifference of martyrs. And this, he says, requires the ultimate reaches of courage. "Believe me," he writes, "that a man devoid of courage and manhood can never be a passive resister . . . even a man weak in body is capable of offering this resistance. One man can offer it just as well as millions. Both men and women can indulge in it. It does not require the training of an army; it needs no Jiu Jitsu. Control over the mind is alone necessary, and when this is attained, man is free like the king of the forest and his very glance withers the enemy."

Strange words to hear from the leader of a great political movement. A sublime, but impossible, doctrine it will seem to most of us in the West with our sudden rage at any invasion of individual rights. But the sage who writes these words is no doctrinaire. He has proved his spirit for twenty years

in the provincial bitter life of South Africa. Can he demonstrate in India? Can three hundred millions endure the bayonet, the bullet, the *aéroplane* bombs, all the instruments of repression possessed by the hundred thousand English among them? Can the resistance of a mutinous people be sublimated to these heights of renunciation? If Mahatma Gandhi and his people can do this thing, then, indeed, the West must sit at the feet of the East as it did long ago, and learn again an ancient message of love and pity and simplicity, which it is far on the way to forget.

The arrest and imprisonment of Gandhi has not served to effect any diminution of revolutionary fervor, even though the leader, as he left the court, gave utterance to no thoughts that were not pacific and constructive. India sits thinking, while her Mahatma is behind the bars in a prison which seems likely to become a shrine. Gandhi knows what will happen if his great policy is carried out with uttermost sacrifice. If human nature should prove incapable of a course so exalted, then no one knows what will happen. If the British are wise, generous and intelligent, India even yet may be turned to a noble friend, a necessary friend in the parlous days to come. One can only hope that there will be enough of the Christian spirit left in the great sea empire to meet a challenge that all empires must meet, sooner or later, the challenge to offer as sacrifice, as her own laureate has expressed it, "an humble and a contrite heart" at the shrine of the Lord of nations.

SHRINES.

BY HENRY ZIMMER.

THE hills erect high altars, shrines of snow and light
Carved masterfully—shining marble-white.
Here sunset lays its gifts of gold and porphyry,
And day-close trails its fluttering pennants. See!
In this dim sanctuary, with the dusk aglow,
The vigil-lamps of twilight flicker low!
Slow falls the incense-dew, like clouds of mist-veiled foam,
And far off burns a blue star-frescoed dome.
Hush! A queen, the silver-girdled moon draws near,
In her white beauty, come to worship here.

IN FAIR VERONA.

BY JOSEPH FRANCIS WICKHAM.



It is dreaming, dreaming, all the way, in Italy. From Sorrento to Siena, from Rome to Ravenna, everywhere and always—one long vision of half-eternal beauty. And so the pathland of your fancy ever through Venetia is strewn with dream. If I might guess your thoughts as the train rumbles in the twilight through the maize fields and vineyards outside Verona, I should conjure up a garden, a beautiful moonlit garden, and a palace balcony all fragrant with the scent of roses. And there would be an eager lover in the garden by name of Romeo, and there would be a maiden faithful in the balcony who called herself Juliet; Romeo and Juliet, world-loved lovers of world-famed "households, both alike dignity, in fair Verona, where we lay our scene."

Verona is the city of Juliet, and is as beautiful as our fancies of that fair daughter of the Capuletti. Beautiful in palaces, beautiful in streets, beautiful in churches, in campanili, in pictures, in tombs, in cypress gardens, beautiful in the rushing blue waters that flow through her heart, Verona is the most magnificent city of Venetia. She will ask you to remain longer than your leisure may allow.

A temple of beauty she is, of a certainty, but none less surely is Verona a fortress and an armed camp. For standing here in north Italy at the foot of the Brenner Pass, she is the gateway of the northern world, the world that ever has been an embattled host against the Italian peninsula. It will not be uninteresting, when one thinks of Verona under this aspect, to recall the chief events in her history.

Chronicle first remembers Verona as a city of the Euganean Gauls. They yielded to the Cenomani five hundred and fifty years before the Christian era. Two and a half centuries later, Roman expansion had assimilated the Veronese land, but Verona waited until the year 59 for the franchise. Under imperial sway, she remained a fortified city, where the Italian roads met, fighting Rome's battles against the hills. When,

in 452, Attila swept through Venetia, Verona fell prostrate, but she rose again, and was a fortress for Odoacer in 476. But Theodoric, the great Ostrogoth king, drove him out in 493. Theodoric built a fortress in Verona and kept the city until 552, when the Gothic rule was overthrown by the Byzantine Valerian. In 569 the Lombard king, Alboin, captured the town, and the rule of the Lombards now prevailed until Charlemagne shattered their kingdom. The new kings of Italy made Verona their residence, the Counts of San Bonifacio governing the city.

But the citizens grew wealthy and powerful, and at the opening of the twelfth century made Verona a commune. When she joined the Lombard League, the factions of Guelphs and Ghibellines sprang into being, bringing the usual local disturbances with them. When death came to the Ghibelline, Ezzelino da Romano, lord of Verona through a long period of years in the thirteenth century, the Great Council of the city elected Mastino della Scala as *podestà*. He succeeded in making the rule of Verona an heirloom in his family, a coveted possession which was to last until 1387. During this period of a century and a quarter, the Scala family counted among their number warriors, patrons of art, wealthy princes, and at least two fratricides. The most famous of the Scala name are Can Grande I., the protector of Dante who dedicated the *Paradiso* to him, the patron of Petrarch, and the conqueror of many a town in Venetia; Mastino II., the conqueror of Brescia, the purchaser of Parma and Lucca, next to the King of France the richest man in Europe, a prince who fought and, of course, lost the struggle against the combined force of Florence, Venice, the Visconti, the Gonzaga and the Este; and Can Signorio, who built beautiful palaces and bridged the Adige, and brought drinking water to the city, an estimable prince if he had no brother's blood upon his hands.

The Scaliger rule came to a close in October, 1387, after Gian Galeazzo Visconti of Milan had exhausted Verona's power of resistance. In 1404 Guglielmo, grandson of Mastino II., led the people against the Milanese and drove them out, but he died soon after; and, in 1405, when Gian was dead, Venice became mistress of Verona. With the exception of the years between 1490 and 1517, when the Emperor Maxi-

milian I. was in possession of the town, Verona was a lovely city of the Venetian Republic until Napoleon came down, as Charlemagne had done, and in 1797 ended the sway of the queen of the Adriatic. Austria came next, but she, too, returned home in 1866, when Verona, her southern fortress-city, became the northern stronghold of the Italian king.

When Verona was a part of the civilization of the Roman world, she had a Forum that served her as that great space near the Golden Milestone ministered to the citizens of the Tiber City. The Forum still remains, though the empire that built it is dead, and to no other place should the visitor to Verona make his initial visit. He will find it today a great fruit and vegetable market, picturesque as any he may find in Italy. The Piazza delle Erbe it is called, a busy centre of life now, as it was nineteen hundred years ago, as it continued to be through the long centuries of the Middle Ages.

When you first come in sight of the Piazza, you are bewildered by the multiple array of white umbrellas protecting the market women's stalls from the sun, and you will find an intense interest in the color and glow of the modern pagentry. But you will cease to wonder after a little, and will look about for the things of old. In the centre of the square you will see a fountain originally of the time of Berengarius I. of the tenth century, but rebuilt by Can Signorio in the fourteenth century. Close beside stands the Tribuna, where the judgments were announced to the people in the days of the Scaligers and after. At the north side of the Piazza rises a marble column bearing today a lion of St. Mark, as it did when the Venetian Republic ruled beneficently over the land of Verona. The home of Alberto della Scala is here, the Casa Mazzanti, as well as the Casa dei Mercanti, which he began, and many another old house and palace; and there is the Lamberti tower, and the Torre del Gardello, which once boasted the first clock seen in Verona.

From the life and color of the Piazza delle Erbe to the peace of the Piazza dei Signori is only a step. Dante's statue presides over the enclosure, to commemorate his stay in Verona when he was banished from Florence; and on every side beautiful buildings of mediæval days stand together, communing on proud centuries that have gone to dust with the Scaligers that saw them. The Palazzo delle Ragione, built

in 1183 for the law courts, has a courtyard fair to look upon and a Gothic staircase that is the pride of the city. Beside a brick campanile, which rises in a magnificence of three hundred feet, stands the Tribunale, and across the way old palaces of the Scaligers. On the north side is the ancient town hall, the Palazzo del Consiglio, better known as the Loggia, which Fra Gioconda, it is thought, built for the Venetian government in the late fifteenth century. It is truly of wonderful grace and loveliness, and is an exceptional specimen of Italian Renaissance architecture. Upon the door, Girolamo Campagna has worked a bronze Annunciation, and above, the Venetians have left their tribute to Verona, "*Pro summa fide summus amor, MDXCII.*" The busts of famed Veronese citizens are ranged in niches along the façade, to tell the passerby that the city is not forgetful.

An arched passage invites the wanderer to explore beyond, and he will follow the path to the church of Santa Maria Antica. It is the Sainte Chapelle of Verona, the court chapel of the Scaligers, nine hundred years old. One may not imagine what prayers and what hopes have been breathed in this chapel to the One Eternal Heart, for that is enshrouded by the veil that lifts not. But outside the chapel there is stimulus a plenty for the fancy, in those great reminders of the great family, the magnificent Gothic tombs of the Scaligers.

Most noted among the Scala family was Can Grande, who was lord of Verona between 1311 and 1329; it is with a certain propriety that his sarcophagus rests in an exalted position over the entrance of the church. On the tomb, surrounded by bas-reliefs of the chief events of his life, the prince lies in sculptured rest, his sword at peace by his side; above, surmounting the pinnacle of an arched canopy, he rides, a marble knight on a marble horse, seeking the battles and the victories in a charge silent and motionless, but lacking not the sweep and dash and irresistible confidence of the life of fire and blood.

There is a tiny graveyard beside the church, enclosed with an exquisite grille of wrought iron, which displays frequently the ladder device of the Scala family. In this diminutive Campo Santo lie other members of the Scaligeri, with noble sarcophagi guarding their dust, and many a sculptured virtue and saint pleading for peace and love and salvation.

Mastino I., Alberto, Mastino II., Can Signorio, whose tomb by Bonino da Campione is finest of all—the bones of these keep watch with Can Grande's ashes, waiting for the Doomsday Voice. It is quiet enough now in the little graveyard, uncommonly peaceful, indeed, for those who made such a stir in the world hundreds of years ago. Would one wonder if, in the solemn stillness of some dark Verona night, unheard whisperings tremble along the trellis work, and unseen figures walk together on the unpaved paths that only spirits know?

You will leave the tombs of the dead at last, and seek the living welcome of the Duomo. On your way, you will visit the exquisite Gothic church of Sant' Anastasia, which the Dominicans built in the thirteenth century. Caroto, Liberale da Verona, Francesco Morone, and other native painters have left their handiwork within the spacious interior; outside and within, it is a beautiful edifice, a harmony of delicate blendings of color and material. Beside the church, above a gateway, is the tomb of Can Grande's friend, Guglielmo da Castelbarco, a monument of wonderful beauty.

A little way, and the fair outlines of the Duomo disclose themselves. A work of the twelfth and fourteenth centuries, the present cathedral is the successor of older churches, and occupies ground once sacred to Minerva's worship. It is an imposing edifice, the portal, with its canopy resting on griffins, being particularly magnificent. Noticeable among the reliefs of the entrance are the figures of Roland and Oliver, the paladins of Charlemagne.

What first impresses the visitor to the interior is the beauty of the eight red Verona pillars which support the vaulting of the nave. And then he will seek out the charms of Sanmicheli's superb Renaissance screen of marble, and the bronze crucifix by Gian Battista da Verona; he will pause in æsthetic contemplation over the Gothic loveliness of the tomb known as Sant' Agata's; he will admire the "Adoration" of Liberale; and he will spare more than a moment for the fair glory of Titian's "Assumption." The Baptistery, with its twelfth century font, and the cloisters still are in waiting, as well as the rare palimpsests of the Biblioteca Capitolare.

Not far from the Duomo the Adige flows tumultuously around a great bend. The oldest bridge in the city, the Ponte Pietra, will take you across to the church of San Stefano, once

Verona's cathedral, a little journey from the ancient Roman theatre. The edifice is a reconstructed sixth century building, the original resting place of many bishops and martyrs.

The Via Sant' Alessio will carry you now to the church of San Giorgio in Braida, where Sanmicheli, that greatest of Veronese architects, again shows his skill. Within the church are a number of very fine paintings. Chief among them are the "Madonna and Saints" of Girolamo dai Libri, the "Madonna in Clouds" of Moretto, and the "Martyrdom of St. George" of Paolo Veronese. It is more than a picture gallery; the church is full of that sweet compelling atmosphere that bids you linger and rest and pray.

There is one more great church for you to see in Verona, but it is some distance from San Giorgio's. Your way thither will lead you past much that is best in the city. Through the promenades you fare, and across the river by the Ponte Garibaldi, to the Lung' Adige Panvinio. A turn leftward will disclose the thirteenth century Gothic church of Santa Eufemia, where the cloisters designed by Sanmicheli, and Moretto's "Madonna and Child," may make you pause. The Corso Porta Borsari lies beyond, at the western end of which the Porta de' Borsari, a Roman gate of the year 265, invites you. Here the Corso Cavour begins its beautiful avenue of palaces, some of them of Sanmicheli's planning. A church or two are worth your noting, and all the steady stream of busy people will tell you that this is a street of modern days. At the end of the avenue the mighty fortress of the Castel Vecchio, a Scaliger stronghold, looms up, a stern, bulky, magnificent barracks now, with lofty towers speaking across to the forked battlements of the grand bridge over the river. The Rigaste San Zeno leads you on, and presently you reach your destination, the church of San Zeno Maggiore, in the peace and solitude of the city's edge.

There is no edifice in Verona that affords so much interest as the church of San Zeno Maggiore, just as there is none in north Italy that surpasses this as an achievement in Romanesque architecture. While, indeed, a church stood on this site in the ninth century, the present structure, with its detached brick and marble campanile, is a work of the twelfth, and has passed through a nineteenth century restoration. A red brick church, it stands, with a wonderful façade of red

and white and yellow marble. The exquisite portal rests on columns supported by marble lions. One can gaze for hours at a time studying the twelfth century sculptured figures that adorn it. Bronze reliefs on the old doors call to mind the life of San Zeno, the eighth bishop of Verona, a martyr of the fourth century; above, the twelve months, with the duties they bring, are plain to see; Theodoric rides in relief in pursuit of a stag, which leads him to the devil; and the sacred story is told in varied scenes from the Scriptures Old and New.

From the entrance a flight of thirteen steps lead downward to the nave. The vast interior is a harmony of well-proportioned space. It contains many interesting objects. The visitor will see, among other things, an antique vase of porphyry nine feet in diameter, an old font, Romanesque statues of Christ and the Apostles on the choir screen, and many a faded fresco telling sweet tales of former splendor. The masterpiece, "Madonna and Saints," announces Mantegna's claim to rare merit; a painted statue of San Zeno, and his simple tomb in the crypt remind everyone that this is his church; and the fair loveliness of the old Benedictine cloisters beg the grace of a tender sigh.

As you go away from the broad piazza, weary and happy at once, you have no thoughts but of rest and shadowy windows; but for all that you will wish to take the best way home. You will drive along the road that leads by the old Franciscan church of San Bernardino, where the Renaissance perfection of Sanmicheli's Cappella Pellegrini should tempt you, tired as you are, to alight and tarry; and then your way lies up the Corso Cavour, and on to your Verona inn.

There are two centres of life in Verona. The Piazza delle Erbe has a rival in the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele, or Piazza Bra, the old name by which it is still known. The main interest here, for the stranger to the city, rests in the old Roman amphitheatre that rises at the eastern side of the Piazza, a brown, grim, massive pile. Since the days of Diocletian, this arena has stood, witnessing the centuries pass slowly, one by one, and outlasting their whips and scorns even to this day. Many a time, have the old stones seen twenty thousand people cheer a blood-reddened gladiator, who had felled with brute strength a brute beast less strong;

they have watched Christian martyrs dragged here for sacrifice; they have looked upon tournaments of the Middle Ages and jousts of the Renaissance; Pius VI. they saw when he gave benediction to an assembled multitude; and they remembered the great Napoleon who graced the arena at the games he gave over a hundred years ago.

You will derive much pleasure in reconstructing past civilizations as you walk about this vast Verona Colosseum. It will be easy for your mind's eye to follow each age dissolving imperceptibly into its successor, merging itself and its heritage into the ever-present, ever-passing time. And when you cross the Piazza, and go away, you will tell yourself, as you have so often told yourself in Italy, that the Roman empire is not yet dead, nor will it wholly die until its monuments crumble to the dust.

There is a broad way leading from the Piazza Bra, the Corso Vittorio Emanuele, and it takes you to the Porta Nuova, whence you may drive to the Porta del Palio. These gates are objects of wonderful beauty in design and workmanship, but the hand of Sanmicheli could make them nothing else.

Who will wish to leave Verona without seeing Juliet's tomb? No one, to be sure—but everyone does. The sarcophagus shown as that of the heroine of Shakespeare's play, is itself a play on a poor visitor's fancy, but as he probably is aware of that fact, little harm is done him. Perhaps, the old mediæval house in the Via Cappello, supposed to be that of the Capulets, may have been the scene of her maiden meditations, and one may allow oneself the privilege of faith.

Verona's picture gallery and archæological collections are to be found in the Palazzo Lavezzola-Pompei, which lies across the Adige. The Ponte delle Navi takes you there, and generously gives you a fine vantage point from which to view the Gothic beauty of the church of San Fermo Maggiore, which you are leaving behind. In the gallery, there is much to see, if you would give a careful study to the Veronese school of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. It will repay you also to visit two churches on this side of the river, that of Santi Nazaro e Celso and the church of Santa Maria in Organo. Sanmicheli was the architect for each, and Fra Giovanni da Verona built the campanile of the latter church. Both churches are adorned with beautiful pictures.

But there is something else on this side of the stream that is more lovely than any picture in Verona—the Giardino Giusti. No one who comes to Verona can forget those tall, straight, green-clad, ancient cypress trees, that stand so still and solemn as they look over the city's life. For four hundred years some of these trees have watched the streets grow fair with palaces, and castles and churches wake into being. They themselves are wondrously beauteous types of nature's architecture, living, growing columns, yearning toward the clouds. They lead the promenade to the terraces on high, and thither you will go to see Verona as the cypress trees can view her. How clearly each campanile lines itself against the blue sky; how brilliantly every globing dome is glistening, how roseately gleams every palace roof, how wonderful the whole marble city proclaims herself. The old Castello San Pietro looms clear over yonder where Theodoric once guarded his city, where Lombard kings waxed proud, where the Third Army Corps of the Italian army watched the passes of the Alps; the battlemented walls, five-strong, reveal themselves encircling the town; and you can see the bridges, here and there, spanning the Adige, which glides in sinuous swiftness through the city, a Grand Canal through a little Venice.

A little Venice! Go at night to the Piazza Bra, and then you will recall the nights you have left behind you on the Piazza before St. Mark's. Here are the cafés, and the chairs in front, and the tables; the people are thronging in from the Via Nuova and promenading across the pavement; the band is playing all joyously; the night is glad, and the care of the day is a thing forgotten. Then do you, stranger you, sit here, watching the gayety of Verona. The huge gray mass of the Arena rises solemnly between you and a fair patch of starlit sky, and makes you wonder what the old Roman workers would say if they could come back and see their walls still here. The great arches, where the wares of the little shops are exchanged for *centessimi* by day, seem quiet enough now, and you know that within the walls there is flitting about the Arena the spirit of Dietrich of Bern, come back to watch the city that was his. And then, as some handsome, confident Veronese youth walks by, you think of that son of the Montecchi, who would go to the enemy's banquet *sans cérémonie*; and you think, too, of that faithful Mercutio that Tybalt

ended. Then out the dreams of fancy comes that pale, fair face of the little Juliet sleeping in the seeming death. "Ah, dear Juliet, why art thou yet so fair"—the old loved words still echo in your heart, as the crowds laugh and talk and pass you by, little caring for your visions.

So the night wears on; the moon travels slowly across the sky, and the clouds are trailing its brilliance in an unending procession of white. Soon the music ceases, and the throngs dwindle away to seek the peace of home. The Municipio looks sadly upon the emptiness, the tower of the mediæval gateway is a thing forlorn, the Gran Guardia Vecchia thinks of the men and women it saw three hundred years ago. You are alone with your echoing footsteps, and, as you turn homeward, you are happy, for you are in love with old Verona and the beauty of her face; in love with the dreams of beauty her name evokes, that visioned something that is delicate and fragile and precious, like the charm of a melting rainbow or the memory of a parting smile.

"WHEN ISRAEL OUT OF EGYPT CAME."

BY HELEN PARRY EDEN.

"Et creabit Dominus super omnem locum montis Sion et ubi invocatus est, nubem per diem, et fumum et splendorem ignis flammantis in nocte, super omnem enim gloriam protectio."—Isaias iv. 5.

WHEN Israel out of Egypt came
Along a desert way,
God went before to give them light,
His grace was as a fire by night
And as a cloud by day.
So Blessed Jesus, Thou shalt be,
To all who call Thy name,
A shade by day, a light by night,
A covert and a flame.
Without Thy help how faint I stay
Captive in Egypt, *tenuit me*
Defectio.

O lead me forth, Immortal Lamb,
For mine Thou art, as Thine I am,
Et super omnem gloriam
Protectio.

When Israel out of Egypt came
Along a weary track,
King Pharaoh's chase was keen and hot,
With horse and man and chariot,
To bring his bondsmen back.
So, O my spirit, thou shalt see,
When thou shalt turn from ill,
A world of evils in thy wake
To make thee serve them still.
And I who am so faint a prey,
How shall I shun them? *Tenuit me*
Defectio.
Take then my part, Victorious Lamb,
For mine Thou art, as Thine I am.
Et super omnem gloriam
Protectio.

When Israel out of Egypt came,
Through the Red Sea, alone,
King Pharaoh and his fatal host
Sank like a heavy stone.
So in the Passion of my Lord
If all my guilt is drowned,
My unacquainted feet shall tread
His city's golden ground;
Where none shall faint or fall away
But live secure, *reliquit me*
Defectio.
Whose Sun and Moon are Christ the Lamb,
Et super omnem gloriam
Protectio.

A CATHOLIC OUTPOST.

BY CHARLES PHILLIPS.

"Nor can that endure which is not based on love."



IN their pursuit of the Bolsheviks, after the first Red retreat in the early spring of 1919, the Polish armies were able to go forward at such a pace through the endless miles of marsh and forest which lie to the north and east of Lwów—the districts of Polesia and Lithuania—that even their own leaders marveled. No foreign army had ever before advanced through this militarily-impossible country without fatal delays. Napoleon's disaster in 1812 had one of its chief sources in the impenetrability of these woods and swamps. In the World War, Russia had failed here, and Germany had halted. But the Pole strode on. Roads and "corduroys" were mended for them, bridges replaced; railways (destroyed by the Bolos to cut off their pursuers) rebuilt in a few days by volunteer bands of peasants. What was the reason?

The reason dated back five hundred years to the Treaty of Horodlo, signed in 1413, when Poland and Lithuania formed their unique union, embracing in its pact all of these widespreading eastern territories, and sealed it with those pregnant words: "Nor can that endure which is not based on love." This union has endured for over five centuries. Nothing except good-will and popular sympathy could have made possible the penetration of Polesia by the Polish troops, whom the natives hailed as liberators, offering them every assistance in their advance towards Vilna and the countries of the north, to clear the land of the Red Russian hordes. In these districts neither Tsarist nor German nor Bolshevik authority could ever have taken root. They have always remained Poland to the natives. Old peasants in times past would dismiss talk of anything otherwise with a laugh; many persisted for years before the War in still paying their taxes, as their forefathers had, "to the Polish King;" however, the tax collectors relished it. One old huntsman was found who

had never heard of the partitions nor of the Napoleonic wars! In their odd dress and shoes of birch bark, these Polesian peasants are like figures out of an old story-book.

This country, lying between Lwów and Vilna, between the rich plains of the Ukraine and the hills and forests of Lithuania, forms one of the great borderlands of Poland, and is one of the few original countries left in Europe. It is a land of forests—its name, Polesia, means “along the forests” (po—along; las—forest)—a land of great marshes, of innumerable small lakes and countless little streams. It is a hunter’s paradise, where otter and beaver still are trapped, where wild deer abound, surpassing the dream of Nimrod; the bear and the antlered elk, and even the almost extinct white bison, of which only a few remain and which otherwise have vanished from the earth, still haunt the unexplored fastnesses. The famous forest of Bialowiez, the greatest forest in Europe, stretching from Brest Litovsk to Bialystok and far beyond, was formerly the favorite hunting ground of the Russian Tsar.

Through these forests thousands and tens of thousands of Poland’s four million refugees fled when the Russians retreated in 1916. Many of them went no further, but died in the woods, after keeping body and soul together for weeks on the food of grass and roots and bark. The place is full of wayside graves.

Besides its wilderness of woods, swamps and lakes, Polesia possesses a vast area of drained and arable soil, estimated at some five million acres; and the possibilities of its further reclamation and development, I should judge, are practically unlimited. In the eighteenth century the Polish Government began to organize road and water communication through this part of the country, but the Russian partition put an end to development. Two important waterways, however, were organized, the Royal Canal and the Oginski Canal, joining the Vistula and the Dnieper—the Baltic and the Black Sea.

We saw a good many cattle grazing here. The stock raiser would find this a paradise, so rich is the natural pasturage. The timber wealth also of these vast resinous forest tracts is almost untouched, save for the depredations of the Germans, who cut over three per cent. of the Bialowiez. Some enterprising Poles developed tar, pitch and charcoal

industries here, in the past, to a certain extent; but under the new Republic the forests are being all conserved to prepare for a modern scheme of reafforestation.

We journey due north through the Lithuanian country, passing many scenes which excite romantic fancy. We are now possibly near the great trade route of ancient times where Greek and Roman merchants traveled toward the Baltic in search of amber. Then Vilna at last, set on picturesque hills cut by the Vilja River, surrounded by pine forests, orchards and farms; in the springtime fairly buried under a cloud of leafy verdure.

The quaint old domed and turreted city invites you at the first sight of its ancient walls. Some of Vilna's historic walls do still remain, dating from the days when Christopher Columbus discovered us; but these walls, after all, are "new," being the last ones built, after no one knows how many previous centuries of fortification. You enter the town by the Ostrobroma, that is, by the Gate of the Virgin, with its double device of heraldry over it, the White Eagle of Poland and the Horseman of Lithuania. And, instantly, you note a curious fact: that everyone passing under this high arched portal bares his head as he goes; even Jews, marked in the throng by their long black halats, remove their little round caps. A crowded street, narrow and crooked, faces you beyond the gate; and in it you see men and women kneeling on the sidewalk in prayer. I have seen them so, even in the depth of winter, the snow ankle deep, oblivious to all passersby. Impelled by the force about you, you, too, find that you have removed your cap, though you may not yet know why. Then turning, as you pass the gate, you see over the arch a chapel, behind the glass doors of which stands an altar with many votive lights and offerings and a great curtained picture at the back.

There are two famous shrines in Poland, Chenstohova (Czestochowa), near Krakow, and the Ostrobroma here in Vilna. If by good chance you happen to pass Ostrobroma at the proper hour, you will find the curtain of the shrine raised, disclosing a very old, much discolored picture of the Blessed Virgin, done in the Byzantine manner, painted on wood, but entirely covered, excepting the face and hands, with silver and gold. It is in the manner of what the Russians call an

icon, a form of sacred art highly developed and very popular in the Eastern countries.

The Ostrobrama was erected in 1671, but the picture, said to have come originally from Italy, and long held miraculous by the devotional, is thought to date about a century earlier. Previous to the building of the chapel the picture hung outside the walls, above the gate, where the Eagle and the Horseman now proclaim the union of Poland and Lithuania.

If it be blossom time when you enter Vilna, with the pear orchards, the cherries and the apples one drift of bloom; if it be Easter, let us say, then you will hear a story told wherever you go in the town that will make you enjoy and understand Vilna and its people. It is the story of the Easter of 1919, of the liberation of the city from the Bolsheviki, and of the remarkable civic struggle the citizens of Vilna made for their freedom during the Soviet occupation. It was a battle of the Idea against brute force and terrorism, of old-fashioned Catholic faith against the new paganism of the Soviets.

I heard the story from the Princess Anastasia of Georgia. I could have gone to no more interesting or authentic source; for this remarkable lady was one of the leaders in Vilna's anti-Bolshevik fight. Her black eyes, her strong face, flashed with a hundred emotions as she recounted the tale; and when she came to her own dramatic adventures, there was a first-hand thrill to it all which could not be communicated in the written word. How she was thrown into prison, lying in a crowded, filthy cell among so many others that there was hardly room to breathe, sleeping on the floor or the table, half starved and tortured with vermin; how, on Easter Saturday, after ten weeks of this, they heard shooting in the town, and the word began to pass through the prison that the Poles were coming; how, at last, on Easter morning, the alarm did break, with the Bolos, seen through the window of the cell, flying in panic: the noise of artillery, the rattle of machine guns all that day, all that night; then, on Easter Monday, the sudden ceasing of all sound, all commotion and, at last, the cry, "The Poles are here!"—with the prisoners falling on their knees, weeping, praying, raising their voices in a loud joyous Easter hymn half broken with happy sobs; the sudden bursting open of the door; a young Polish officer, blackened beyond recognition with smoke and blood and unshaven beard, cry-

ing out in a familiar voice: "Is it you?"—and the Princess swooning (the first time in all her life that she fainted) into the arms of her adopted son whom she had not seen for two years, and whom she supposed was dead: that is a story that never could be told more than once as I heard it.

Yet this is only the ending (or at any rate, the middle) of the real story of Vilna's fight with the Bolsheviks. That actually begins three months earlier in February, 1919.

When the Bolsheviks first took Vilna, January 6, 1919, following the withdrawal of the Germans (who did much more in those days of fateful change than merely leave the back door of Poland open when they pulled out), there was in the city an army chaplain, Captain Muckerman, who had served with the Polish conscripts in the German forces. This man had been in Vilna ever since the Germans came three years before; and he had so won the hearts of the Vilna people, and had been so won by them—especially by the members of St. Kasimir's Church, mostly workingmen—that he had stayed on after the Bolshevik invasion.

Chaplain Muckerman was a Jesuit, a learned man, with a special leaning toward social welfare work and the study of economics. In the coming of the Bolos to Vilna, Father Muckerman saw a rare chance to put some of its own ideas of social reform into operation to counteract the heathen communism of the Reds.

On the morning of January 11th, the sixth day of the Bolshevik occupation, Vilna appeared literally plastered with flaming red posters, the reddest of Moscow red, summoning the workmen of the town to a public meeting in St. Kasimir's Church. Even the walls and doors of the church itself were covered with these flaring proclamations, and, as the Princess Anastasia remarked in telling the story, "the people were very displeased with that." "What next?" they began to complain, beholding even their churches disfigured by what they supposed were "Trotzky's banners." Some two thousand of them, however, attended the meeting, curious and not in the best of temper. To their astonishment, they found Father Muckerman in charge.

The result of that meeting was the organization of a popular workingmen's league, which grew so rapidly that within one week it had eleven thousand members. Father Mucker-

man merely launched it; the leadership he at once placed in the hands of the men themselves. From the first night, when he made all who had anything to say get up into the pulpit and say it, the league developed the workmen's own initiative. "Bolshevism is strong," the Chaplain told them. "But it is strong because it is organized. The only way to fight it is by counter organization. Christian workmen, get together! Organize!"

They organized. They at once took over the former Jesuits' school building, established a coöperative bank, a bakery, a laundry, a school for little ones, a school for girls and one for boys of fourteen and fifteen—the latter with a separate Junior League of their own, holding their own meetings and carrying on their own autonomous organization. A kitchen was opened, serving seven hundred meals a day. Bread was furnished at cost. A little farm was purchased outside the city, with horses, pigs, goats, hens, and cows to supply fresh milk for babies. A complete self-supporting organization was established and in full operation within the space of a few weeks.

The Bolshevik authorities were furious at this bold snatching of power and prestige out of their hands. But they could do nothing. Father Muckerman and his Vilna workmen, not knowing fear, faced the Soviet Commissars full front, not with explanations or apologies, but with demands. They were brazen. They forced the Bolsheviks to give them light, heat and other necessary concessions to carry on their establishment. The Vilna League was a workmen's league, an actual soviet, and the Soviets dared not refuse. At first, they thought to evade by making restrictions; but the League met them at every turn and disarmed them, not with a defiance, but with acquiescence. The name "Christian Workingmen" could not be permitted. "Very well." Off came "Christian." "St. Kasimir's—that is not allowed." "All right." "St. Kasimir" went the way of the Christians. The wise Vilnovians freely let all unessential points go by the board. They were out for bigger game than names. The Reds were balked at every step.

But they were determined to put a stop to it. Nothing is more infuriating than passive resistance. So, one day, they came to Father Muckerman and informed him that he was

to be transported; that he was a spy. "But if I'm a spy you must not transport me. You must arrest me, court-martial me and shoot me. I demand to be arrested and tried." The Reds went away to talk it over.

That afternoon the Chaplain called a mass meeting to explain the situation to the people, and to prepare them for the arrest which now seemed to him inevitable. In fact, he had determined to give himself up rather than to expose the lives of his companions. Large crowds attended this meeting; and in the midst of it the Bolsheviks, having come to a decision, suddenly drew up a regiment around the church, encircling it with a cordon of machine guns, and completely surrounding the crowd. And then a curious thing happened. Father Muckerman announced his intention of surrendering; and his own people made him prisoner. They would not give him up nor let him give himself up. They held him there in the church, one man against five thousand of them, packed into the building and gathered in the plaza. They refused repeatedly to let him out, and they refused to disperse. "If they want him, just let them try to take him!"

Parleys began. Conferences were held between League delegates and Red officials, but no agreement could be reached. The Bolshevik Commissars themselves were afraid to appear before the crowd. "Do you want us to be mobbed?" they asked the League representatives when the latter visited the Soviet headquarters. The Princess Anastasia was one of the League negotiators, and on the evening of the second day of the "siege," she was arrested and jailed. Then the Reds cut the electric wires lighting the church, leaving the crowd in pitch darkness. But the workmen secured candles and still stood their ground. For three days the people stayed there, eating what food the League's kitchens could supply, praying, singing hymns in great lusty choruses which challenged and enraged the Bolsheviks. Every member of the League received Holy Communion. They would do anything and everything Father Muckerman suggested, except let him go. Whenever he began to argue about that, they respectfully shut him up.

At last, however, about five o'clock on the morning of February 12th—Lincoln's birthday in America—the Reds began to open fire on the church. At that, the Chaplain, put-

ting his people under a spiritual obedience, insisted on being taken. "There shall be no bloodshed," he declared. And the workmen at last acquiesced. "You may arrest him and try him," they told the Bolsheviks, "but there's to be no packing him off in the night and all that."

The Bolos agreed. But, Bolshevik-like, within twenty-four hours they had broken their word and had shipped Father Muckerman to Minsk. At Minsk he was promptly sentenced to be shot. But the Vilnovians followed him, and they spread the fame of their "Christian Soviet" so effectively abroad in the Minsk neighborhood that this town also rose up and championed the priest. From there the Reds hustled him to Smolensk; but they kicked him so badly that he was seriously injured and fell ill. They were still afraid to shoot him, so he was sent to the hospital. Here he was kept for nine months; and here again he very nearly started another "Christian Bolshevik" revolution among the Reds. At last, they let him go. He was too troublesome a customer for them, with his popular and practical ideas of workingmen's freedom and human rights.

Vilna's "Christian Soviet" still flourishes. When I was there last, in the spring of 1920, it had twenty thousand members and was carrying on a more extensive work than ever, enlarging its school and its coöperative store and adding a harness shop to its activities. With generous supplies furnished through the American Red Cross, the League was able to feed and clothe thousands of needy instead of hundreds. A shoe shop had also been opened, and here I saw huge heaps of discarded old American shoes, of every imaginable size, style and degree of depravity, being remade into good stout footgear for the children and laborers of Vilna.

The Princess who told me this remarkable story was not herself a Pole, but a Georgian, from the ancient Kingdom of Georgia in the Caucasus. A refugee since the Bolshevik upheaval in Russia, she had thrown in her lot with the Poles, and, as she spoke a remarkably fluent English and possessed a high literary culture, she had now become professor of English in the Vilna University.

To tell the story of Vilna and its University, we must go back once more to the Treaty of Horodlo, with its historic clause of union "based on love;" back even to pagan times,

when Lithuania was still a land of heathens, adoring strange gods. Traces of those unenlightened times are still to be found in remote Lithuanian villages; but the country has been for centuries Christian in faith and Polish in culture, the terms being synonymous in this part of the world.

In the heart of Vilna, topping a steep hill (now the centre of handsome public gardens) stands Gedymin's Tower, the remains of the fortress and castle of Gedymin, the last pagan ruler of Lithuania, and the first Lithuanian chieftain to seek a union with Poland, in order to fight off the incursions of the Teutons coming in from the North and West. At the foot of this hill stands the beautiful Cathedral of St. Stanislaus, with its stately campanile set apart; the Cathedral, itself an imposing edifice built in the classic style of a Greek temple, with a Doric portico, the coloring of the whole a creamy white, rich against the green background of the hill.

Founded in 1387, this ancient Cathedral occupies the exact site of the pagan sanctuary of Perkunas, the Lithuanian god of light. Thus, if we stand at Gedymin's Tower, looking out over the city, with the Cathedral of St. Stanislaus below us, we can review, as it were, by the corporal eye, the history of Vilna from its pagan days to its present state, from the time that it was a little fortified town containing a few hundred people, to its twentieth century population of tens of thousands, its modern traffic and busy railway lines and factories. If, by chance, an *aëroplane* whirrs overhead while you stand there, then, indeed, the span seems long between other days and this.

Invaded from the west by the always depredating Teutons; harrassed on the east by the Muscovites, the moment came when Lithuania's only safety lay in union with Poland. That union was consummated in 1386, when Jadwiga of Krakow, relinquishing her love romance with an Austrian Prince, consented to marry Jagiello, Gedymin's son, and become Queen of Lithuania as well as of her own Polish realm. From that time, with Jagiello's conversion to Christianity, dates the rise of Vilna as a capital and a centre of Western culture. All Lithuania followed its Prince to baptism, and in the year after his marriage he founded this Christian Cathedral which rises below us at the foot of Gedymin's Hill, setting its foundations on the very spot where his ancestors from unremem-

bered time had worshipped their mythological deities. A few years later, in 1413, he signed the Treaty of Horodlo, "based on love," which never has been abrogated and which remains in effect to this day, despite even the long Russian occupation, and the more recent German intriguing to the contrary. As for the manner of the Russian's one hundred and fifty year occupation of Vilna and Lithuania, it took its gesture from the self-righteous declaration of the first Muscovite seizure, in 1656: "God gave Lithuania into the Tsar's hands, and the Tsar must not return what God gave him to anyone!"

There is a famous "Silver Chapel" in the Vilna Cathedral, a rich sanctuary of marbles and precious metals where the sarcophagus of St. Kasimir is to be seen, and the tombs of eight of the Kings and Queens of Poland. An interesting old Madonna is here also, the gift of the Greek Emperor Palæologus. Everything in sight speaks not only of Christianity, but of that momentous change five hundred years ago, when Lithuania, the last country in Europe to abandon paganism, accepted the Latin faith and culture which Poland brought her. The sacred fire of Perkunas is long extinguished. The sanctuary lamp of the Holy Eucharist burns in its stead. Even Bolshevism left no trace here of its brief but godless régime, not daring to lay hand on these consecrated precincts; just as it did not dare to keep on its cap when it passed the Ostrobrama. The Soviet Commissars, Vilnovians will tell you, skirted clear of the Virgin's Gate.

Jedwiga of Poland brought not only the Faith, but the culture of the West, to this corner of the world. Schools developed rapidly. Within a little more than a century after Horodlo, the Polish educational system had progressed in Lithuania to such an extent that the foundation of a university was demanded. In 1578 King Stefan Bathory, with the assistance of the Jesuits, opened the University of Vilna, and a new era of cultural development began, to continue uninterrupted for two hundred and fifty years, until the blind hate of Russian despotism and the fear of the intellectual ascendancy of the Pole put an end to it.

In 1830, following the Polish insurrection of that year, Tsar Nicholas I. abolished the University. The closing of schools was one of the favorite disciplines of the partitioners of Poland whenever the Polish people dared to assert their

national rights. Prussian and Russian alike knew well how to touch the Pole to the quick. His appetite for education is insatiable. But the first official act of the new Republic, following the liberation of Vilna on Easter, 1919, was the re-opening of the old University. With its library of two hundred and forty thousand volumes and its collection of ten thousand priceless manuscripts, it is today one of the best equipped seats of learning in Europe.

It was here that Father Hugo Kollontaj, one of Kosciuszko's chief collaborators in the Revolution of 1794, worked out those schemes which crystallized in the establishment of the first national educational commission founded in Europe. Lelewel, the father of Polish historians, whose ethnographical maps created a new department in learning, studied at Vilna. From Vilna also came the financier, Lubecki, who astounded the diplomats at the Congress of Vienna in 1815 with his mastery of economics. He was the founder of the Bank of Poland, the "father of Polish industry."

To review the history of Vilna and of Lithuania is to review five centuries of the progress of Polish culture. It is a curious fact that more of the great and world-known names among Polish leaders came from this district than from any other part of the country. It was Lithuania that produced Poland's greatest patriot, Kosciuszko, whose name at once links this far-off land to America and seems to open the way for those Americans who came in 1920 to repay in part our debt to Poland—the Directors and Surgeons of the American Red Cross who established at the Vilna University a great hospital and school of modern war-surgery, and the scientists of the Harvard Research Unit, who, under its auspices of the League of Red Cross Societies, completed here the discovery of the deadly typhus germ. The name of Mickiewicz, Poland's national poet, is inextricably woven into the story of Vilna. It was at Vilna University that he began his long life of patriotic apostleship, and it was from this university that he was exiled by Russia, never to see his native forests again, though he was to immortalize them in literature. Another of Poland's chief poets, Krasinski, the prophetic author of *The Undivine Comedy*, was the son of a Lithuanian mother, a Radziwill. Kowalewski, a famous Orientalist, is still another illustrious son of the Vilna school, a man whose life story in

a special manner sums up the Polish characteristics of tenacity of purpose and common sense. He was an exile for thirty-five years, but instead of repining in his devotion, he set about to make life worth while as best he could in the Far East, to which he had been banished, and became in time the first authority of his day on Oriental languages and history. Unfortunately for scholarship, his entire collection of manuscripts and original documents was destroyed by the Russians, when a bonfire was made of the contents of the Zamoyski Palace in Warsaw in reprisal for the Polish uprising of 1863. Other treasured relics, among them Chopin's piano and many of his priceless letters to his mother, were burned in the same heap.

The poet Slowacki, the statesman Czartoryski, the novelist Kraszewski—the “Polish Dumas” he has been called, not alone for the quality of his writings, but because he produced six hundred and thirty volumes during his lifetime, not counting journalistic writings—these are others of Vilna's honored names, while the city's records in art and music reveal a civic theatre opened as early as 1783, where the first opera of Moniuszko, the composer of *Halka*, was produced in 1858. Finally, in our own day, there is Sienkiewicz, whom we know best as the author of *Quo Vadis*. And there is the Chief of State of the Polish Republic at the present moment, the unique soldier and statesman, Josef Pilsudski.

Vilna has been a storm centre always. Plundered by Prussians, Swedes, Cossacks, Germans and Bolsheviks, it has had the sort of history that makes or breaks a city's generations of men: either they go down or they stand. Vilna has stood.

When the Germans lost in 1918, after hanging on as long as they dared in these parts, they treacherously slipped the keys of Vilna into the hand of their friend, Lenine. “We sent Lenine into Russia,” writes Ludendorf in his memoirs, “to attempt the ruin of the Russian army. It was an extremely risky undertaking, but it succeeded beyond our greatest expectations.” (Assuredly, it did!) Then, in the spring of 1919, as we have seen, the Poles liberated Vilna from the Bolsheviks. In 1920 the Bolsheviks came again, this time better equipped than ever with German officers, arms and ammunition. Once more they were defeated by the Poles—

but Vilna was not returned to Poland. Instead, it was claimed by the Lithuanians, that is, by the "political" Lithuanians of Kovno, a claim which was at once disputed by a small army of Vilna Lithuanians and Poles, who seized the city under the command of a Polish General, Zeligowski, and held it pending an agreement to be made between the Poles and the Lithuanian government of Kovno.

But who are the Lithuanians?

The Lithuanians are the racial descendants of those people who, in Jagiello's day, signed the Treaty of Horodlo. That Treaty, as I have said, still stands. But when the Germans came into this great timber country, the forest wealth of which it would be difficult to compute, she coveted it not only for its untouched riches, but as a key to Baltic supremacy and a corridor to Russia. She set about, therefore, to destroy that union "based on love," which had existed for more than five centuries, and sought to replace it by disunion, based on hate. In other words, she began to play here in the north the game of intrigue and quarrel-making that she had played in the Ukraine among the Ruthenians, stirring up a "new national" anti-Polish movement among the Lithuanian minorities.

The Lithuanians are not Slavs, and their mother tongue is as different from Polish as Greek is from Latin. In all, there are about 1,800,000 Lithuanians in their native land, with some 800,000 immigrants scattered in different parts of the world; the entire number of Lithuanians in existence being thus hardly 3,000,000 at the very most. In the city of Vilna, the old Lithuanian capital, with a population about 50,000, there are not four thousand of the aboriginal people; in the entire Vilna district, not seven thousand. Politically, these few thousand are, according to the elections held in 1919, less than negligible, either voting the Polish ticket as Poles or abstaining altogether, no distinct Lithuanian vote being registered.

Where then, one asks, are the 1,800,000 Lithuanians noted above as being in their native land? They are in the Kovno district, east and north of Vilna, where Lithuania borders on the East Prussian frontiers. This latter fact is significant.

At Kovno the Lithuanians have set up a government or "Taryba" of their own. But this Kovno government has been

so markedly Prussian in its attitude and deliberations since the period of German occupation, 1916-1918, that it has never attained the degree of credit among neighboring peoples which a legitimate and genuinely native Lithuanian government would. To such a government or to the existence of a separate Lithuania, the Poles seem to have no objection. On the contrary, they would evidently welcome it as a solution of the Lithuanian problem, realizing that such a government, with the Lithuanian people really behind it, would be Poland's natural ally. It is the palpable German nature of the Kovno Taryba, as it has revealed itself so far, that must be questionable, not alone to the Poles, but to all who are interested in peace. A nation of less than 2,000,000 people, set in such an important keystone situation as Lithuania's, must have a strong ally to help preserve its integrity. Germany could not be that ally: Lithuanian integrity would quickly disappear under German dominance.

But Germany, bent on converting the Baltic Sea into a German lake, determined on domination in the East and an open passageway into Russia, has clenched her fist tight on Kovno, and will keep the strangle-hold as long as the Lithuanians or the Allies permit her; and the Lithuanians are not strong enough to resist alone. Unsettlement in the Baltic States is Germany's avowed policy, and her only means of retaining what she calls "spheres of influence." "We need Lithuania and the Ukraine as German outposts," Erzberger wrote in April, 1919. "Poland must be weakened," he goes on, "for if we succeed in keeping Poland down, it will mean enormous gains for us. In the first place (*i. e.*, with Poland down), France's position on the continent in the long run is untenable. Second, the way to Russia is then open. That is, even to a blind man, Germany's future. We will undertake the restoration of Russia, and in the possibility of such support we will be ready within ten or fifteen years to bring France, without any difficulty, under our power. The march toward Paris will be easier then than in 1914."

It was before this dictum of Erzberger's, however, that Germany's Lithuanian scheme was disclosed. As early as September, 1918, certain letters of Ludendorff, written to the then German Foreign Minister, von Hintze, fell into the hands of M. Korfanty, then a Polish delegate in the German Reich-

stag. These letters, which revealed all, and more, than Erzberger said later, were read by Korfanty in the Reichstag in November, 1918, but no newspaper publishing a word of them was permitted to pass out of Germany.

So it is that Vilna, Catholic outpost, pioneer of Western civilization in the Baltic hinterland, centre of Latin culture and thriving modern commercial city, stands also as one of the integral factors not alone in the political problems of the new Republic of Poland, but in the problems of the whole new world which has been created by the War. In one sense, it might be said that Vilna is the keystone to peace in Europe, as well as the rock on which Poland's continued existence rests. It is the outstanding point of direct contact between Russia and Poland. That Russia, now in chaos, will rise again all Poles believe. Will the new Russia be Poland's friend? Or will she still be controlled, as she was for so many years in the recent past, by Germany, whose efforts to hold the Baltic continue unabated to this hour, and will never cease?

Trade is the touchstone; and trade advantages would point to a Polish-Russian entente. The more or less mutual knowledge of the Polish and Russian tongues among the two peoples, and their immediate contiguity along a frontier of hundreds of miles, should be deciding factors in the problem. Besides, Russia's bitter knowledge of the fruits of German intrigue, the immediate cause of all her present ruin (the military debacle, 1915-1917, engineered from Petrograd by the German Sturmer; the Lenine-Trotsky disaster, 1917 to date, planned and paid for by Germany): all this terrible experience may hold the Russia of tomorrow aloof from the Teuton and incline her toward friendship with Poland. At the same time, the general temper displayed by the people of the two countries lends color to this possibility; for the Poles do not hate the Russians; and, outside of the old circle of extreme reactionists, the Russians do not hate the Poles, the Bolshevik politicians never having succeeded in rousing any genuine anti-Polish feeling among the Russian masses. Their attitude is well expressed in the words of the Russian publicist, Marjковский, who, in speaking of the Polish Chief of State, Pilsudski, declared: "He has no stones to throw at Russia."

It all depends on who the leaders of the new Russia are to be. There lies the world's mystery today. If they are hostile to Poland; if German capital and German trade (already intrenched in Russia through the German-speaking Jew) prove too strong a temptation, too attractive an aid to Russian reconstruction, the Russians will not be slow in striving to regain the Polish dominions lost to them since 1915. They will strike Vilna first. The Polish-Russian boundary treaties made between Warsaw and the Bolsheviks will mean nothing then. There will be another war, which will inevitably involve the whole of Europe; for France will be vitally concerned.

Whatever the future, Vilna itself can never be anything but Polish and Catholic, as she has been for over five hundred years, and as she remained through more than a century of Russian rule. Her sentiments went on record definitely as to that in September, 1919, when the first election was held following the Bolshevik retreat, the city voting an overwhelming majority for reunion with Poland. Even before that, in April, 1919, immediately after the Eastern liberation, a great mass meeting of Vilna citizens sent a stirring message to Warsaw proclaiming the town's allegiance to the Polish nation: "Vilna, besprinkled with Polish blood, feels itself once more intimately united to the great heart of Poland. It is because it recognizes this unalterable union that it submits itself to the will of the Polish Government and recognizes no other authority as supreme. The heart of Vilna overflows with love and gratitude, and turns toward Warsaw and the Vistula."

"Nor can that endure which is not based on love."

THE IMMUNE.

BY ANNETTE ESTY.



YOU'RE a hard-hearted girl, Melissa, unfeeling; you couldn't any more really love anyone than . . . than old Garner could!"

Tim's tall figure looked cool enough in white outing shirt and flannels, but his handsome face, under the short blond curls, was heated red from annoyance. Two canoe paddles slanted across his shoulders and occupied his hands. Before him, standing in the centre of the narrow path of trampled brown earth that undulated over the roots of the great elms, was little black-eyed Melissa holding up her mouth to suggest that a kiss was balancing on its tempting pucker.

Before her lover was quick enough to snatch the caress, the teasing girl ran off laughing, down the path toward the sunset, leaving Tim sputtering, foiled as usual.

But the reproach that the exasperated boy flung after Melissa rounded out its vibrations until they reached the ears of old Garner himself as he sat smoking in a broken, kitchen chair tipped back on his vine-wrapped porch. Through a hole in the thick leaf-curtain, he was watching the young couple as they stopped on the river path where it ran by his door.

"You couldn't any more really love anyone than . . . than old Garner could!"

Tim's tongue, prompted by the proximity of Garner's ruinous cottage, threw out this accusation which, strange to say, reverberated not as a crimination, but as a welcome acclamation in the old man's ears.

The sardonic line of his sunken mouth curved upward at one end as he watched the pair go off toward the river, the boy fuming, the girl exulting in her tormenting power.

The unpruned vines over Garner's cottage crowded and hugged and pushed their way to the peak of the roof; like great cruel snakes they crushed and distorted the crouched dwelling of blackened boards. Behind the twisted screen, old

Garner pulled gently on his foul pipe and stroked the cat on his knees. Tim's words brought a crafty gleam into the eyes of the bent, unkempt, old man; unwittingly they crowned a satisfied spirit. Today, the day of his wife's funeral, a sense of unusual achievement companioned the solitary man.

Two weeks . . . or three? Garner couldn't remember—since Mag kept her bed, didn't come down to cook breakfast. He'd stopped on his way to work next morning and told that neighbor woman . . . never spoken to her before. . . . Ben Hensley's wife . . . she'd come over, dragging two kids . . . the brats spent the day shooing the cat under the stove. Come every day . . . curious, no doubt, to see the inside of the house and how he got on.

Was it the Hensley woman or another of that crew, clattering around, that had told him Mag was dead? Somehow he knew it before he was told, although he hadn't gone upstairs. Today five or six of the women (they'd let Mag alone sharply enough while she was alive!), five or six of 'em had a funeral over her in the front room.

Gone now, the whole pack'n'boodle of 'em, left him in peace! Wouldn't be coming prying back either . . . and Mag wouldn't be coming back.

Women, women, always disturbing and fussing, dying or having kids! Still, without Mag's tongue . . . he'd have to do his own cooking . . . but peace, peace, 'n'better'n'peace! He knew . . . they'd gone off, those women, Hensley's wife and the rest . . . he hadn't thanked 'em for helping Mag die. They'd got more'n the worth of their trouble . . . gone off, with their tongues crawling out like snakes from the stone piles . . . the wind blowing back their whispers of old Garner and his shiftless ways.

Not over charged with charity . . . they'd left him alone . . . good enough for him, too, they thought. Not one of 'em smart enough to guess how the feeling of having beaten Fate at her own game talks out pretty and soft and companionable in the heart of a lonely man.

The cat lay sleepily watching the face of its owner. It was a homely beast. When a kitten, half of its tail had been viciously cut off, robbing it of its rightful curving adornment and substituting a stump too long to be stylish. Its coat was piebald, white and buff, with a splash of black surrounding

one eye and running down over the side, startling, repellent as a birthmark. The sum of its harsh experiences, compressed within, gave out a perpetual burring sound. Its fathomless yellow eyes slowly opened and closed with the calm self-satisfied poise of a Buddha. It had passed through the infelicities of life to see, forced upon its tormentors before they died, the knowledge that it is easier to eliminate love from the human heart than to oust a cat from its corner.

More sense in the animal, Garner realized, than in a whole funeral of women. He remembered the tramp . . . slept one night in the shed . . . chopped the cat's tail off on the kindling block, next morning, trying to scare the child. A lot o' meanness can happen to a cat. But the tramp was hung, he'd heard; the child was dead; and now Mag.

Garner looked out through the leaves toward the sunset where Tim and Melissa had disappeared. Yesterday . . . or years ago? He was young then . . . he'd gone down that very path that leads to the river. Tall, narrow-shouldered, a timid, likable lad, his big feet following with new assurance after Phoebe's little slippers. At the river bank, by the willow, she had turned and looked up into his face. No coyness in her big gray eyes—it was the look of trust in their depths that had made him a man.

They climbed into the clumsy punt for their picnic supper. He sat near her, but dared not touch her. He was busy winking back the tears so that he could see her plainly. Above everything, he must see that look of trust in her eyes.

Phoebe sat composed and matronly in her modest blue gown, the full skirt reaching to the scalloped edges of the pantalets at her white-stockinged ankles. Her bosom rose and fell under the crossing of the stiffly ruffled fichu, the deep blue of the dress showing faintly through the sheer white of the lawn. On her head was a large shade hat of yellow straw with rosebuds tucked under the brim. Her round face, with big eyes far apart, was pale from agitation. Black lace mits covered her arms.

It was Phoebe who suggested getting out to watch the sunset from Blueberry Point, he would have been content to float on forever down the stream, seated near her in the old punt. Mechanically, he rowed to a big rounded boulder for their landing place. The current was swift in the bend of

the river, he tried to steady the boat with the oars while she put out her foot to the stone. As her little, flat-soled, bronze slipper touched it, Phoebe jumped onto the clay-covered boulder, pushing back the boat; it rocked under him with the force of her spring. Suddenly, the girl slipped onto her knees and slid downward, her hands marking long grooves in the slimy surface. With a sharp cry of terror, she splashed into the water between the boat and the rock. A wave rose like the heave of a bosom, and for a moment her blue dress showed faintly through rising white bubbles.

Terrified, he had flung himself into the deep river, reaching and grabbing where he had seen her disappear. As the water closed above his head, he stiffened rigid with horror, whirring thunders filled his ears.

When he came to the surface he threw himself in panic toward the boat and caught hold with one hand of the gunwale. He brushed the water from his blinded eyes. He couldn't see Phoebe, a snag held her by her full blue skirt far down in the water. The flat yellow hat floated away with the pink rosebuds turned up.

His shouts brought old Hensley, Ben's father, who was woodchopping, back a little way from the bank. The man threw down his ax, stripped off his coat and swam toward him as he was floating down stream, one hand clutching the punt as if nailed to its edge; too dazed and indifferent to pull himself into the boat.

"Ef ya'd knowed how to swim," Ben's father had told him afterwards, "ya might hev saved the gel. As 't is, no one's callin' ya a coward fer holdin' to the boat; wouldn't comfort her pa'n'ma to know two was drowned."

These words had passed him by, all except one. That one tore through his mind like a scream. "Coward!" If he had only had the courage to take his hand from the boat . . . he could have died with Phoebe.

Coward! The word rang in his ears next day when he looked at her face. A contented smile lay on the drowned girl's mouth, but her eyes were closed; he never saw again the look that could have made him a man.

He planned to kill himself. Lying face downward, digging his hands and feet into the new turf on Phoebe's grave, he bit his teeth into the soil. Through the night he lay there,

picture after picture of suicidal horrors passing in his brain, but all the time he knew that as sure as morning he would never have the courage to take his own life. In a swirl of sorrow and self-reproach he clung desperately to life, hating himself, torn by a tormented spirit. Coward, coward!

Then, in the extremity of his anguish, he groped toward escape from the possibility of ever experiencing such suffering again. There on Phoebe's grave wisdom was given him and he made a compact with himself . . . never to love again . . . never to love an earthly sight, sound, place, or human being. He must steel himself to insensibility, armor himself against pain. Lacking strength to kill his body, he must turn his whole being to the task of curbing his soul.

Ah, with what pluck he had kept his promise, with what cunning he had schooled himself to keep his vow!

Years after Phoebe's death, he had married. Cross-eyed, cross-tongued, ill-favored shrew! For what other man in the world could Mag have answered a purpose? Little need now for stifling love or pity!

Fear held him before the child was born! Only a girl, thank goodness, sick and plain like its mother! Mag soon spoiled its temper. Even so, Garner had undergone a fearful struggle against the rising affections of a father. After a few years, he breathed easier . . . the peevish child died.

He had things well in hand now, allowing himself few acquaintances and no friends. Mag scolded, threatened. A poor laborer . . . lost one job after another. Certainly, he felt no interest in the work of his hands. To him . . . none of them guessed . . . but to him, to Garner, success lay within.

Tonight he was realizing with unusual self-commendation that he had passed a test. Today, they had buried Mag, yet no ripple of regret stirred the frozen surface of his soul. Her scolding and her cooking he might miss, but, on the whole, her passing was as undisturbing as the lulling of the wind.

Old Garner tipped down the front legs of his chair, rose, and shuffled over the length of the narrow rickety piazza to the kitchen. The Hensley woman had left four cold boiled potatoes on a blue-edged pieplate in the cupboard. He sliced them into the frying pan with a bit of drippings. The neglected fire in the range was low. Garner opened the drafts

and stuffed in wood. When the potatoes were warm, without waiting to cover their soggy nakedness with crisp, warm, appetizing coats, he ate his supper, leaving the cooling frying pan on the floor for the cat to lick. Filling the stove with coal for the night, as he had seen his wife do, he went slowly upstairs, preceded by the ugly cat.

The smoothness of the other half of the bed excited no pang in Garner's apathetic breast. He laid his head contentedly on his lonely pillow and was soon asleep.

The odor of smoke and the crackling of heated boards finally disturbed him. He jumped out of bed. Mag had been a vigilant guardian of detail; accustomed to leave everything to her, he had forgotten to close the drafts of the stove, and the over-heated smoke pipe had set the woodwork on fire. The house was in flames. Garner drew on his ragged clothes as he hurried down the stairs. Safe in the fresh air of the yard, he saw that nothing could save the little frame dwelling; it was a wonder he himself escaped its doom.

A pleasant calm took the place of the usual agitation of age at such an upheaval. From poverty—or was it wisdom?—Garner had never allowed himself to own a home. If he felt attachment for one house he had rapidly moved to another. Such small possessions as were being consumed before his eyes were associated with use, not with desire.

He was enjoying the fruits of a long toil, that gigantic growth, cultivated until it had wrapped itself around and insulated his soul. The success of his life plan was proved. Alone, on the night after his wife's funeral, the childless old man watched the burning of his home with only gladness in his heart for his own immunity from pain.

A shout and a quick patter of feet! Up the river path, between the elms, Tim and Melissa were hurrying to him. Flames from the burning house threw a roseate glow to the highest arches of the tall trees. From each slender ruddy trunk were flung upwards garlands of infinite rose-clusters. Through this vermilion aisle, over the path lying a brilliant stain across the grass, the two ran toward him, their white clothes dyed pink, their young faces flushed from excitement, the boy panting ahead, the vigorous girl close behind.

"How'd it start?"

"Sent for the fire engine?"

Garner stood with his back to his flaming home, silently watching them.

A sudden cry broke from the burning house, then cry after cry gathered and mounted to terrific screams, the yells of an animal in frantic fear. The deserted cat hurled itself against the bedroom window, scratching the glass with its claws. Its round eyes blazed as it dashed itself again and again against the panes, its paws uplifted against a background of leaping fire.

At the first cry Garner turned. For years the cat had spent every evening in his lap. When a kitten, it was given to the child, who maltreated it. Afterwards, Mag hated the animal, accused it of bringing the contagion by which the child died. To Garner the poor outcast had appealed with a sure instinct, he had protected it and, without his realizing, it had insinuated itself into his lap.

Again and again, the cat bobbed above the window sill and fell back, an agonized Jack-in-the-box. A rush of tenderness for his imperiled pet blazed up in Garner's dry, empty heart. He ran into the house, up the smoke-filled stairs, and into the trembling heat of the bedroom. He threw open the window, the cat was through it like a flash. Picking itself up on the ground below, it scurried off under some bushes to lick its stinging paws. Garner tried to go back. Flames guarded the doorway. He turned to jump out of the window, but smoke overpowered him, and he crumpled to the floor like a pile of ashes.

To Garner it seemed as if he continued falling, falling, but all was cool now after terrific heat, the air cleared of stifling smoke, the sound of crackling and of rushing stilled—all cool, fresh, still. He saw Phoebe's hat . . . Phoebe's wide shade hat floating, not away from him now, but toward him on slanting bands of crimson air, the roses no longer sodden and brown from river ooze, but tinted a fresh pink. Then up a glowing path under a rosy bower, Phoebe . . . Phoebe herself was coming to him, her limbs moving with sober eagerness through that same arching avenue of dancing rose lights where he had seen Tim and Melissa run. She opened her mouth to speak, but at the sound of the first word, it was not . . . not Phoebe's voice . . . it was Melissa who broke into the old man's dream.

"What did you do it for?" Melissa was crying, "what did you do it for? You might have been killed, oh, Timmie, Timmie-boy!"

Garner was awake now, he opened his smoke-scorched eyes, he was lying on the grass in the side yard. Suddenly the roof of the house crashed in, and a pyramid of flames and sparks shot far up into the night. By the glaring light he saw the boy and girl standing near, Tim kissing her, Melissa crying. The boy was gray from smoke, his white clothes smudged and burned.

The old man grunted and stirred, the young people turned quickly and bent over him.

"Y'all right now, sir?" asked Tim, slipping an arm round Melissa.

He understood now, old Garner understood. He winked the soot from his eyes, the smoke cleared from his brain. He jumped to his feet and sprang angrily at the boy, a grotesque, humped, blackened demon, his yellow teeth clenched, his fists doubled, words hissing from his mouth.

"Ya went in thar arter me . . . ya might o' been killed. . ."

"Of course, he went in . . . climbed up outside by the vines . . . you'd have been fried crisp if he hadn't!" Melissa was instantly Tim's champion.

"Ya fool . . . ya fool . . . ya d—— fool!" Garner lashed himself into a fury so hot that it threatened to incinerate the shriveled body Tim had rescued from the flames. "Ya knew the gel cared, ya was reskin' ya life, ya was reskin' her happiness fer a man ya wouldn't stop to kick from ya path!"

Tim stood tall and straight, Melissa's dark head pressed against his stained shirt.

"And you, sir," he said, grinning down at old Garner, "you . . . you risked your life for a cat!"

New Books.

THE SCIENCE OF EDUCATION IN ITS SOCIOLOGICAL AND HISTORICAL ASPECTS. By Otto Willmann, Ph.D. Authorized Translation from the Fourth German Edition by Felix M. Kirsch, O.M.Cap. Beatty, Penna.: Archabbey Press. \$3.00.

Catholic educators have received, with universal approval, Father Kirsch's translation of Professor Otto Willmann's *The Science of Education in Its Sociological and Historical Aspects*. The need of this, and other translations along similar lines, has been felt by everyone actively interested in the progress of the science of education. American Catholic scholars have written very little about education from the scientific point of view. Their contributions have been mostly controversial, due to the political and economic conditions under which the Catholic school exists in our country. There has been little, too little, discussion of the philosophical foundations which underlie the Catholic position in education. In practice, every Catholic educator has been following the methods and principles consecrated by centuries of acceptance and practical experience.

Dr. Willmann's work comes to us, we hope, as the beginning of a long series of translations of French and German pedagogical treatises. The consequence of the publication of such translations will be to stimulate Catholic educators to a more extended study of their own problems, as well as to deepen our knowledge and appreciation of the results of the fruitful scholarship of European thinkers, which has been for so long to most of us a closed book.

The first volume of *The Science of Education* is mainly historical, reviewing in a scientific manner the growth and development of educational theory and practice up to and including modern times. Oriental, Greek, Roman, mediæval and modern education are treated successively, with the sure hand of a scholar acquainted with all the historical facts. Willmann's interpretations are based on sound psychology, and his evaluations are the result of a deep insight into the correct philosophical principles which support the Christian theory of life. Noteworthy is his splendid analysis of the school system of the Middle Ages. A special chapter is given to the ethos of mediæval education. His treatment of modern educators, and particularly of Herbart,

is admirable. Herbart has exercised a great influence on American education, and is chiefly responsible for its present sociological trend. This process of educational socialization, under the leadership of men like Professor Dewey, has reached such a pass that public education has now become a mere machine for turning out citizens. Willmann points out the defects in this theory. He accepts the necessity of a more highly developed social efficiency as one of the end results of the modern school, but very vigorously protests against making this the only result. Man is something more than a creature of the State. He has a soul; he has religious, moral and æsthetic impulses which must be educated and satisfied. To ignore their existence is to bring disaster to the individual, and to the State as well.

"True progress consists in permeating the historical method with the ideal and not in joining the ideal to the study of historical facts." Catholic educators are not likely to forget this axiom, imbued, as they are, with a deep-rooted sense of the historical continuity of their system of education. The study of this history will reveal to them its many excellencies; will point out the errors to be avoided, and should develop a spirit of coöperation and of mutual assistance, which will advance the efficiency of the Catholic school to such a point that even its most prejudiced critics must bow before the evidences of the thorough work it is doing.

ST. BERNARD'S TREATISE ON CONSIDERATION. Translated from the original Latin by a priest of Mount Melleray. Dublin: Brown & Nolan. 7 s. 6 d.

Such a well-known classic on the spiritual life as St. Bernard's *De Consideratione* needs neither a review nor a recommendation. As well might one venture upon an appraisal of the Epic of Homer, of the *Divina Commedia* of Dante, or of the drama of Shakespeare, on whose unique excellence there is unanimous accord. But what is news, and welcome news to the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, is the fact that this most precious work of the Mellifluous Doctor of the Church—one of the safest and most attractive guides for souls—has found a worthy expression in the vernacular. The translator, who modestly conceals his personal and even religious name, under the general title of a Mount Melleray priest, has done his work well. The translation has an easy flow, a simplicity of style, and felicity of idiomatic expression befitting the original, and not too common to versions. The Treatise on Meditation was composed by the holy monk of Clairvaux for the benefit of his former disciple,

the then Supreme Pontiff, Eugene III. One is impressed with the frank courage of the spiritual adviser, and the docile patience of the eminent disciple who must have encouraged such candid criticism and outspoken direction. What St. Bernard did for Pope Eugene, he has done for all succeeding Popes, who find in *De Consideratione* a luminous mirror in which they can behold clearly reflected their own spiritual countenances. The treatise has been well named the *Deuteronomium Pontificum*—the ideal of the divine law by which are guided the consciences of the Vicars of Christ, who must conform their lives to the sublime dignity of their office, and discharge properly their duties as the ministers of the humble Nazarene, as “the Servants of the servants of God.”

As the motives and means of eternal salvation are fundamentally alike for all mankind, from the sovereign Pontiff to the simplest peasant, the treatise affords spiritual nutriment to satisfy the souls of all, but is more especially adapted to the needs of those dedicated to religion, and whose mission is to lead others along the pathway of God. Here is no dry disquisition on meditation, but a flowing fountain of limpid wisdom that refreshes and inspires the reader. The priests library and prie dieu will profit much by the presence of this precious volume. For to save the land from desolation, religious meditation must find an intimate place in the daily life of the spiritual leaders.

THE WORK OF THE BOLLANDISTS. By Hippolyte Delehaye, S.J. Princeton: Princeton University Press. \$2.50 net.

The Abbé Migne's patristic and theological collection astounded Matthew Arnold when he beheld it filling shelf after shelf in the British Museum Library. It impressed him with a sense of the immensity of the Church's sacred lore, and of the rich treasures of human life which are stored within her pale. Beside it, on the shelves, were “the white folios of the *Acta Sanctorum*,” a work of similar magnitude, embracing a wide range of human interests. To it the stricture which Arnold hastened to pass on the Abbé Migne's compilation: “Do not seek in it impartiality, the critical spirit,” would be singularly inapplicable. For the truth, and nothing but the truth, is the object of this definitive edition of the lives and acts of the Saints—the work of the Bollandists. It marks the introduction of the critical scientific spirit into the domain of hagiography.

To quote Father Delehaye's notable memoir of the labors of the Bollandists through three centuries, 1615-1915: “The *Acta Sanctorum* is constructed as a series of three hundred and sixty-

five units corresponding to the dates of the calendar, each one divided into a series of monographs, devoted to the saints honored on each respective day." With a directness and simplicity of presentation he narrates the story of this gigantic task, and the respective parts played in it by the Jesuit Fathers, Rosweyde, Bollandus, Henschen and Papebroch, in whom the ardor of religion and scholarship flamed with the passion of a consecration. The difficulties of their undertaking, which involved the quest of materials through all the libraries of Europe, the collating and redaction of countless manuscripts, the nice discrimination between credulity and hypercriticism in dealing with the legends of the Saints, can be realized in all their actuality by a perusal of his detailed treatment of them in these illuminating pages. When to these problems are added the grave opposition aroused by the decisions of the Bollandists in rejecting apocryphal traditions, and the long obscuration of their energies occasioned by the suppression of this Society, and the dispersion of their libraries at the time of the French Revolution, the development of their enterprise to within measurable distance of completion seems a marvelous achievement. Of this age-long *Lampadephoria*—torch-race—toward the goal of historic truth, Father Delehaye's monograph is a remarkable record. Written with a singular competence and intimacy by a savant who is thoroughly *au fait* in all the bearings of his subject, the book is a worthy memorial of the tercentenary of the *Acta Sanctorum*. It is furnished with an appendix containing a complete bibliography of the Bollandist publications.

GOETHE'S LITERARY ESSAYS. Edited by J. E. Spingarn.
New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$2.00.

Professor Spingarn has done students of literature a real favor; for he has gathered into a single and well-made volume, golden pages from one of the great masters of literature. As divergent-minded judges as Carlyle, Matthew Arnold and Sainte-Beuve acclaimed Goethe the supreme literary critic of all time and, whatever might be said against so superlative an opinion, certainly Goethe's many-sidedness, his undoubted genius, and his keen insight all conspired to give his judgments on literature a value too great to be ignored. All phases of his critical activity are represented in this excellent volume, which is the work of several translators, all of high standard. Some of the selections now appear in English for the first time.

Goethe was keenly interested in French and in English literature, no less than in German, and for the English reader

there will be much to stimulate thought in his sympathetic appreciation of Shakespeare. Those of us who have found the great dramatist's plays strangely failing in power to lift us out of ourselves, can find much to ponder over in Goethe's declaration: "Shakespeare gets his effect by means of the living word, and it is for this reason that one should hear him read, for then the attention is not distracted either by a too adequate or too inadequate stage-setting. There is no higher . . . pleasure than to sit with closed eyes and hear a naturally expressive voice recite, not declaim, a play of Shakespeare's."

Goethe was no hard and fast critic, and as he re-read a book and found that it appealed to him in a new light, he did not hesitate to revise his earlier opinions and even to call attention to corrected impressions or reversals of judgments. It was because of his open-mindedness to new impressions that his critical *dicta* appear perennially fresh and stimulate the reader by their frankness and their vitality.

The task of collecting these admirable and valuable essays required a scholar. It found one in Professor Spingarn, to whom the lovers of the best in literature owe genuine gratitude for this volume.

THE INDWELLING OF THE HOLY SPIRIT. By R. P. Froget, O.P. Translated by the Rev. Sidney A. Raemers, M.A. New York: The Paulist Press. \$2.25.

One of the striking facts of Cardinal Manning's life—and equally of others of the Oxford Movement—was the prominence of his devotion to the Holy Ghost. This portion of Catholic dogma, as much as any other, forced him to give his allegiance to the Roman Catholic Church. It is strange, therefore, that in the decades that have since passed, there have been but few writings which consider the relation of the Holy Spirit to the souls of men. Father Froget's admittedly standard work, in the present excellent translation, should serve to revive interest in this fascinating theology. The readers will find, perhaps to their surprise, that there is not here question of the ecstasies of mysticism. They will have to bear with a scientific and technical exposition of dogma, that demands closest, most detailed and abstract thought. The end, however, will repay the pains. It is shown that every soul which possesses the grace of God, in this world as in the next, is bound in most intimate ties with the Spirit of God, and, through the Spirit, with the Father and the Son. In the strictest meaning of the words, the Spirit dwells in the soul; makes of the soul a temple and a sanctuary; raises the

soul to the dignity of being an adoptive son of God, co-heir with Christ to the felicity of divine beatitude. In a word, St. Peter spoke literal truth and not metaphor when he declared that the faithful are partakers of the divine nature.

Father Froget proves on every page that his doctrine is not the creation of pious imagination, but rather the constant tradition of the Church. He takes St. Thomas of Aquinas as his chief guide; but there are, too, many beautiful transcriptions from the writings of St. Augustine and the Greek Fathers. The reading of this volume must give a new and deepened consciousness of the meaning of Christian personality, and a strong inspiration to a fuller and more Christian life.

ST. JUSTIN THE MARTYR. By C. C. Martindale, S.J. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$1.75.

In this little treatise, Father Martindale considers in detail the work of the early apologists of Christianity, which he sketched in outline in the introductory volume of *Catholic Thought and Thinkers*. He sums up the results of St. Justin's labors by saying that he helped Europe to an understanding of God, of Christ and of the Christo-centricity of history. He dwells at length on the rationale of his defence of Christianity—his insistence on its truth and moral beauty, and on divine revelation as the only means of attaining an adequate knowledge of God. How St. Justin disengaged the true idea of God from the false elements of the pagan conception, how, for the Stoics and Platonists of his time, he set forth the personality of Christ in terms of the *Logos*, and emphasized for the Jews the unique fulfillment in Him of the prophecies of the Old Testament—these are the main features of his exposition. Father Martindale's study is decidedly individual and discriminating.

THE LIFE OF THE WEEVIL. By J. H. Fabre. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.50.

In 1915, at the age of ninety-two, still intent upon his studies, died the author of this book, a living encyclopædia of entomological knowledge, and by degrees the diligence of his translator, Mr. Texeira de Mattos, is making his works known to the English reading world. That which deals with the weevils has all the fascination of the other volumes, in which Fabre's wonderful discoveries are summed up. The weevil is a stubby snouted, unpromising little beetle, of which there are many varieties. There is even a New York Weevil (*Athyrcerus noveboracensis* is its title), though Fabre does not deal with it, no doubt because it prefers

the fruit and hickory trees of its native State to those of Provence, where, by the way, there are no hickories.

To anyone doubting the interest of this book, we would say: "Begin at Chapter V. and study the Elephant Weevil, and then you will not need to be told to begin at the beginning and go right through." Of course, there are great lessons to be learned from these humble creatures, altogether transcending their funny little ways. Fabre, after his long life of study, comes to the conclusion that the fathomless depths of instinct, almost terrifying in their vastness, reveal a purpose and a guiding hand in nature. Though he feels, with most other real workers, that "the last word of knowledge is doubt," he has no doubt as to the point just mentioned. "Matter is governed by a sovereign will," and again "the humble Cionus, for its part, tells us of a primordial force, the motive power of the smallest as of the greatest things." The book badly wants a much fuller index, and would be greatly improved by a plate showing a few weevils, in order that the unbiological reader—who can greatly profit by this book—may see what kind of creatures it is that he is reading about.

THE SISTERS OF THE I. H. M. By a Member of the Scranton Community. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$5.00.

An impressive history is presented here, of a sort, welcome to all devout Catholics, as is implied in the foreword by the Bishop of Scranton, to whom the work is dedicated. One marvels to read of what were the beginnings of the Congregation of the Sisters Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, which in 1920 celebrated its diamond jubilee: how Father Louis Gilet, Redemptorist, founded at Monroe, Michigan, the community "that was to effect so much for God and for His holy Church," three young women being the first candidates to be clothed in the habit chosen by Father Gilet, and to make their vows according to the formula of the Redemptorist Rule. In less than two months, the first academy was opened—a log cabin of two rooms—wherein, nevertheless, a system of education was at once established which compares favorably with any to be found in our modern institutions.

It is the old, but always new and wonderful, story of great things from small, from the tiny foundation in Monroe to the foundation in Pennsylvania, where throughout the diocese of Scranton stately structures, convents, colleges, academies and various other institutions rise in imposing numbers to bear witness to the growth of the congregation and the extent of its achievements.

The book is admirably written. That it was a labor of love is manifest in every line; but the author brought also to her task powers of graceful, concise expression, discretion, and a rare faculty of selection. It must have been scattered material that she has amassed and coördinated into a coherent, vital narrative, which ends with a description of the observances of the diamond jubilee, and has for its final words the opening sentences of the *Magnificat*.

Satisfying in every other respect, the work gives one cause for regret, that so valuable a record was not made more easily available for reference. A synopsis of each chapter, covering the main points, is contained in the table of contents, but there is no index; an omission which makes it difficult to refresh one's memory concerning many unlisted items that are both interesting and noteworthy.

A word of appreciation is due to the publishers for the format of the volume, which, though large and profusely illustrated, is not unwieldy.

THE CHURCH IN ENGLAND. By the Rev. George Stebbing, C.S.S.R. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$5.00 net.

Recent years have seen the publication of an exceptional number of volumes on the history of the Church in England. To the contributions of Bishop Ward and Monsignor Burton, for example, have been added valuable period studies by the brilliant Jesuit, Father Hull, and much biographical matter by the versatile Father Martindale of the same order.

Nevertheless, to those who know Father Stebbing's *Story of the Catholic Church*, announcement that the scholarly Redemptorist has produced a study of the Church in England from the first century to the twentieth will be welcome news. Nor will any expectation raised by the quality of the former work fail of realization for any reader of *The Church in England*. The same thoroughness which marked the widely read *Story* is manifested in every chapter of the present history. The same faculty of presenting a striking situation in a few pages, not only without minimizing its importance, but actually with the increased dramatic effect of few, but carefully chosen, words, makes the volume as interesting as it is instructive.

The quality of sane reasonableness, shown for instance in the treatment of the difference in opinion between Newman and Manning in regard to the use of the older universities by Catholics and in the exposition of other matters, of which many readers will have more or less first-hand knowledge, is applied from the

first chapter to the last. It is difficult to call to mind a work on English history which could be offered by Catholics to their non-Catholic friends with more certainty that while the Catholic position is consistently and capably maintained, nothing of bitterness will be encountered from cover to cover.

In addition to a very complete general index and a chronological index, the volume contains a full list of English Catholic leaders from Pope Adrian IV. (Nicholas Breakspear 1154-1159) to Bishop Doubleday of Brentwood, appointed in 1920, and an excellent list of four pages of books of reference.

THE OPPIDAN. By Shane Leslie. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

In these days, when every writer, sooner or later, tries his hand at the novel, it is not surprising that so brilliant and versatile a man of letters as Shane Leslie, the editor of the *Dublin Review*, should make use of the form. The first work in fiction that comes from his pen is a story of the English public school, Eton, at the close of the nineteenth century. Himself a loyal Etonian, he has attempted to preserve in a novel the period of his own school days, and in the career of Peter Darley, the central character of the story, one fancies there is a good deal of autobiography. As a novel, however, the book is too episodic; in fact, it is less a novel than a series of vivid pictures and personal recollections. Yet few are the readers who will not forgive the author for these delightful digressions. The spirit of Eton, with all her traditions, her customs, her routine, her "Dames," collegers and oppidans, he has caught remarkably well; and in creating Darley, Socston and Ullathorne he has added three portraits to the all too small gallery of college characters.

THE JESUITS. By Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S.J. New York: The Encyclopedia Press. \$5.00.

Father Campbell, well known for his excellent historical studies, has written a popular history of the Society of Jesus that is at once readable, interesting and impartial. He has acquitted himself well of an almost impossible task: to give within the compass of about nine hundred pages a summary of the history of this most distinguished body of men, who have been maligned and calumniated by critics from the very days of St. Ignatius.

This fascinating volume describes the origins of the Society, and gives us brief sketches of St. Ignatius and his companions, and a fair estimate of Jesuit scholarship, missionary activity, educational work and spirituality. All the old calumnies born of

Jansenism or the Protestant hatred of the Church's champions in England and Germany, are here answered simply and fully. The book is not all panegyric, for Father Campbell does not hesitate to denounce the stupidity or malice of a La Valette, a Gretser, a Bobadilla or a Rodriguez.

The book has been severely criticized by English reviews, both Catholic and non-Catholic, but they fail to grasp the fact that the author is not writing for scholars, but for the man in the street. We willingly grant that there are a few mistakes of fact, a few repetitions, and a few colloquialisms, but we challenge Father Campbell's critics to produce a volume equally as good on so difficult and so comprehensive a subject. We recommend this volume highly to our readers, and feel confident that the few slips pointed out so earnestly by the critics will be corrected in a new edition.

A SHORT STORY OF THE IRISH PEOPLE. By Mary Hayden and George Moonan. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$7.00.

The authors of this work assert that "its only claim to originality is with regard to the manner of presentation, the method of arrangement and the general treatment."

It is to be feared that many readers may be tempted to ask why such striving after originality was necessary. The manner of presentation and the method of arrangement are not without value, especially since they are supported by an admirable index; but occasionally they are mildly exasperating. They appear to call for some reference to every movement and every phase of Irish development, and the result is sometimes both sketchy and unsatisfactory. For example, the student of present-day effects in Ireland who seeks to evaluate causes more or less recent, will be surprised to find the "Plan of Campaign" dismissed in a few lines with the statement that it was extensively adopted, "and it resulted in some good certainly, but perhaps in more evil."

History in outline may be here, but history, to be of full value, must be presented with some sense of proportion; merely to chronicle the happenings, big and little, in the life of a national family, without consideration for their relative importance, is not to tell accurately the story of a people.

To this general criticism there must be one exception. An endeavor is made to trace the development of Irish literature in all of the stages of Ireland's life, and not without some degree of success.

In a word, the volume may be recommended to those who

have other histories of the Irish people on their shelves and desire a book of ready reference. It contains a little about many things, not much about any one thing except the literature of Ireland, and not quite enough about that.

LIFE OF ST. JOHN FRANCIS REGIS. By Robert E. Holland, S.J. Chicago: Loyola University Press. \$1.00 net.

Lives of saints are apt to be rejected by those who need them most, such as young people who crave tales of heroes and high enterprise, and who are attracted by a charming literary style. Father Holland's story of St. Francis Regis is a tale of high enterprise, charmingly told, and through its pages walks a more delightful figure than ever fiction produced. We meet him first, a light-hearted youth at the end of a long journey, whose goal was what the author calls the "forge in which religious are fashioned"—the Jesuit novitiate. We are given a backward glance at a happy childhood; we read about him as a happy novice, affable and loving in his dealings with others, universally liked. We are told about his high enterprises, about the difficulties and disappointments which throughout his life continued the shaping of the "forge," forming him into a fine instrument for a great work. Finally, we are told of his call to his crown. The book should delight young people of all ages, it should hold their interest from the opening sentence to the last.

THE ITALIAN CONTRIBUTION TO AMERICAN DEMOCRACY.

By John H. Mariano, Ph.D. Boston: The Christopher Publishing House. \$3.00 net.

In this work the author endeavors to present to us just what the Italians have contributed to American democracy. He takes the city of New York as the subject of his study. It is a book of statistics with the necessary explanatory information, interesting as statistical exposition often is, and written with an effort to avoid bias and religious prejudice. How well the author has succeeded in this respect will best be determined by those whose knowledge of the Italians in America is large, and gained by personal observation and study. For the most part, he has the facts well in hand. The book is a sociological study that deals with the number and distribution of the Italian population, the occupations, the health, the standard of living, literacy, citizenship, and social welfare. It studies the psychological traits of the Italian people, grouping them as "types"—the tenement type, the business type, the college type and the professional type. It discusses minutely the social, religious, athletic and other clubs, and

the various associations, dramatic, musical, educational and recreational, that express the Italian activity in New York. One of the interesting chapters is that which presents a symposium on what the Americans of Italian extraction contribute to American democracy. In this, various individuals express their opinions as to what the Italian gains and what he loses in his contact with the institutions of this country. It is a valuable work in many ways, not only to the social worker, the priest and the educator, but to all who are interested in the question of how the buoyant, ardent south Europeans find freedom in American life.

THE NORSE DISCOVERERS OF AMERICA. By G. M. Gathorne-Hardy. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

Who first discovered America? It is the question with which this very scholarly and fascinating book is occupied, and we are sure that it will find, as it deserves, a host of readers on this side of the Atlantic. The traveler who has labored up the steep sides of Brandon Mountain in the Kingdom of Kerry and sat on the low wall of the Oratory, now in ruins, which crowns its summit, will never altogether abandon the belief that St. Brendan, "the Navigator," whose Oratory this is, actually did get to the shores of America in the fifth or sixth century, and that there is a grain of truth in the intolerable amount of myth which forms the bulk of the "Voyages" of this early saint. Mr. Hardy, of course, deals only with the Norse documents and, in his opinion, Bjarni Herjulfson was the first to see America, though he did not land on its shores, in 986, that is to say four years after Eric, the Red, had discovered Greenland and in the actual year in which, for the first time, it was colonized. In 1000 Iceland became Christian, and two years afterwards Leif actually landed on the shores of Vineland the Good, otherwise North America. On his voyage, he first passed a land of flat rocks, which he called Helluland; then one of a low-lying character with woods and white strands, which he called Markland; arriving, finally, at a spot where Tyrker, one of his crew and a German, found vines and grapes and was able to identify them, which, of course, none of the Norsemen could have done. Hence, the name Vineland.

Eighteen years after Leif, Karlsefni made a further voyage to explore the sites already visited and to discover new ones. The first place, not already mentioned, which he encountered he called Furdustrands—the Wonderful Beaches—because "it was a desolate place and there were long beaches and sands there." From this he came to a flord of strong currents, which he called

Straumsfjord, and sailing down it, he reached a spot which he called Hóp, where he encountered the "skraelings," or savages, a place where there was a land-locked estuary with a river running into it from the north.

What are these places in terms of modern geography? Many attempts have been made to identify them, and there are naturally considerable divergencies of opinion on the subject. We shall briefly indicate Mr. Hardy's identifications with the statement that he seems to us to have made out a very excellent case for them. For a fuller account of that case, we must refer readers to the book itself. Helluland is Newfoundland and Labrador looked upon, as may well be done, as one country. Markland is Nova Scotia. Vineland, the eastern seaboard of New England, the landing having been made at "some place in the neighborhood of Chatham harbor on the heel of the Barnstable peninsula." Furdustrands, he thinks to be the beaches south of Cape Cod, and Long Island Sound seems to be Straumsfjord, in which case Hóp would be the bay or estuary of the Hudson River, constituting the modern approach to New York. One further fact of interest: in 1221 Eric, Bishop of Greenland, for it had a bishop in those days, sailed for Vineland, as we may feel sure, with a view to preaching Christianity to the "skraelings." He was never heard of more: perhaps he was the protomartyr of North America: perhaps he never reached that country, but perished at sea.

THE INTERNATIONAL PROTECTION OF LABOR. By Boutelle Ellsworth Lowe, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.50.

This book is concerned chiefly with the movement for international labor legislation before the outbreak of the World War and with the results of that movement in the form of actual covenants between nations. The labor clauses of the Treaty of Versailles and the draft conventions and recommendations of the Labor Organization of the League of Nations, are recorded only in a supplementary way. The value of the volume is to be found in the description which it gives of the long fight for international agreements for the establishment of labor rights, and of the very considerable measure of success attained in the struggle before the "Labor Charter" was incorporated in the Peace Treaty. It is not an easily flowing narrative, but it offers to the student of this phase of labor legislation a rich treasury of facts and documents and an exhaustive bibliography.

The Catholic interested in programmes of social reform through legislation, will naturally seek for some statement of the

activities of the Catholics of Europe in forwarding the movement for protection of the workers through international agreement. Nor will he be disappointed. Early in the story, he will meet references to the important parts played by such individual leaders as Count Albert de Mun and such groups as the German Catholic Party. And he will be glad to find recognition of the fact that several months before the Encyclical on *The Condition of the Working Classes* was given to the world, Pope Leo XIII., in reply to a request from the German Emperor that he lend his aid and sanction to the Berlin Conference, "heartily endorsed the deliberations of a conference that might tend to relieve the condition of the worker, secure for him a Sabbath day's rest, and raise him above the exploitation of those who, without respect to the dignity of his manhood, his morality or his home, treat him as a vile instrument."

THE GREAT DECEPTION. By Samuel Colcord. New York: Boni & Liveright. \$1.50 net.

The Great Deception is a deceptive title. The author fears that a false interpretation may be put upon the vote given President Harding in his election to the Presidency. He asks if it is not possible that a misunderstanding arise from this vote, and then goes on to draw his conclusions from the results of the last Presidential election. He believes that the tremendous vote was a "mandate" to Senator Harding, but he feels also that "it would be most unfortunate if he (President Harding) or the Senate or other national leaders should hold an entirely wrong conception of what that mandate really was and, in obedience to that wrong conception, seek to put into effect a mandate which was never given."

His view of what he calls the "great consummation" is not primarily the establishment of the League of Nations, but that the United States "do something effective for the prevention of war—something to put the great influence of the United States actively and permanently on the side of peace preservation." He then explains why pro-League Republicans voted for Harding, and shows that their vote was due to a determination not to tolerate and forgive "a falling back into doing nothing—continued isolation, which would mean destruction to our own financial, commercial and industrial prosperity, destruction to the world in which we must be inextricably involved and the end of hope for world peace." In President Harding, the author sees a man elected by the people's votes who will not disappoint them.

The book deals with a problem of the greatest importance,

not only to the statesmen and politicians of the United States, but also to the people at large. However, its effectiveness is destroyed by its frankly partisan spirit. It is too bad that the publishers, in their cover announcements, try to make the book sensational. It is not in the slightest sensational. It is a partisan treatment of a question that has become a problem, because it has always been treated in a partisan way.

THE BEGGAR'S VISION. By Brookes More. Boston: The Cornhill Publishing Co. \$2.00.

This handsomely gotten up volume contains seven poems, gracefully done and superbly illustrated. Mr. More has a keen sense of music in verse, considerable scholarship and an instinct for subjects which lend themselves to poetical treatment. He has not, however, found himself as yet. His narrative is weak, because he avoids the connections between episodic moments for fear, by treating them, he may wander away from essential poetry. In consequence, he is frequently vague even when treating such well-known themes as Orpheus and Eurydice. "Sinners All" is vague as to point, as well as treatment. Mr. More harks back frequently to the poets whom he has studied and, no doubt, come to love. The gallery is a diversified one: there are echoes of Chaucer, of Poe in "The Valley Mysterious" and in "The Last of Lost Eden" and of eighteenth century verse in such lines as "His lovely mate restored by Pluto's grant," and such phrases as "that silent valve" applied to a door. Mr. More has a slight poetic gift; he is still far off from the domain of real poets.

THE HOPE OF THE FUTURE. By Edward E. Eagle. Boston: The Cornhill Publishing Co. \$2.00.

This book has been written, the author announces in his preface, "for the hundred million Americans who have never gone outside the boundaries of their continent." It has been written to demonstrate to the fair-minded American business man that "the British Empire is a philanthropic institution that might have been designed for his especial benefit." Even the Monroe Doctrine, which Mr. Eagle regards as "the corner-stone of our foreign policy," appears to have become distinctly British since our author returned from five years of travel, for "the American taxpayer has not been required to contribute anything for its support. The real bulwark of its defence has been the British Navy."

But then, all kinds of things have happened while Mr. Eagle was studying affairs abroad, noting that "instead of concealing our lack of taste, we shout it for everyone to hear," and that "all children (in England) are better mannered than American boys

and girls." For example, the seat of government of Canada has been transferred over night from Ottawa to another city, and not a single benighted American was aware of the change. Here is the Honorable Arthur Meighan writing a commendation of *The Hope of the Future* from "Prime Minister's Office, Toronto, Canada." The Honorable Arthur is confident that "this book will help its readers to know better the real character and purpose of the Empire as it exists today." He thinks that, "above all, we must endeavor to understand each other better." Doubtless this was held firmly in mind by Mr. Meighan when, as one of the leading opponents of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's reciprocity proposals, he helped to bring into office the party whose campaign slogan had been: "No Truck or Trade With the Yankees."

Another letter of praise comes from "Prime Minister's Office, Belfast, Ireland." From Sir James Craig we learn that "men of the old Ulster stock . . . served in the army at Washington." We feel grateful. Washington is a mighty fine—and safe—place in which to serve in the army.

Altogether an instructive and an entertaining book. A trifle unfair, now and then, to the great British Empire perhaps, as in that reference to Americans and "their Continent," but in all other respects worthy a place on library shelves beside *Gulliver* and *The Innocents Abroad*.

HUMAN DESTINY AND THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY, by J. Godfrey Raupert, K.S.G. (Philadelphia: Peter Reilly. \$1.25.) This little book is timely and refreshing. The famous French astronomer and scientist, Camille Flammarion, claims to have sure evidence that spiritistic phenomena are caused by the souls of the dead communicating back to this plane. Professor Richet flatly contradicts this, and stoutly maintains that all phenomena commonly attributed to spirits must be attributed to the faculties of the human mind, of which we still are ignorant. Mr. Raupert, with calm and poise, asserts that, when rightly interpreted, the phenomena give a striking confirmation to many of the fundamental truths of Christianity.

The author's well-known and valuable contributions on the subject of Spiritism gives this volume an authority too often lacking in Catholic pronouncements.

Mr. Raupert believes, and with good grounds, that so-called spirit manifestations are the work of "evil intelligences" with no good design toward those who are still on this plane, a cunning Satanism to deceive, if possible, even the elect.

In *Human Destiny and the New Psychology* he uses his extensive knowledge of the subconscious mind to show to what an extent modern research, when rightly interpreted, confirms the teaching of the Catholic Church respecting the "Last Things."

The chapters on Psychological Law and Human Immortality, God and Man, and Man's Spiritual Enemies are especially commendable and timely in view of the present-day revival of spiritistic vagaries.

Many theologians will differ from and regret the treatment of hell and its torments on pages 65 and 66. But at a time when Spiritism is attracting world-wide attention, this little volume, with its sane and balanced views, will do much good.

THE ESSENCE OF THE HOLY MASS, a new theory by Rev. Willibald Hackner. (St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. 25 cents net.) For centuries theologians have discussed the question: In what does the essence of the Mass consist?

St. Thomas, St. Bonaventure and others find the sacrificial act in the consecration. Others find it in the consecration and Communion taken together (Cardinal Bellarmine), or in the breaking of the Host and the dropping of the particle in the chalice in connection with Communion. Others (De Lugo, Franzelin) hold a middle view: they regard the consecration as the sacrificial act, and find the destruction of the Victim in the self-abasement of Christ in the sacramental species, wherein He renders His glorified body present on the altar.

Father Hackner thinks the problem may be solved if we establish the right relation between the sacrifice of the Last Supper and the sacrifice of the Cross. He holds that the sacrifice of the Last Supper has the same relation to the sacrifice of the Cross as the *matrimonium ratum* has to the *matrimonium consummatum*. The Last Supper is a *sacrificium ratum*—a contract in which Christ assumes the obligations towards His Heavenly Father of giving up His Body as a holocaust, and of shedding His Blood for the forgiveness of sins (Luke xxii. 19, 20).

The sacrifice of the Cross is a *sacrificium consummatum*: i. e., on the Cross the contractual obligation assumed at the Last Supper was actually fulfilled, namely, the surrender of the Body of Christ unto death and the shedding of His Blood for the remission of sins.

When Our Lord said to His Apostles: "Do this for a commemoration of Me," He commanded them to continue the sacrifice of the Last Supper. Therefore, the Mass in its entire structure and nature is a *sacrificium ratum*. Consequently, no actual destruction of the Victim takes place therein, but merely a potential destruction of the same, as in the Last Supper. This is expressed in the words of consecration, by which the sacrificial act is accomplished in the Sacrifice of the Mass.

It is not only the sacrificial spirit that Christ, the High Priest, renews in the sacrifice of the Mass, but also the sacrificial contract with His heavenly Father, concluded in the sacrifice of the Last Supper. That means that in each Mass, Christ assumes the obligation towards His Heavenly Father of surrendering His Body to destruction and of shedding His Blood for our redemption.

In the Mass the contract remains potential; it is not actually executed, as was done after the Last Supper. In the Mass, our Heav-

only Father waives the consummation. For the one consummation on the Cross sufficed for all times, in value and merit, even to redeem a thousand worlds (Heb. ix. 12). Virtually, therefore, the Sacrifice of the Mass reaches back to the sacrifice of the Cross, from which it receives its value and substance. Christ need suffer and die no more, as He did on the Cross; the Heavenly Father is contented with the sacrificial spirit or the sacrificial contract of His only-begotten Son. He dispenses with repeated destruction and shedding of blood, as He did in the case of Abraham's sacrifice on Mount Moriah.

The Eucharistic Sacrifice is identical with the Sacrifice of the Cross, in as far as in both sacrifices the same High Priest offers the same Victim, His Body and Blood, with this difference only, that on the Cross the offering was made *in acta solvendo*: i. e., in a bloody manner, whereas in the Mass (as at the Last Supper) it is made *in potentia et contrahendo*: i. e., in an unbloody manner.

MEDITATIONS FOR GOD'S LOVING CHILDREN (To be used by Mothers and Teachers). (New York City: The Cenacle of St. Regis. \$1.50.) Under the very modest title of "Meditations," the Religious of the Cenacle have published a volume which will be a valuable addition to the rather limited library available to the teacher of Christian doctrine. The present book is unique, because it supplies the untrained teacher with a method as well as with material. No one would be foolish enough to deny that many a time the mother heart, with its unmeasured resources of love and faith, guided by instinct and grace alone, imparts to the child all that is needed and in the way that is best; but then again, there are teachers, not a few, who, without direction, achieve less than mediocre results. For these latter, the present volume will, in numerous instances, mean the successful completion of a duty that otherwise would remain practically undone.

As His Grace, the Archbishop of New York, writes in a brief and lucid introductory note, precious results have already been obtained by the use of the volume in the classes held at the Cenacle. In fact, these lessons are the fruit of several years of experiment; and constant revision, made on the basis of actual trial, impart a practical and objective character to the book which render it of quite unusual worth.

The present series of Fifteen Lessons, which carry the learner through what may be regarded as the first term, or first year, of instruction, are concerned with the fundamental truths of revelation. A succeeding volume is promised; and the discriminating catechist will be sure to welcome it when it comes.

DENYS, THE DREAMER, by Kathryn Tynan Hinkson. (New York: Benziger Brothers. \$2.00.) An obvious story about obvious persons is here presented to us. The scene is laid in Ireland, but the finest characters drawn are those of Jews and Englishmen. Denys is, indeed, a dreamer, a practical dreamer, we are often assured. What is more to his credit, he effectively holds his position as hero between

the covers of the book. He is, of course, Irish, and he is mentioned here rather because he is the hero, than for any evidence of literary skill expended on his behalf. There is also a heroine, but she shrinks into oblivion beside the fine character drawing employed in the portrait of the wife of a Jewish money-lender. She has heroic proportions—she is someone to remember; indeed, she is so startlingly clear as to render the other characters, in contrast, exceedingly vague.

IN *Religion, Second Course*, and *Religion, Second Manual*, Dr. MacEachen provides continued application of his theory for the teaching of religion to older children of the primary grades. These two volumes, as those already familiar with *Teaching of Religion* and *Religion, First Course*, and *Religion, First Manual*, know, are to be used in conjunction with each other. The method employed has already been commended by ecclesiastical authority as in line with Scholastic Philosophy, and by prominent educators as following the best thought of modern pedagogues. It is truly educational in that it develops the individual through the knowledge of Divine truths, and aims, as the Archbishop of Toronto so beautifully says: "To teach the Christian religion as a life informed by truth." To make Catholic faith dynamic is today a "consummation devoutly to be wished." Dr. MacEachen is giving lead and direction towards this great end. (New York: The Macmillan Co. 40 cents and \$1.40 respectively.)

ST. GREGORY VII., POPE—the "Notre Dame" Series of Lives of the Saints. (St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$1.80 net.) There is hardly a more stirring period in all Church history than the last quarter of the eleventh century, which witnessed the contest of Pope Gregory VII. with the Emperor Henry IV. over the vexed question of investitures. The first chapter of this book traces briefly the early relations of the Church with the Empire. Then we come to Hildebrand, his career as a monk of Cluny, and the events which led up to his election as Pope at the age of sixty in the year 1073. There is no glossing over wickedness in high places; we see clearly the tremendous problem that faced the saintly Hildebrand when he assumed the Papal dignity. Fortunately, Gregory was the type of saint who is also emphatically a man of action; he proceeded at once to set the Church's affairs in order both spiritually and temporally. One result was that he died in exile; the other was that the Church entered upon a holier and more brilliant epoch in her long history. The part played by the Countess Matilda in behalf of Pope Gregory is clearly set forth. It is interesting to note that in this much-maligned century, here was a devout Christian woman, who was a warrior, who knew four languages well and wrote Latin fluently. The book makes entertaining, as well as profitable, reading.

GOD'S WONDER BOOK, by Marie St. S. Ellerker, O.S.D., with Preface by Very Rev. Vincent McNabb, O.P. (New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$1.50.) This valuable contribution to the literature of

the Mass is addressed especially to young people. The Mass is the epitome of worship, and those who will study "God's Wonder Book," the Missal, with this scholarly and ardent Dominican cannot fail to find it a revelation and an inspiration to the deepest and highest in Catholic life and doctrine. The book is admirably balanced and well sustained, holding the interest from first to last. The history of the Mass and the symbolism of the Mass not only inform, but inspire to devotion that is basic. The association of ideas and variety of appeal are of real psychological value. *God's Wonder Book* is scarcely adapted to very young readers, but the skillful teacher will find it a guide in interpreting the Mass to the youngest. Children of the higher Grammar Grades, High School students and adults should study it first hand and read and re-read it as they surely will. At the end of each chapter the variations of the Dominican from the Roman rite are noted.

SKETCHES OF BUTTE, by George Wesley Davis (Boston: The Cornhill Publishing Co. \$1.75), describes, in about twenty chapters, Butte from the Vigilante days of the early sixties to its development in the present day. The book is written in a flippant newspaper style, and devotes most of its pages to the criminal life of the city, past and present. It is crudely put together, and gives an utterly unfair picture of the city.

THE DOOR, by Daniel Sargent. (Boston: Richard G. Badger.) There are some fine things in this slim volume of poems, as when Mr. Sargent speaks of a far-off time when

the hills stood tryst
For sign of a dawn's first amethyst.

The poems are but twenty-six in number, but each is graceful and well turned. In "Verdun," there is the ring of unmistakable poetical eloquence; in "Midnight," an unusual originality of thought; in "The Burial of St. Elizabeth," a tenderness and sympathy which speak well for Mr. Sargent's appreciation of spiritual beauty. There is ardor in "The Annunciation" and an exquisite reverence in "Often at Night," the theme of which is the guardianship of the Blessed Virgin over her earthly children who, tossing restlessly in weary beds, win her compassion and are vouchsafed the boon of sleep.

THE HABIT OF HEALTH, by Oliver Huckel. (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. \$1.00 net.) This is a book of non-Catholic spirituality, but it contains hardly anything to which we may not subscribe. Of course, it bears no comparison with the masterpieces of Catholic mysticism or asceticism, *v. g.*, the works of St. Teresa or St. Francis de Sales. But neither does it aim so high. Its object is to show that the things of the spirit—prayer, unselfishness, humility, mortification—apart altogether from their moral significance, possess a certain healing

and therapeutic force as well. The book is written in an attractive style, and the quotations, with which it abounds, are apt and well chosen.

THE IDEAL OF REPARATION, by Raoul Plus, S.J. (New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.50 net.) With sin came death into the world, and all our woe. Although God might have condoned man's offences gratuitously, in His providence He deemed it better that wrongdoing on man's part should entail the necessity of making reparation. From Adam on, the law has worked inevitably and inexorably. Father Plus' little book, ably translated by Madame Cecilia, briefly sets forth this basic Christian doctrine under three heads: why reparation should be made, who is to make it, and how it may be made. Simple and unpretending, almost naïve, in style, in the doctrine it preaches lies the salvation of the world. From all sides we hear the cry that mankind is spiritually sick, and there is but one cure: with Clovis, we must burn what we have adored and adore what we have burned. Only thus, will the problems agitating men's souls be ultimately resolved.

THE MAN WHO VANISHED, by John Talbot Smith. (New York: Blase Benziger & Co., Inc. \$1.75 net.) It is twenty years since Father Smith attracted the attention of thousands of New Yorkers, non-Catholic as well as Catholic, by a clever novel which introduced, under thin disguise, many well-known public men of a period with which most of the readers of that time were familiar. It is this work known to a previous generation as *The Art of Disappearing*, that is now republished under the title, *The Man Who Vanished*.

The art of writing books of this kind is itself an art in danger of disappearing. Red blooded men and not introspective neurotics are used by the author to develop a plot which really develops. Good men and bad men, they do things; they are not merely sensation experimenters and sensation recorders.

A PICTURE OF MODERN SPAIN, by J. B. Trend. (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$4.50.) The thirty or more essays on the art, literature and music of Modern Spain in this volume have for the most part appeared in English papers and magazines the past four years. The author's sympathies are always with the rationalist anti-clericals and apostates of Spain, a small but blatant minority, who, to his mind, are "fighting the same battle against the anti-intellectual attitude, which is being fought in England, France, Germany and Italy."

He has a few interesting things to say about the languages of Spain—Castilian, Basque and Catalan—the novels of Pérez Galdós and Pio Baroja, the Assumption Mystery Play of Elche, the origins and history of Spanish theatre music, the Catalan contribution to Spanish civilization. But he knows nothing of the glories of Catholic Spain, and spoils his volume by his prejudice and unfair attacks upon everything Catholic.

THE CASTAWAYS OF THE BANDA SEA, by Warren H. Miller. (New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.75.) This is a tale for youngsters, cut on about the same pattern as hundreds of other adventure stories, but much above the average in its plausibility and interesting detail. The *locale* is the sea, and various ports, of Borneo and New Guinea, and in this unknown and colorful region, the young hero, George, bears a manful part in the romantic happenings attendant upon fire at sea, pearl hunting and leopard stalking. The book does for juveniles, in an unpretending way, somewhat the same service as the novels of Conrad so gorgeously perform for the maturer reader.

THE GANG, by Joseph Anthony. (New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.90.) Mr. Anthony's novel introduces us into the boy world of a New York street, where Harold Diamond, King of the Kids, fights valiantly for membership in the gang. The author gives us some humorous pen pictures of life in a public school, and describes vividly the many adventures of the gang in its constant struggle for supremacy.

STUDENTS of the New Testament will welcome a new edition of the Abbé Fouard's *The Christ, The Son of God*, in paper cover, without notes, put out by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. That this paper edition has already done good service to those who cannot afford the two volume edition, or want a handy traveling companion, is proved by the appearance of this new edition. (75 cents.)

PAMPHLET PUBLICATIONS.

From the Catholic Truth Society, London, we have a number of interesting, instructive and devotional pamphlets at two pence each. A short sketch of the life and work of *Venerable Thérèse Haze, Foundress of the Daughters of the Cross* and *The Life and Legend of St. Ildefonsus, Archbishop of Toledo*, by Abbot Cummins, O.S.B. A pamphlet by J. W. Poynter on *Christadelphianism* and its teaching; *The Duties of Parents Towards Their Children*, an illuminating treatise by Bertram Wolferstan, S.J.; *The Doctrinal Witness of the Fourth Gospel*, by Rev. Vincent McNabb, O.P.; *Catholic Foreign Missions*, by Rev. T. A. Sullivan, B.A., treating of the place of Foreign Missions in the economy of the Church, native helpers and clergy, modern missionary organizations, some results of Protestant propaganda, etc.; *The Religion to be Born in*, by Dom Columba Stenson, O.S.B.; *Life and Its Origin*, a scientific paper by B. J. Swindells, S.J., B.Sc.; *The Words of Life*, being "A Handbook of explanations for those seeking knowledge of the Catholic Faith," compiled by C. C. Martindale, S.J.; the story of *Two Conversions*; and "April Showers" and "Pierrette," by G. R. Snell, printed together in a pamphlet, entitled *Two Stories*. A leaflet, *The Church and the Religion of Christ* (price, one half penny), also comes from The Catholic Truth Society.

Other pamphlet publications received are: *Gracefulness or Folly*, edited by Dr. C. Bruehl, on the evil of the modern tendency in dress (New York: Joseph Schaefer); *The Our Father*, five discourses on the Lord's Prayer, by Rev. A. M. Skelly, O.P. (privately printed); and *Little Office of the Passion*, by St. Bonaventure, printed by the Franciscan Herald Press, Chicago.

Recent Events.

France.

The Genoa Economic Conference, after sessions extending over six weeks, held its final meeting on May 19th, with little to show in the way of positive achievement and certainly with no results comparable to the pleasant promise of its beginning. Three things were the main outcome: First, a conference to be held at The Hague to continue the Russian negotiations; second, an eight months' truce whereby the Powers, on the one hand, and Russia, on the other, agree not to attack each other for that period; and third, the Rapallo Treaty between the Germans and Russians.

Russia proved the chief stumbling-block to success, both in herself and also because of the various and conflicting attitudes towards her of France and England. After the Powers had refused the Russian demand for a billion dollar loan in the early sessions, and had laid down certain conditions before they would render Russia any financial assistance whatever, the Russians, on May 11th, sent a reply to the Powers' conditions which made an agreement practically impossible. Not one of the conditions, stipulated by the Powers as the price of resuming commercial relations with Russia, was accepted.

Several attempts were made during the Conference to induce participation by the United States, but these all met with failure, Secretary Hughes making it plain on each occasion that there would be no recognition of the Soviet Government by the United States, or approval of trade between Russia and America, until the Moscow authorities provide guarantees of safety of life and property, the sanctity of contract and the rights of free labor.

In accordance with the decision reached at Genoa, invitations were issued on May 28th by the President of the Genoa Conference for the parleys at The Hague. It is intended that two commissions shall meet there on June 26th, one to comprise experts from the States represented at Genoa, excluding Russia and Germany, and the other commission to consist only of Russian economists.

A preliminary meeting will be held on June 15th, and will be attended by not more than two delegates from all States repre-

sented at Genoa, except Germany and Russia. They, with a limited number of specialists, are expected to determine who will participate in the non-Russian commission. By June 26th, at the latest, it is expected that the names of the Nations and their representatives will be communicated to the Secretariat General, which is under the general jurisdiction of a Holland delegate. The commissions will study the differences that exist between the nations, particularly matters relating to debts, private property and credits to Russia, and endeavor to formulate recommendations for submission to their respective Governments.

The Hague Conference opens with less prospect of success than that at Genoa, as not only has the United States found it necessary to decline participation in this Conference also, but France shows an evident reluctance to attend. On June 3d, Premier Poincaré sent to all the Powers, including the United States, a carefully prepared note setting forth the French position towards Russia.

The French Premier holds that all the Powers should unite in declaring that, first of all, Moscow must withdraw the Russian memorandum of May 11th, and accept unreservedly recognition of Russia's pre-war debt, her war debt, and the return of foreign-owned private property nationalized in Russia! Moreover, the Russians must drop their counter-claims for 50,000,000,000 gold rubles, and must realize and accept the fact that they can get no loan at this time.

It is M. Poincaré's plan that only after the Soviet shall have accepted these conditions, may experts of the Powers profitably study the situation in Russia and the means which may be taken to help the Russian peoples. He refuses absolutely to take part at The Hague in another battle of politics as to the relative theoretic value of the capitalist and communist systems of government.

The disquieting prospect that France would bring further pressure to bear on Germany with the extension of her military occupation, was eliminated on May 28th by the German reply to the demands of the Reparations Commission. The Commission had delivered an ultimatum giving Germany till May 31st in which to comply with certain conditions, the most important of which was the balancing of her budget by raising a 60,000,000,000 paper mark interior loan. The German reply, couched in a satisfactory tone, said that Germany could do what was asked, with the proviso that she must have aid in the shape of a foreign loan.

Although the Commission had insisted on unconditional com-

pliance, on May 31st it unanimously approved the German reply and decided to grant Germany a moratorium for the year 1922. The action taken by the German Government to put its finances on a sound basis and eliminate as much as possible the wholesale printing of paper money, constitutes, according to the decision of the Commission, "a serious effort to meet the Commission's requirements." In its letter to Chancellor Wirth, the Commission states that, in view of the importance of an immediate decision upon the question of postponement of payments, the Commission felt justified in taking prompt action. With regard to the loan requested by Germany, the Commission announced it would communicate its decision to the International Bankers' Committee meeting in Paris.

This Committee, of which J. P. Morgan is a member, held its opening session in Paris on May 24th, under the auspices of the Reparations Commission, and is still meeting. The purpose of the Committee is to decide under what conditions an international loan could be granted to Germany, to be used in great part for payment of reparations to the Allies. On June 7th, the Reparations Commission by a three to one vote, overriding France's negative ballot, gave the Bankers' Committee full authority to propose an international loan for Germany on any basis the Committee thought desirable. Although England, Belgium and Italy voted in favor of this proposal, the French negative vote represented the majority interest in reparations, since France is to receive fifty-two per cent. of all German payments. It was the opinion of J. P. Morgan that it was probably best for the Committee to close its work, it being his belief that with the reparation total standing as it is, and with Germany liable to be called on by the Allies to make payments in accordance with the London schedule, it would not be feasible to sell a large amount of German bonds in the United States. The French delegate, reflecting the view of his Government, also favored adjournment *sine die*, but Kindersley of the Bank of England and Delacroix (Belgium) urged continuance of the bankers' work. It is recognized that the French hold the key to the situation, and even though a plan were drafted, it could not go into effect unless the French Government receded from its present position: that it will not curtail its claims if there is to be no curtailment of its debts. Though, at last accounts, the Committee was still in session, the prospect for its successful flotation of a German loan is not bright.

The curtailment of the French debt, mentioned in the above paragraph as a condition of French consent to a reduction of the

German reparation payments, has of course special reference to the amount owing the United States, and from recent developments this country is far from showing any inclination to reduce its claims. Replying to the French Government's request that the American Allied Debt Commission would state when it would receive a special mission of French experts, the United States has sent word that it was ready to discuss the subject at any time. This French mission will not be sent until the Bankers' Committee and the Reparations Commission finish their work, or arrive at a point where it may be foreseen with some certainty what the results will be.

On the other hand, word has unofficially come from England that the English Government has completed arrangements to pay during the coming fall, interest amounting to £25,000,000 on the British debt to the United States. At the same time Great Britain has notified France she reserves the right to call for the interest the latter owes her on the war debt when Britain pays interest on her debt to the United States. No official figure is obtainable, but the French interest due England is understood to be about 16,000,000 pounds. Shortly before the Genoa Conference, Great Britain, in a note to France, formally placed on paper her claim to repayment of the French war debt, but no actual demand for the money was made. The present request for interest, therefore, is a further move in the British plans for adjustment of the inter-Allied and American war debts.

Although the United States refused to take part in either the Genoa or The Hague Conference, announcement was made by Secretary of State Hughes, early in June, that this Government was prepared to join in the investigation of the reports relating to the deportation of Christian minorities by the Turks in Anatolia and the alleged atrocities connected therewith, as proposed by Great Britain, France and Italy. The American Government has furthermore suggested that a separate commission be formed to investigate counter-charges of the Turks against the Greeks and Armenians, and that the two commissions unite in a comprehensive report on the whole situation in Asia Minor. In accepting the invitation, Secretary Hughes stipulated that the inquiry should be limited to obtaining accurate data, and that the United States "assumes no further obligation and enters into no commitment."

Meanwhile, late reports from Constantinople state that the Turkish Nationalists have started a strong offensive against the Greeks in the Eski-Shehr district of Asia Minor. It is not believed that the Turks are strong enough to eject the Greeks from

the formidable positions which they have consolidated around Eski-Shehr since last summer's fighting. Reports have been received from Angora that a new Turkish volunteer army has been created to invade Mesopotamia. On June 7th, a Greek fleet bombarded the Turkish town of Samsun in the Black Sea.

Germany.

The outstanding result of the Genoa Conference was, of course, the Rapallo Treaty between Soviet Russia and Germany. Details of how the Treaty will work have not yet been published, and conferences are at present being held between Leonid Krasin, the Soviet representative, and German officials. One definite outcome of the pact, is the establishment of direct train service between Berlin and Moscow, to begin on the end of June. The route will be from Koenigsberg, across Lithuania and Latvia, but, by special agreement, there will be but one inspection of baggage. The most direct way would be through Warsaw, but the northern route has been selected to avoid passing through Poland.

An important by-product of the Genoa meetings was the signing, early in May, by the German and Polish Ministers, of the agreement embodying the division of Upper Silesia as made by the League of Nations, together with the complex regulations under which the mining area will be operated, for the next fifteen years, as an industrial unit. The agreement, which is considered the League of Nations' greatest political achievement, was ratified by the German Reichstag amid scenes of mourning on May 30th. According to a report of the Allied Commission for Upper Silesia to the Council of Ambassadors on May 24th, the Allied military occupation of the region was to come to an end on the last of July. Since this report was made, however, numerous clashes have occurred between the Poles and Germans, and martial law has been proclaimed in the districts of Kattowitz, Gleiwitz, Hindenburg and Rybnik. Latest dispatches, dated June 7th, indicate that, after a week of rioting, the disorder is subsiding under the pressure of French and Italian troops.

A statement in the London *Times* on May 28th is to the effect that the League of Nations at its September session, will probably be called on to consider the question of Germany's admission to membership in the League. The *Times* adds that the Council of the League, at its session early in May, examined the question and that it is believed it favored Germany's admission, provided she shows good faith in meeting the demands of the Reparations Commission. A favorable impression was created by the last German reply to the Commission's ultimatum,

as related above, and on May 16th the German Government deposited with the Belgian Treasury the final payment of 50,000,000 gold marks under the provisional moratorium granted by the Commission.

The general moratorium granted to Germany by the Commission and the possibility of a German loan being arranged by an international banking syndicate, has focused attention upon the receipts of the German Government from taxation and other sources. Statistics received by the Foreign Information Department of the Bankers' Trust Company of New York, indicate that the entire yield from taxation in Germany for the fiscal year, ending March 31st last, was 87,374,000,000 paper marks. This was an increase of 41,275,000,000 paper marks over the revenue from taxation last year. The floating debt on March 31st, 1922, was 281,148,000,000 paper marks, an increase of almost exactly 100,000,000,000 paper marks. Advices received by the Bankers' Trust Company disclose that about 115,000,000,000 paper marks were required to carry out the provisions of the Peace Treaty and about 122,000,000,000 for other expenses, including deficits on railways, postal and telegraph services.

Through the rush of refugees from the East, and the homecoming of a host of Germans from the lost colonies and amputated sections of the former German Empire, the population of the present German Republic was increased about 1,000,000 during the World War and the two years immediately following it, according to a recent memorandum issued by the German Minister of the Interior. As the emigration from Germany since the end of the War, according to recent estimates, has amounted to some 250,000, the net gain in population totals about 750,000.

The United States Secretary of War, Weeks, announced on June 5th that approximately 1,000 American troops would remain in Germany after July 1st. It had been previously announced that all American troops of the occupational force would be completely withdrawn in May, but this order was countermanded, following an appeal from Great Britain, France, Belgium and Germany to this Government to reconsider its decision. The news of the change in plans has been warmly approved in German official quarters.

The German Government has extended, through the American Ambassador at Berlin, an invitation to the American Government to designate an American citizen as the third member of the joint claims commission, which is to adjudicate outstanding claims between the two countries. The proposed arrangement will greatly expedite the work of settling such claims, and

officials of the American Government are pleased at the action of the Germans, which means that there will be two Americans on the commission. The original plan for forming the so-called Mixed Claims Commission was for the United States to name one member, Germany to name another, and the third member to be selected from some neutral country.

As a result of revolutionizing the judicial system of Prussia, 124,968 persons who were convicted of crime and sentenced to from one to three years' imprisonment during the year 1921, have received conditional or full pardons. This number affords a striking contrast with 19,000 such pardons granted in 1912, when it was no secret that of every seven Prussian citizens, one had been convicted in the courts. Formerly the right of pardon lay in the hands of the King of Prussia or of the Minister of Justice, but under the latest reforms even the minor courts are empowered to give a conditional pardon.

Russia.

From various sources, both American and foreign, it appears that the Russian famine is still far from being broken. According to a statement by Fridtjof Nansen, head of the League of Nations' relief work, "in the eastern part of the Volga district, beyond the Ural Mountains, the situation is desperate, for little or nothing is being done there. Moreover, the famine has now spread to the Ukraine and Crimea, where people are dying like flies." One of the appalling features of the situation is the widespread practice of cannibalism. Recent reports from Siberia are to the effect that in this region, once the greatest grain producing section of the world, only from fifty to sixty per cent. of last year's average of wheat was sown last spring. With good weather, however, it is believed that the crop will be sufficient to feed the local population, and a little of the wheat be available for export.

Because of the persistence of famine conditions, President Harding, on June 2d, let it be known that he was favorably disposed towards the continuation of American relief work in Soviet Russia so long as the famine lasted and there was need of outside help. Originally, the work of the American Relief Administration was scheduled to end on September 1st. Later, it was decided to extend the Relief Administration's activities in Russia until January 1st. Whether, and to what extent, it will be continued beyond that date will depend entirely upon conditions and on reports received from Secretary Hoover's confidential secretary, who has been sent to Russia to make a special investigation.

The requisition of church treasures by the Soviet authorities for the ostensible relief of the famine sufferers still continues, and a number of persons, including several dignitaries of the Russian Church, have been given severe sentences for opposing the requisitions. The most prominent of these has been the Patriarch Tikhon, head of the Russian Orthodox Church, who since his trial began last month has been forced to resign. Fear that, the Soviet Government means to sentence the Patriarch to death, on the charge of entering into a revolutionary intrigue with White Russians and emigrés, has aroused religious opinion in various countries. Pope Pius XI. is reported to have protested to the Russian Government, through the Soviet delegation to Genoa, against the prosecution of the Patriarch, and the Archbishop of Canterbury has asked the British Government to use its influence to obtain a fair trial for him. Replying to the protest of the Christian Churches of Great Britain, the Administration Manager of the Council of Commissars denies any attack on the Church, and says legal proceedings were taken against Patriarch Tikhon and other ecclesiastics for having resisted the Soviet's measures to save the lives of tens of millions of human beings. The Soviet considers the protests to be "dictated by a narrow caste and entirely directed against the real interest of the people and the elementary demands of humanity."

On June 1st, President Merkuloff of the Government of Vladivostok was deposed and placed under arrest at the order of the Constituent Assembly, which denounced his "despotic policy as head of the Vladivostok Government." Several days later, General Diedrichs, former Russian Minister of War and at one time commander of the western armies of the Omsk Government, was elected as his successor. Pending the arrival of General Diedrichs in Vladivostok, General Moltchanoff is Acting President. The Japanese Army command announced that, while heretofore neutral, it would, if necessary, intervene to preserve order.

While no move has been made by the American Government, since the adjournment of the Arms Conference, to press the Japanese Government to set a definite date for the evacuation of Siberia, officials in Washington have been pleased by dispatches from London stating that Great Britain, through the exertion of friendly pressure, will seek to effect the withdrawal of the Japanese forces. The American Government's attitude towards continued occupation of Siberia by Japan, is well understood in both London and Tokio, namely, that the Japanese troops should, as stated by Secretary Hughes at the Disarmament Conference, "be

withdrawn at the earliest possible moment." The Anglo-Japanese alliance, which was negotiated for the purpose of "maintaining the peace of the Far East," remains in effect until automatically terminated by the exchange of ratifications of the Four-Power Treaty of Washington, and so long as the alliance remains, the British Government, as an ally of Japan, is in a position to suggest the withdrawal of the Japanese troops as a means of averting war in Eastern Siberia. During the Genoa Conference, Viscount Ishii of the Japanese delegation told the Political Commission of the Conference that Japan was negotiating a treaty with Soviet Russia which, while primarily commercial, had also political aspects, because it involved guarantees for Japanese citizens under which Tokio would withdraw Japanese troops from Siberia.

Reports were persistent throughout the month of the grave illness of Premier Lenine, his trouble being variously given as a nervous breakdown, apoplexy and acute gastritis. Whatever the disease, there seems no doubt that he is seriously ill and is at present recuperating at a villa outside of Moscow. Those at Moscow closely conversant with the political situation, say it is impossible to determine whether War Minister Trotzky would take control in the event of Lenine's passing, thus strengthening military communism, or whether there will be an increase in the prevailing movement towards the Right, or moderate, wing.

As showing the moderating tendencies of the Soviet, new decrees promulgated coincidentally with the close of the Genoa Conference are of interest. One of these decrees which, according to Government leaders, are designed to encourage the independent capitalistic reconstruction of Russia, removes the State monopoly on trade in agricultural implements and seeds, permitting private persons to buy abroad through the Commissariat of Foreign Trade. Probably, the most important change is that in the laws concerning the right of private property, which applies to practically all property which has not already been "municipalized" by local Soviets. Individual citizens and companies are permitted to own buildings and the land on which they stand, except that the right to transfer a lease does not cover land in rural districts. All "movables," which is interpreted to include factories, all means of production, agricultural and industrial products and "goods which have not been exempt from private exchange by special laws," are included. The decree is not retroactive. Requisitioning of private property is permitted only with compensation and "by due process of law." Rights to inventions, copyrights, trademarks, industrial models and designs

are guaranteed, subject to limitation of special laws. Inheritance by will to the extent of 10,000 gold rubles is permitted only to lawful spouses and direct line heirs. All sorts of banking and credit deals are permitted, but the courts are empowered to nullify agreements in cases of "excessive exploitation." Foreign concerns "may obtain the rights of juridical persons only upon permission of the persons charged with this duty by the Council of Commissaries."

Italy.

The Eucharistic Congress held its opening session of 1922 in the Belvidere Court of the Vatican on the afternoon of May 24th.

Pope Pius, after pointing out the importance of the Congress, pronounced the Apostolic Benediction. On May 28th it is estimated that more than 100,000 people participated in an imposing procession of the Blessed Sacrament from St. John Lateran to the Colosseum and back, marking one of the great ceremonies of the Congress. The Congress was solemnly closed at St. Peter's on May 29th with a *Te Deum* sung by the massed choirs of the Vatican in the presence of Pope Pius, the Cardinals present in Rome, and a great throng of pilgrims.

A commercial treaty between Soviet Russia and Italy was signed in the Royal Palace on May 24th. The first section of the agreement concerns the entire problem of Italo-Russian commercial relations, and the second deals with maritime communications and transportation in general between the two countries. A third section dealt with concessions, which Russia was ready to make to Italians for the exploitation of Russian resources, but this section was objected to by Signor Schanzer as infringing upon the moral pledges taken by Italy with the other European countries to be represented at The Hague Conference. Presumably, the treaty will become effective June 26th, when the present commercial convention between the two countries expires. The treaty just negotiated was approved by the Italian Council of Ministers on May 28th. It will be in operation for two years, after which it will be automatically renewed for periods of six months, unless denounced by either party six months before its expiration.

A new phase of Soviet relations with Italy, and one particularly significant in view of Signor Schanzer's objections, was entered upon on June 7th, when an agreement was signed between the two great Italian Communist Coöperative Societies and the Russian economic delegation. This agreement, which is entirely independent of the treaty between Italy and the Soviet Gov-

ernment, provides for a concession of not less than 100,000 hectares (247,000 acres) of Russian soil to the Italian Metal Workers' Coöperative and the Red Coöperative of Forli Province, the two largest extreme labor organizations in Italy. The importance of the concession lies, of course, in the fact that such a huge tract of land is placed at the entire disposal of Italian Coöperatives. But this importance is added to by the fact that in this agreement the Soviets dealt for the first time with a foreign enterprise not controlled by the State. The Soviets gave full guarantees for the safety and liberty of the Italian Coöperatives, who on their part agree to get the land under cultivation within six years from today, and to give to the Soviets a certain percentage of the grain produced.

Previous to the signing of the treaty with Russia, Foreign Ministers Skirmund of Poland and Schanzer of Italy signed a commercial treaty similar to the compact that has existed for some time between France and Poland. This agreement contains a most-favored nation clause, eliminates almost all previously existing prohibitions on importation and exportation, and grants Italy the same rights as other countries with regard to Polish oil.

Still another agreement is a general political and economic pact at present being elaborated between Italy and Great Britain. The chief object of this agreement is the guaranteeing of Italy's position in the Mediterranean.

A review of Italy's economic situation, published in London on the authority of the British Embassy at Rome, states that "the industrial situation is improving. Agriculture is regaining, and in some cases passing, its pre-war level. Livestock, except cows, is at its pre-war numbers, and in a few years the export of dairy produce should be large. Coöperative producing societies are largely engaged in industry, and are preparing to take over dock yards and arms factories. Consumers' coöperatives should help to reduce the profiteering which keeps up the cost of living. The textile trades, especially cotton, are recovering and new markets have been found in the Balkan States. Some of the chemical trades are making great progress, and electric power (chiefly for the railroads) is being largely developed, notably in Apulia, Calabria and Sardinia."

Despite this favorable report, numerous violent disturbances, both physical and human, have characterized the month. These included volcanic eruptions from Vesuvius, renewal of the landslides in the country surrounding Corato, near the Adriatic, where great damage was done last month, a plague of locusts near

Naples, which within four days destroyed many acres of wheat, hops, clover and corn, a general strike in Rome, and innumerable encounters throughout Italy between the Fascisti and Communists. The height of trouble from the last mentioned source was reached in Bologna and the surrounding country, where 65,000 armed Fascisti gathered from nearby provinces and took over the complete management of affairs, forcing various Socialist and Communist Mayors in the region to resign. The Government is much concerned over these outbreaks and, as a measure for the restoration of order, it has prohibited all parades and assemblies.

On May 19th the Rome *Tribuna* announced that an agreement had been concluded between Italy and Jugo-Slavia fixing the status of the Adriatic seaports of Zara and Fiume. A disquieting contrast to this announcement was the action of between 4,000 and 5,000 Italian youths who, on June 8th, swore to obey the call of d'Annunzio at a moment's notice and adopted a resolution renewing their loyalty to him, following recent attacks against the soldier-poet, who had been accused by leaders of the Fascisti of having deserted them and gone over to the Socialists.

On May 22d word was received from Tripoli to the effect that Italian troops were carrying out a great offensive against the rebel Arabs in Tripolitania, where revolutionary activities broke out in March of this year. The Italian forces are understood to be composed largely of local levies, supported by some Italian regiments under command of General Badoglio. The Italians are reported to be using a considerable number of bombing air-planes and have inflicted heavy losses upon the enemy.

June 15, 1922.

With Our Readers

LAW is the security of order. Without it human society would not exist. Chaos is the sole alternative. Justice, peace, morality would then vanish from the earth. It will not be so: for the instinct to preserve law is as strong as the individual's instinct for self-defence. Law is society's self-defence.

But evident as these truths are, the thoughtful among men are deeply disturbed by the growing disrespect and non-observance of the laws of the land. The speeches of our country's official leaders, delivered within the last month, if reviewed, would yield an emphatic indictment against our people on their growing indifference to the laws of the land. The statements of these men and women in high places have ample evidence in their support. The public press of the country in its reporting of news: in its own editorials: in its special articles, has done and is doing yeoman service in destroying respect for law. The press is playing its effective part in tearing out the foundations of our country.

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HISTORIANS and literary authorities inform us that the contemporary novel is the true index of a people's life and principles. Recently, an American periodical published a symposium on the present-day novel by a number of present-day novelists. The journal in question called them the leading novelists of the day. The symposium was for the most part a defence of the "impressionistic" school. This school admits no such thing as law: for law is permanent and stable: law is a standard to which we conform our actions. The impressionists will not allow themselves to be so trammelled. They are the evangelists of anarchy. They claim to be the rulers today in the literary world. Whether they report a situation already existing, or whether the situation is begotten of their propaganda, they are playing a very effective part in destroying moral standards, in uprooting regard for law, in making the individual's immediate touch with life the be-all and the end-all whatever the cost.

To our mind, the impressionistic school is a product, not a creator. It is born of theories, beliefs, of creeds, or the denial of them, which existed and worked long before its birth.

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HUMAN law, standing alone, has no sanction: no enduring, permanent force. It owes its existence to God. Therefore, to the same Source it owes its power. God is the root of all life:

the Eternal Law is the source of all law. Human society cannot exist unless its members profess belief in and dependence upon, a personal God. Extinguish the lights of heaven, and the world is in darkness. For some time the borrowed light may endure, its source having been denied. But eventually, seeking a source and not finding any, it also will die.

The ultimate, the foundation-stone upon which rests observance of and respect for human law, is the belief of the individual in his direct personal responsibility to God. Destroy that and law becomes little more than a fiction. This is the catastrophe pending today—the loosening of the corner-stone. And as law is the root of order, so lawlessness is the root of disorder. Unless the Supreme Lawgiver is received in our hearts with filial reverence and devotion, then our concept of and our relation to human law is disordered, forced out of joint. If the Supreme Lawgiver is put to one side, as One Who merits our religious worship, but Who is divorced from the moral law—a Kantian theory that has sent its roots very far into modern thought, God is forgotten as the One to Whom, as Law, all things human must conform.

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THE personal misunderstanding and the displacement of human law is due to a process for the beginnings of which we must look back three hundred years. It began with a denial of any common objective knowledge of God's law: any visible and audible authority to which all men are subject. It placed conformity to divine law in the personal opinion of the individual: made each man the interpreter of God: subjected God to personal conscience.

As the disorder grew, and the light, farther and farther removed from its source, grew dim, the futility of making oneself the arbiter of the moral universe became more evident. A common external authority there must be. The Protestant denied the Catholic Church. Where would he find that authority which even his natural instincts craved? Where could he find it except in that only other social authority upon earth—the State? The State has its own authority in its own field. To make it the substitute for God is lawlessness. Not with deliberate knowledge of its logical consequences was this done. But the non-Catholic found himself compelled by circumstances. He could not name himself the interpreter and judge of the law of God, obligatory upon all: he denied that the Catholic Church knew it or could know it. The society of his fellows—the State—was the only remaining power.

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FOR example, in the matter of marriage, upon which rests the well-being of human society, the Protestant takes as his law the law of the State. The vast majority of our legislators are non-Catholic. Every legislature in the land claims the right to legislate, not alone on the conditions that shall accompany a marriage, but on the very validity of the marriage itself. Divorce and the conditions of divorce are likewise subject to the same human, changing power, and respectability is not denied to any man or woman as long as he lives according to State law. Whether it is the law of God or not, is practically subservient to the question: is it the law of the land?

The utter lawlessness of it all is seen clearly by the thoughtful. But what can they do, having not the faith that solves and overcomes the problems of the world? State law: human law can help, and should help and support, the right ordering of the divine law. But to place the State as the sole and ultimate power, is to expose law to laughter and ridicule, as it is being ruthlessly exposed today.

Human law is not always distasteful to the lawless. In its external police power, where crime is clearly defined and can be cleared proved, it is feared and effective. In its laws that regulate or strive to regulate the conduct of the individual or of business, the State is not only frequently ineffective, but is often used as a protector by the lawless. Innumerable are the devices by which the law may be made ineffective; and justice defied.

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AS the knowledge of God's revealed law and the individual's personal responsibility thereto decreases: and the signs of that personal anarchy show themselves in human society, they who sincerely wish to save and better society, and who have looked to the State as a saviour, look to the State more and more. In their pitiable confusion, they ask the State to make more laws: laws that will attempt to supply that very law of God which they have neglected, that will regulate the private rights and conduct of the individual.

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WE are not defending any policy of *laissez-faire*: or any theory that the individual may conduct his business and his life entirely independent of the society in which he lives. We do maintain that human society, since it is made up of individuals, must count upon some power, other than itself, which will secure the moral coöperation of the individual in the work and progress of the State. No State power can do that fully, for State power

is necessarily an external power. That power must be spiritual: must be greater than the State: must be commonly obligatory upon all humankind—must be God and His revealed law. Without a revealed law, God is not known.

And that revealed law necessarily demands an authoritative guardian: interpreter: teacher.

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THE root trouble with modern society is that it has denied or never known that Guardian: that Teacher which is the condition of our peace. Every individual soul, add law to law as you will, has its own personal problems and difficulties. Every human law is subject to interpretation and to exception. The most fundamental relations of our life can never be made subject to human law. The love of husband and wife: of father and son: of mother and child: of brother and sister: our charity towards one another: our respect and reverence for women—all these, with their innumerable correlations that make the warp and woof of life—are not the subject of human laws. A wisdom, a temperance, a sacrifice, a faith above human laws, must guide and sustain them. And the individual will seek from his fellows the counsel, the advice that his soul craves. We are all needy children of the one Father. Never was there a son who did not crave and seek and find the advice of his father as he followed the latter's footsteps. Law is but tyranny when it is not accented by human sympathy and by human love.

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GOD has not left us orphans. The Voice of the Father in Heaven is heard upon earth, and the sons of men may hear it in their distress and know the will wherein lies their peace. The fathers in Christ on earth are as the Father in Heaven to the sons of men. "Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them. Go forth and teach all nations." Once the whole world had the tribunal of Penance wherein the world could take its secrets heavy with sin and perplexity: wherein law was shown to be not slavery or compulsion: not trammeling or restriction, but the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free. The tribunal of Penance where wisdom shows and exacts the higher sacrifice and where temperance restrains and redeems. The world in great part has lost it; but never will law be understood or revered aright until the world again seeks its light, its power and its peace.



A VERY valuable estimate of the development and worth of Conan Doyle's spiritualistic theories is published in the Magazine Section of the *New York Times*, Sunday, June 18th. It is from the pen of the well-known newspaper correspondent, P. W. Wilson.

The article gives this summary of Doyle's education:

Among the great public schools of England, Stonyhurst, with its long Roman Catholic traditions, its powerful faculty of learned Jesuit Fathers, its museum and collection of postage stamps, rivaled only by King George's, holds a peculiar and honored position. There it was that Conan Doyle, as a boy, spent seven years of his impressionable youth. He entered at nine and left at sixteen. While Stonyhurst made him no mean cricketer, it also confronted him with the tremendous affirmations of revealed religion. And those affirmations were rooted in the authority of an ancient Church.

At sixteen years of age, however, Doyle was removed from Stonyhurst and, by a strange chance, plunged into a wholly different atmosphere, namely, Germany: and after Germany, into the medical school of Edinburgh University. It was subjecting his still immature soul to a Turkish bath. After breathing the air of a warm, colorful, elaborate faith and bowing his will to a tremendous spiritual loyalty, the lad was assailed with a cold douche of pitiless negations.

"Driven underground, his beliefs vanished within his sub-consciousness, and all the surface of his mind was covered with the shallow syllogisms of cause and effect. He thought himself an emancipated Rationalist. He did not realize that his somewhat superficial physics could only be the veneer that would hide for a time his ineradicable mysticism.

"As a medical student, what engrossed his attention was not the teaching, but a teacher. His name was Dr. Joseph Bell, and he was not merely the original of Sherlock Holmes; he was Sherlock Holmes. The uncanny actuality of this character in fiction is due to the fact that Conan Doyle did not imagine his hero, he described him. Joseph Bell was to Sir Arthur what Johnson was to Boswell. It may have been a description with embellishments, but, in the main, it was photography. Doyle's eye was the lens. His memory was the plate. His books were the prints. We see in his authorship an absolute submission to another's personality. The novelist was simply a friend, Dr. Watson, taking down notes."

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DOYLE, far from being a Rationalist, is an intellectual dependent. He has always followed some lead, always subjected

himself to some control. "Awaiting our teacher may be other controls, and, if we accept his present gospel, we may find to-morrow that he has passed on his way to yet another equally infallible, though different, revelation."

Having accepted at one time the control of Rationalism, he has sought to escape from it because he "could not exclude the unseen even from the logic of life."

Faced by the stress of war, he sought to recapture something like faith.

"The ecclesiastical authority which dominated his youth no longer held him. Of Protestant teaching he knows, or at least he understands, so little that he gravely suggests a new Christianity based on acceptance of the New Testament and rejection of the Old. Apparently, it has not occurred to him to compare the Magnificat with the Song of Hannah, or the parables of the Good Shepherd with the Twenty-third Psalm, or the majestic symbolism of the Apocalypse with the mystic dreams of Ezekiel.

"On the entire range of Jewish history, poetry and jurisprudence, including the Ten Commandments, he passes an abrupt verdict, intimating his decision, not at some Ecumenical Council or other solemn conclave, but in the pages of an illustrated magazine. Then he proceeds to a séance where he sings 'Nearer, My God, to Thee,' apparently oblivious of the fact that it is derived, in part at any rate, from the story of Jacob's dream, just consigned by the singer to the waste-paper basket of a better Christianity."

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THE critic considers the value of spiritualistic evidence and continues: "As a Spiritualist, Conan Doyle has been approached by multitudes of families bereaved during the War. Warm-hearted, he has offered them comfort, but not, of course, the usual consolations of religion. He sends his disciples to consult mediums. In doing this, his motives are disinterested. Instead of making money, he spends it on his labor of love. But, of course, the medium receives fees, and in Conan Doyle's recommendation obtains at once an advertisement and a standing, not without pecuniary value. There is not a medium the wide world over who does not regard men like Doyle and Lodge as assets to be cherished at all costs."

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THE critic recites the tragic instances of murder and suicide on the part of followers of Doyle's preaching, and then concludes with the statement: "Doyle disclaims responsibility. But the

suicides happen, and they show either that Spiritualism weakens the character or that weak characters favor Spiritualism."

And the article ends with this sentence: "After all, the immortality of the soul is best demonstrated, not by photographic effects, familiar in many movies, but by the lives—indeed, the martyrdoms—of the millions who for thousands of years have striven and suffered in this sure and certain hope."

THE National Civic Federation has published a pamphlet entitled, *Symposium of Opinions Upon the Outline of History*, by H. G. Wells. The pamphlet for the most part confirms what THE CATHOLIC WORLD published with regard to Wells' volume in its issues of January and August, 1921.

THE well-known writer, Father Stephen J. Brown, S.J., has written asking us to give publicity to his plans to open in Dublin, Ireland, a "Central Catholic Library." "Dublin is to become," writes Father Brown, "in a fuller sense than ever before, the centre of Irish life, our political and administrative life, but also our social and intellectual life. In the years before us a vast scheme of national reconstruction will have to be thought out. With this reconstruction work, religious interests are intimately bound up. Now, owing chiefly to the circumstances of our past history, education generally, and especially religious education, on its intellectual side, is not on a high level. Little or no thought from a Catholic standpoint has been given to the problems, intellectual and social, of the modern world. It is clear that much thought must henceforth be given to these things if our development is not to take a wrong direction."

Hence the necessity of this new Catholic library which will be open to the general public. All the Dublin Lending Libraries and the three chief Public Reference Libraries are under Protestant control. The new library is to be housed at 34 Westmoreland Street. We heartily join in the hope expressed by Father Brown, that this library will become "a centre of Catholic thought, an arsenal for Catholic controversy, a source of inspiration for Catholic social and religious action, a permanent exhibition, as it were, of Catholic achievement."

A CORRESPONDENT writes us that we printed some months ago under Books Received *Vocations*, by O'Donovan.

The correspondent states his fear that the innocent title of the book may lead some to purchase it and read it.

The book in question is worthless.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:

Moral Emblems and Other Poems. By Robert L. Stevenson. \$1.25.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

A Franciscan View of the Spiritual and Religious Life. Being three Treatises from the Writings of St. Bonaventure, done into English by Dominic Devas, O.F.M. \$1.50 net. *The Summa Theologica of St. Thomas Aquinas.* Part II. (Second Part) QQ. CLXXI-CLXXXIX. Translated by the Fathers of the English Dominican Province. \$3.00 net.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:

Metaphysical Lyrics and Poems of the Seventeenth Century. Selected and edited by Herbert J. C. Grierson.

THE MACMILLAN Co., New York:

A Gate of Cedar. By Katharine Morse. \$1.25. *English and American Philosophy Since 1800.* By Arthur K. Rogers. \$3.50. *Obstetrical Nursing.* By Carolyn C. Van Blarcom, R.N. \$3.00. *America Faces the Future.* By Durant Drake. \$2.50. *The State and the Church.* By John A. Ryan and Moorehouse F. X. Millar, S.J. \$2.25. *Christian Science and the Catholic Faith.* By Rev. A. Bellwald, S.M., S.T.L. \$2.50.

ALLYN & BACON, New York:

Economic Civics. By R. O. Hughes. \$1.25. *The Story of American Democracy.* By Willis M. West. \$3.20. *A Scientific Course in Typewriting.* By Ollie Depew. \$1.00.

THE UNITED STATES CATHOLIC HISTORICAL SOCIETY, New York:

St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie, New York, 1896-1921, Historical Sketch. By Rev. A. J. Scanlan, S.T.D. Foreword by Most Rev. P. J. Hayes, D.D., Chapter on Seminary Life at Dunwoodie by Rev. F. P. Duffy, D.D.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:

Bishop Barlow and Anglican Orders. A Study of the Original Documents. By Arthur S. Barnes, M.A. \$4.00 net. *The Spirit of St. Jane Frances de Chantal As Shown by Her Letters.* Translated by the Sisters of the Visitation. \$6.00 net.

FLEMING H. REVELL Co., New York:

South America from a Surgeon's Point of View. By Franklin H. Martin, C.M.G., M.D., F.A.C.S. \$3.00.

HARCOURT, BRACE & Co., New York:

Angels and Ministers. Four Plays of Victorian Shade and Character. By Laurence Housman.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:

Japan's Pacific Policy. By K. K. Kawakami.

BONI & LIVERIGHT, New York:

Sareel. By Edith Dart. \$2.00. *Terribly Intimate Portraits.* By Noel Coward. \$2.00.

FUNK & WAGNALLS Co., New York:

French Grammar Made Clear. By Ernest Dimmet. \$1.50 net. *The College Standard Dictionary of the English Language.* Abridged from Funk & Wagnalls' New Standard Dictionary. By Frank H. Vizetelly, LL.D., Litt.D. \$5.00 net.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co., Philadelphia:

The City of Fire. By Grace Livingston Hill. \$2.00.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS, Cambridge, Mass.:

Immortality and the Modern Mind. By Kirsopp Lake, M.D., D.D. \$1.00 net. *New Growths and Cancer.* By Simeon Burt Wobach, M.D. \$1.00.

JOHN W. WINTERICH, Catholic Church Supply House, Columbus, Ohio:

The Apocalypse of St. John. By Rev. E. S. Berry. \$1.50 net.

B. HERDER BOOK Co., St. Louis:

Notes of a Catholic Biologist. By Rev. Geo. A. Kreidel. \$1.50 net. *The Gospel of a Country Pastor.* By Rev. J. M. Lelen. \$1.50 net.

LOYOLA UNIVERSITY PRESS, Chicago:

Institutiones Dogmaticæ in Usum Scholarum. Tomus III. Auctore Bernardo J. Otten, S.J. \$3.50.

INDIANA UNIVERSITY, Bloomington:

Indiana University Studies—No. 48, "Index Verborum," by John M. Hill, \$2.00; No. 49, "Juvenile Delinquency and Adult Crime," by Edna Hatfield Edmondson, \$1.00; No. 50, "Wm. de Morgan and the Greater Early Victorians," by Will T. Hale, 25 cents.

MCLELLAND & STEWART, Toronto:

The Collected Poems of Thomas O'Hagan. \$2.00.

P. TÉQUI, Paris:

Le Nouveau Droit Canonique des Religieuses. Par Chanoine Thévenot. 3 fr. 50. *Direction de Conscience Psychothérapie des Troubles Nerveux.* Par Abbé Arnaud d'Agnel et Dr. d'Espiney. 8 fr. *Le Christ de la Jeunesse.* Par Mgr. Tissier. 3 fr. *La Parole de l'Evangile au Collège.* Par Mgr. Tissier. 3 fr. 50. *Figures Françaises et Pages Nationales.* Par Mgr. Tissier. 6 fr. *A Jésus par Marie.* Par Abbé J. M. Texier. 3 fr. 50. *Ma Journée avec Marie.* Par P. J. M. De Lombarde. 3 fr. 50. *Les Chevaliers du Poignard.* Par Albert Monriot. 7 fr.

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JOHN CARROLL, FIRST ARCHBISHOP OF BALTIMORE (1735-1815).¹

BY BERTRAND L. CONWAY, C.S.P.



JOHN CARROLL, the first Bishop of the United States, was born on January 8, 1735, at Upper Marlboro, Prince George's County, Maryland. His father, Daniel Carroll, was a prominent merchant of the province, who had emigrated from Ireland at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and his mother, Eleanor Darnell, one of Maryland's richest and most highly educated women.

The social and economic conditions of Maryland at the time of Carroll's birth were inimical to the foundation of educational institutions. Towns were few, and the people lived apart on large estates or plantations. Parents at all interested in the education of their children usually sent them abroad, more for social than intellectual reasons. The first attempt of the provincial government to found a college in 1671 was an utter failure, so that a hundred years went by before Washington College at Charlestown was established in 1782.

Catholics labored under the additional disadvantage of a hateful and irritating penal code, which harassed their every move from 1650 to the eve of the Revolution. Their interest,

¹ *The Life and Times of John Carroll, Archbishop of Baltimore (1735-1815).* By Rev. Peter Guilday, D.D. New York: The Encyclopedia Press. 1922. \$5.00.

however, in elementary education is proved by the forty-two legacies for schools bequeathed between the years 1650 and 1685, and by the founding of an excellent private school in 1639 at Newtown, Maryland, then the centre of Jesuit missionary activity. The Orange Rebellion of 1688 closed this school, and the Maryland Assembly of 1704 penalized Catholic school activities for years by making their schools illegal.

From 1715 to 1751 Catholics were free from persecution under a law of Queen Anne, which allowed priests to officiate in private families. Bohemia Manor Academy, which John Carroll attended for about a year with his cousin, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, belongs to this period.

Both boys were sent to St. Omer's in Flanders for their college course (1748-1753). Catholics in the Colonies, like their brethren in Ireland, were forced to have their children educated abroad, not only to safeguard their faith, but to preserve their morals. The non-Catholic schools of the day were grossly immoral, as we learn from the historians of the Established Church of both Maryland and Virginia. All honor to those valiant mothers who made a willing sacrifice of their children's companionship for ten or fifteen years, the better to safeguard their loved Catholic traditions of religion and learning.

St. Omer's, founded by the famous Jesuit Father Robert Persons in 1592, was the best loved school on the continent by the boys of Maryland. With Douay it soon became the best known and most efficient English college abroad. It was a mixed school, made up of young men preparing for life in the world, and of young levites preparing for the priesthood—something like Mount St. Mary's of Emmitsburg today. It had a high reputation among European schools, and visitors "often expressed their astonishment at the easy and fluent manner the students disputed and discoursed in both Greek and Latin." The discipline was spartan in its severity, as we learn from a copy of its rules and regulations still preserved in the Archives of Stonyhurst College.

We know nothing of Carroll's life there, for his letters from home were lost in the confiscation of Bruges College in 1773, and his own letters to his parents have been looked for in vain both in the Baltimore Cathedral Archives and in the Georgetown College collection.

In 1753 he finished his humanities, and entered the Jesuit novitiate at Watten, a town about seven miles from St. Omer's. His life as a Jesuit novice was one of entire self-sacrifice, child-like obedience, perfect poverty and self-denial. He visited the city hospitals, and catechized the poor. He spent a month's pilgrimage with one companion—an old Jesuit custom—always on foot, and begging his way from door to door. "At this time he was at the most malleable stage in the soul's life, and it is hardly an over-estimate to state that in these two years of solid piety and of practical spirituality in the Jesuit novitiate the secret of John Carroll's religious fervor, apostolic zeal and high-minded independence of thought is to be found."

After completing his novitiate, John Carroll spent three years (1755-1758) studying philosophy at Liège, and then returned to St. Omer's to teach the classics. He remained there four years—until the suppression of the Jesuits by the Parliament of Paris, August 6, 1762. He accompanied the exiled professors and students to Bruges, where a new college was at once founded, and, as far as we can learn, returned to Liège the following year to begin his four year's course of theology (1763-1767). He was ordained soon after—some time between 1767 and 1769—and was finally professed on February 2, 1771.

The two years that followed his ordination were chiefly spent traveling in Europe as guardian and tutor of a boy of nineteen, the son of Lord Stourton of England. The Journal of his trip is rather uninteresting and commonplace, but we have four valuable letters that he wrote at this time to Father Ellerker of Liège. They are important, for they furnish a first-hand historical evidence of the suppression of the Jesuits, and afford us a clear insight into the character of Father Carroll. His tone in these letters is rather bitter and caustic, for he felt keenly the injustice of the Roman authorities, who were acting, he imagined, as the complacent tools of the unscrupulous Bourbon politicians of France, Spain and Portugal.

The decree was issued on August 16, 1773. Father Carroll was at Bruges at the time, and within two months he, with Fathers Angier and Plowden, was arrested by the Austrian Commissioners. Unfortunately, Father Carroll's private

papers and letters were confiscated, and efforts to locate them have always proved fruitless.

Father Carroll on his release stayed, for a short time, at the College of Liège and as chaplain of Lord Arundell of Wardour Castle, England. He might have remained permanently at the college teaching or have kept his sinecure post as private chaplain among his English friends, but conditions in the Colonies called peremptorily for his return. He wanted to be in his native land in time of trouble, for he was a patriot in every fibre of his being. He left England in the spring of 1774, and went at once to the house of his brother-in-law, William Brent of Richland, Virginia.

"The political situation of the English colonies had been growing intensely during the decade preceding Father Carroll's return. The public prints of London had kept up a running commentary on the opposition to English rule in the Colonies, and the debates in Parliament brought the revolutionary spirit, which was alive in America, to the heart of the Empire. During the year of his residence in England, John Carroll had excellent opportunities to gauge public opinion, and he returned fully equipped to take part in the movement. There was no question of his patriotism, for he was the first priest of the rebellious Colonies to refuse obedience to the last of the Jesuit superiors, Father John Lewis, who acted all through the war as Vicar-General of the London District. This was not in a spirit of insubordination, but with political cleavage from England, John Carroll believed ecclesiastical separation went also. He declined to conform to the English jurisdiction of Father Lewis, and chose to reside independently with his mother at Rock Creek. He returned an amiable, cultured and polished man, endowed with all the acquirements of the learning of the day."

It is very difficult to give an accurate summary of the status of the Catholic Church on the eve of the Revolution, for the historian has to depend for the most part on legends and uncertain traditions of the towns and cities along the Atlantic coast. "The use of aliases on the part of the priests; the fear of committing historical facts to paper; the inefficient system of keeping records, and the hard missionary life of the day have had the regrettable effect of wrapping these years in a cloak of silence." Roughly speaking, the entire

population was three million, twenty-two thousand of whom were Catholics. In Maryland, the Catholics were mostly of English and Irish origin; in Pennsylvania there were Irish, Scotch, French and German Catholics, with the Germans predominating. The Catholics of New York and New Jersey could be counted by the hundreds, and all along the coast from Massachusetts to Georgia were scattered colonies of the Acadians (Massachusetts, 2,000; South Carolina, 1,500; Maryland, 2,000; Georgia, 400) who had been driven out of Nova Scotia in 1755-56. West of the Proclamation Line were the French Catholic settlements of Detroit, Green Bay, Prairie du Chien, Peoria, Cahokia, Chartres, Kaskaskia, Vincennes, Natchez, New Orleans and Mobile.

The eleven years that elapsed between the Treaty of Paris (1763) and the passage of the Quebec Act (1774) ended in a bitter No Popery campaign. Catholics could not enjoy any place of profit or trust while they continued loyal to the Church. "Toleration, when it did come, came not as the result of any high-minded principles of liberty on the part of the leaders of the Revolution, but accidentally as a by-product of the policy which was born with the spirit of independence." The story of religious liberty in the United States begins with George Mason's Bill of Rights, presented in the Virginia State Convention in 1776.

Despite the bitter anti-Catholic spirit aroused in the Colonies by the passing of the Quebec Act, as evidenced in such documents as the *Address to the People of Great Britain*, the *Petition to the King*, and Alexander Hamilton's *Full Vindication of the Measures of Congress*, Catholics took their full share in the American Revolution. The anti-Catholic feeling was offset largely by the French Alliance, the friendly attitude of Spain, the loyalty of the Catholic Indians of Maine, the assistance of Father Gibault in the West, and the gift of six million dollars by the Catholic bishops and priests to the new Republic in 1780. There was not a Catholic of important social and financial standing who sided with Great Britain in the struggle. Charles Carroll of Carrollton was beyond question one of the foremost Americans of the Revolution. "His action in the burning of the *Peggy Stewart*; his outspoken attitude on independence in the Maryland Convention and in the First Continental Congress in 1774; his commission to

Canada in 1776; his signature to the Declaration of Independence on August 2, 1776; his loyalty to Washington in the foiling of the Conway cabal; his three months' residence at Valley Forge with Washington and the American troops; his part in bringing about the French Alliance; his assistance in organizing the Bank of North America with Robert Morris, Chase and others; and his later career as First Citizen of the Land down to his death in 1832—these give him a place in our annals, of which all Americans are proud."

There are many other names besides his which figure largely among the patriots of the period: Commodore John Barry, the Father of the American Navy; General Stephen Moylan, Muster-Master General to the Army of the United Colonies, and the Colonel of the Light Horse Dragoons; Colonel John Fitzgerald, aide-de-camp and secretary to General Washington; Thomas FitzSimons, a Catholic signer of the Constitution; George Meade, Dr. Joseph Cauffman, Colonel Francis Vigo, Orono, and the most romantic figure of adventure during the whole war, Timothy Murphy.

The American army was made up chiefly of Irish and French officers and soldiers. The final victory at Yorktown was made a certainty by the presence of 7,800 Catholic French soldiers and 20,000 Catholic French sailors of the fleets of de Grasse and de Barras.

Father John Carroll himself took no active part in the Revolution, save to accept the invitation of the Continental Congress to accompany the American Commissioners—Franklin, Chase and his cousin, Charles Carroll—to Quebec. The mission to Canada was a failure, because the Bishop of Quebec, Briand, was loyal to Great Britain, and had no notion of sacrificing the certain toleration of the Quebec Act for the uncertain and, as he thought, hypocritical promises of the United Congress' *Address to the Inhabitants of Quebec*. Father Carroll received scant courtesy in Canada, even from his ex-Jesuit confrères, one of whom, Father Floquet, was punished by Bishop Briand for entertaining Father Carroll at dinner against his express command. The commissioners could not in honesty explain the reason of their country's bigoted protest to England against the Quebec Act, and the unjust laws and persecutions of Catholics in the Colonies.

It has been often stated—without a shadow of proof, however—that Father Carroll was directly instrumental in bringing about the great Constitutional triumph of religious equality before the law. The sixth article of the Constitution—*No religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States*—was considered insufficient by some of the States, and dangerous to the general welfare by others. The first amendment went further in granting religious equality—*Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion*. It took many years for the several States to accept the principle of complete religious freedom. (Georgia, 1798; South Carolina, 1790; New York, 1806; Connecticut, 1818; Delaware, 1831; Massachusetts, 1833; North Carolina, 1835; New Jersey, 1844.) New Hampshire to this day retains the word *Protestant* in its religious clause, and all attempts thus far to change it have failed.

Father Carroll, despite all legends to the contrary, had no part in the drafting of the religious freedom clause of the Constitution, although his sentiments on the matter were well known. We have a letter of his written to Matthew Carey of Philadelphia, January 30, 1789: "After having contributed in proportion to their numbers, equally at least with every other denomination, to the establishment of independence, and run every risk in common with them, it is not only contradictory to the avowed principles of equality in religious rights, but a flagrant act of injustice to deprive them of these advantages to the acquirement of which they so much contributed."

Theoretically, during the American Revolution, the London Vicars-Apostolic (Dr. Challoner, 1759-1781; Dr. Talbot, 1781-1784), were the Superiors of the Catholic clergy and laity in the "Thirteen Provinces of America." As early as 1756, Bishop Challoner tried to persuade Rome to appoint an American Bishop or Vicar-Apostolic in the Colonies. He gave as his reasons: the great distance, which did not permit him to make a visitation in America; his constant lack of information, which hinders him from directing the Church there; the destitute state of the people on account of the lack of the sacrament of Confirmation; and his inability to send a representative there by reason of the distance and the expense. His charges against the Jesuits that they were unwilling to

receive a Vicar-Apostolic or a Bishop because they had ruled the Church in the Colonies so long, are utterly without foundation. The Laity Remonstrance, of July 16, 1765, signed by Charles Carroll, Ignatius Digges, Henry Darnall and two hundred and fifty-six leading Catholic laymen of Maryland, protesting against the appointment of an Apostolical Vicar, was, as Charles Carroll himself assures us, not influenced by the Jesuits in Maryland. These laymen maintained, in a letter to Bishop Challoner accompanying the Remonstrance, that the bitter Puritanism of the Colonies at the time was absolutely hostile to the coming of any bishop, Anglican or Catholic, and that such an appointment would be destructive of peace and harmony. The suggestion of Bishop Challoner that Bishop Briand of Quebec go to the Colonies to give confirmation was too absurd even to be considered. The delay in Carroll's appointment was not due to any apathy on the part of the Holy See, but was caused solely by motives of policy. Rome fully realized the great danger to Church discipline which might arise in the absence of a canonically appointed superior, but there was nothing to gain by forcing the issue upon the rebellious Colonies.

Father Carroll was finally appointed Vicar-Apostolic on June 9, 1784. This luckily nipped in the bud the plans of the Nuncio at Paris, Doria Pamphili, and Cardinal Antonelli, the Prefect of Propaganda, who were trying to have France control the ecclesiastical affairs of the United States. The Nuncio at Paris was as Ordinary to act with the knowledge and understanding of the American Minister in Paris. Subordinate to the Nuncio would be a French Vicar-Apostolic or Bishop, with an official agent at Paris, who would act in concert with the American Minister and the Nuncio. Missionaries for the Church in America were likewise to be selected from among the French clergy. That such a scheme should have been discussed with Franklin, who seemed at first to favor it, proves conclusively how ignorant the Roman authorities were of American Catholic affairs. In fact, the "American clergy were to be at the mercy of meddlers and at the mercy of badly informed chiefs in the Congregation to which they are obliged to look as to their superiors, until an Archbishop of Baltimore (Archbishop Neale to Pius VII., March 6, 1817) breaks the restraint the American clergy must have

felt, and appeals directly to the Pope in a letter, which lacks nothing in its indignation at the sad situation in which Roman curial ignorance had placed them."

Father Carroll's appointment officially ended the jurisdiction of the Vicar-Apostolic of London, and gave the Church in the United States its own autonomy under the jurisdiction of Propaganda. Father Thorpe wrote Father Carroll from Rome, stating the nature of the faculties imparted him by Propaganda, particularly the power of administering confirmation, and stated that as soon as Propaganda had received the necessary information regarding the state of the Church in America, the Holy See would make him Bishop. Father Carroll at once presented this letter to his brethren at the White-marsh Chapter on October 11, 1784, and they drew up a protest against it on the plea that a bishop was unnecessary, and appointed a committee of three to draw up a Memorial to Rome against the appointment.

The appointment was not at all to the liking of Father Carroll, and this protest left him free to decline it. His best friends, however, Fathers Molyneux and Farmer of Philadelphia, wrote strong letters, telling him that it was his duty to accept it for the good of religion. Only the dread of the possible imposition of a foreigner as head of the Church in America made him finally yield to the arguments of his friends. His letter of acceptance was finally written February 27, 1785. This important letter contains the best account of the religious state of the country in the Revolutionary period, and is, therefore, one of the most valuable documents in our history. On March 1st, he sent his famous *Relation of the State of Religion in the United States* to Propaganda, another most valuable document.

Father Carroll had a most difficult task before him. His field was immense in extent and in possibilities. He had but few priests, the majority of whom were old and utterly worn out from the onerous labors of the missions. The means of communication were slow and uncertain, and the liberty of the new Republic invited to its shores many an ecclesiastical adventurer. The administration of church property was to cause quarrels in New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, which threatened the unity of the Church. The spirit of nationalism was beginning to cause untold trouble. There was

no seminary to foster ecclesiastical vocations, and it was most difficult to control the quality of the priests coming from abroad. Only a man of extraordinary ability, piety and tact could have faced those five critical years (1784-1789) and have solved the many problems that met him at every turn.

Father Carroll's first visitation in the summer and fall of 1785 made him realize the imperative needs of the Church in the new Republic. Schools and academies were needed for the education of Catholic children, and a seminary for a future clergy. The relations of the clergy and laity were in a parlous state, owing to the number of intruders and vagabondi, who were causing endless trouble in every centre of his vast diocese. The strong hand of a bishop was absolutely required to settle the many difficult problems of ecclesiastical administration.

His courage and wisdom were shown in his masterly handling of the clergy-trustee squabbles in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore. His attitude was always dignified, just and eminently tactful. Most of the priests under Carroll were ex-Jesuits, who had for years borne the brunt of the struggle for the Faith in the bitter penal days. They had acquired, by bequests, property enough to provide a maintenance for the missionaries, and to carry out many charitable and educational works. Many hoped for the restoration of the Society within a few years, and they were naturally anxious to keep this property intact for their successors. Father Carroll felt that the question of restoration should be set aside for the time being, and that they should at once consolidate themselves and their estates under a recognized chief. The fact that they were not incorporated under the law of Maryland was a constant source of worry to Father Carroll, as we learn from his letters to Cardinal Antonelli. When the ex-Jesuits were attacked in a scurrilous pamphlet by Father Smyth, one time pastor of Frederick, Maryland, he defended them in an able pamphlet, still to be found in the Baltimore Cathedral Archives.

A Memorial asking for a Bishop of the United States was sent to Pope Pius VI. on March 12, 1788, by the American clergy, and acted upon favorably by Propaganda on June 23d. Carroll was at once elected, receiving twenty-four votes out of twenty-eight. This election was confirmed by the Pope

and Propaganda, the Brief appointing Carroll Bishop being issued on November 6, 1789. He was consecrated by Bishop Charles Walmesley, O.S.B., in the chapel of Lulworth Castle, England, August 15, 1790. He remained but two months in England, writing many letters to leading Catholics there, bringing to their attention the needs of his diocese. He was back in Baltimore again on December 7th. He preached in the pro-Cathedral the following Sunday, outlining the tasks that lay before him: "The religious education of Catholic youth; seminary training for the priesthood; the immediate wants of the laity; the supply of the clergy; the preservation of the faith; the inculcation of charity and forbearance, and the safeguarding his people from heresy and religious indifference."

"America's first Catholic bishop was one of the most striking figures of the times. He saw America with American eyes, and spoke of America in terms understood by the American people. He more than any other man knew America's needs, and more than any other man was capable of supplying them."

His first task was to ensure the establishment of discipline in the Church. For this purpose he held the first National Synod in Baltimore, November 7, 1791. It passed many wise laws on the administration of the sacraments, regulations regarding divine services and the observance of holydays, etc. Before it closed, Bishop Carroll asked the clergy present to consider seriously the advisability of petitioning the Holy See for a division of the diocese or for a coadjutor.

Despite a great deal of opposition, Bishop Carroll succeeded in establishing a college at Georgetown in October, 1791. Its opening was made possible by the gifts of his English friends in 1790, and an annual subsidy of one hundred *scudi* for three years from Propaganda. The burden of maintaining the college fell upon the estate of the ex-Jesuits, and that support was cheerfully given by its four first Presidents, Fathers Plunkett, Molyneux, Du Bourg and Neale. In 1806 the college passed definitely into the hands of the Jesuits.

The coming of the Sulpicians to America was due not to the direct invitation of Bishop Carroll, but to the troubled conditions in France at the time. Bishop Carroll himself had not the necessary funds to found or endow a diocesan Sem-

inary, so the offer of Father-General Emery to contribute 130,000 *livres* for the purpose came to him from the clear sky. Ten priests and seminarians left St. Malo on April 8, 1791, and the seminary was opened in Baltimore on October 3d.

Bishop Carroll appreciated most highly the services of these devoted priests. He wrote to Antonelli on April 23, 1792: "The establishment of a seminary is certainly a new and extraordinary spectacle for the people of this Country; the remarkable piety of these priests is admirable, and their example is a stimulant and spur to all who feel themselves called to work in the vineyard of the Lord. . . ."

For the first decade of its existence, the Seminary was a practical failure owing to the lack of students. Indeed, the Father-General had determined to close it and recall the Fathers to France—he did recall three of them—but was finally dissuaded by Pius VII., who said to Father Emery at Paris at the coronation ceremony of Napoleon (December, 1804): "Let the Seminary stand. It will bear fruit in its own time." During Bishop Carroll's episcopate, only thirty priests were ordained at St. Mary's. But in years to come it developed into the best nursery of the American clergy in the United States.

When Carroll became Bishop in 1790 there were no institutions of charity in his vast diocese, and no communities of women devoted to educational work. Outside the frontiers of the United States the only community of women in charge of schools was the Ursulines of New Orleans. For nearly two hundred years their record under the flags of France, Spain and the United States has been a glorious one for the cause of Catholic education. The Ursulines of Cork came to New York at the invitation of Father Kohlman in 1813, and to Charlestown, Mass., in 1815. The Carmelite nuns came to Maryland as early as 1790, and although Bishop Carroll was anxious to have them found a school for young women, they rightly pleaded that active work was against the spirit of their vocation. The Visitation Convent and Academy at Georgetown—originally established by the Poor Clares—was founded by Bishop Neale in 1813. Bishop Carroll was instrumental in having Mrs. Seton found a Catholic girls' school in Baltimore in 1808, and later on he established the Daughters of Charity with Mother Seton as Superior at Emmitsburg,

Maryland. Two other communities of nuns were founded during Bishop Carroll's lifetime—the Sisters of Loretto by Father Nerincks, in 1812, and the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth, founded by Bishop David.

Dr. Carr, a man of great learning and piety, came to Philadelphia in 1796 from Dublin to establish the first house of the Augustinians. And in 1805 Father Fenwick established the Dominican Province of St. Joseph in Kentucky, a territory which he knew well on many an arduous missionary journey. Other orders, such as the Franciscans and the Trappists, came to the United States, but the Church had not yet reached a stage of progress that warranted the successful founding of religious houses of men. The Augustinians and Dominicans were alone successful in making permanent foundations, and even they had to wait several decades before they ventured to multiply their activities.

In April, 1792, Bishop Carroll made a *Report* to Rome on the state of his diocese, and requested Rome either to establish a new diocese in Philadelphia or New York, or to give him a coadjutor. He realized that his diocese was too large to be ruled efficiently by one bishop, and he felt it imperative in view of the long distance from Rome to have a coadjutor bishop on hand in America to assume episcopal authority immediately in case of his death. Rome agreed at once with regard to the appointment of a coadjutor, and asked him to name a worthy candidate. He named Father Graessel of Philadelphia, but he died before the bulls appointing him were received. Father Neale was then selected, and consecrated Bishop on December 7th. Practically speaking, his coadjutorship was of little value to Bishop Carroll, for he divided his time between Georgetown College, of which he was President, and the Visitation Convent, which he had founded. Soon after, Bishop Carroll wrote again to Rome, asking for the division of his immense diocese, and Propaganda finally answered (June 26, 1802), suggesting the foundation of four or five new dioceses, with Baltimore as the Metropolitan See. Six years of constant letter writing were to pass before the four new dioceses were finally formed.

On April 8, 1808, Pius VII. appointed Bishop Cheverus in Boston, Bishop Concanen in New York, Bishop Egan in Philadelphia, and Bishop Flaget in Bardstown. Bishop Concanen

never reached America, for he died in Naples; the other three bishops were consecrated in October and November, 1810.

"No accurate description of the general condition of Catholic life in the five dioceses can be given. It was a time of pioneer civilization. The waves of the great emigration which flowed towards the shores of America hardly reached our coasts until after Archbishop Carroll had passed away to his reward. The object nearest the hearts of these, our earliest spiritual shepherds, was the strengthening the faith of their people, the building of churches, the preparation of young men for the priesthood, and, above all, the creation of a thorough system of Catholic education for the young."

John Cheverus, New England's first Catholic Bishop, was born at Mayenne in France, January 28, 1768. Ordained in 1790, he was Vicar-General of Mans, when he was forced to leave France on account of the Revolution. He fled to England, in September, 1792, and left for the United States on the invitation of his friend, Father Matignon, of Boston. He at once sent a characteristic letter to Bishop Carroll: "Send me where you think I am most needed, without making yourself anxious about the means of my support. I am willing to work with my hands, if need be." He became an American citizen, and identified himself with all public movements. Bishop Cheverus ruled the diocese for eight years after the death of Archbishop Carroll, and then returned to France, where he died in 1836, Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux.

John Gilmary Shea, in his *History of the Church in the United States*, declares that the appointment of Richard Luke Concanen to the See of New York was due to the recommendation of Archbishop Troy of Dublin, and he adds that "Archbishop Carroll and Bishops Cheverus and Flaget saw with gloomy forebodings their advice set aside at Rome in deference to that of prelates strangers to the country." There is not the slightest foundation for these extraordinary statements.

Bishop Connolly, Bishop Concanen's successor, reached New York on November 24, 1815. New York then had a population of between thirteen and fifteen thousand Catholics, who were cared for by five priests. The Bishop was not received with any enthusiasm, and "for the ten years of his episcopate he found himself out of sympathy with some of his

priests and people, and more than once during that period his attitude on grave questions imperiled the safety and the peace of the Church in his diocese."

Father Michael Egan was born in Ireland in 1761. He was a learned, modest and humble priest, never very robust, and, as an administrator, lacking in firmness. He was at St. Mary's, Philadelphia, when he was made Bishop of that See, and he at once started on a visitation "to correct bad customs, to abolish abuses, and to encourage his priests in the performance of their duties." He lived to administer his diocese only six years.

Archbishop Carroll was most anxious to have an American appointed as successor to Bishop Egan. He wrote to this effect to all his suffragans, suggesting Fathers David, Du Bourg, Hurley and Gallitzin. But despite all his efforts, the Irish Bishops seemed to have the ear of the Holy See, and no decision was reached concerning Philadelphia before his death. In 1820, Bishop Conwell of Dungannon, Ireland, was made Bishop of Philadelphia, "an appointment which was more surprising to Archbishop Curtis of Armagh than if he had been made Emperor of China."

The Sulpician Father Flaget was born in France in 1763. He came to America in 1792, and was sent by Bishop Carroll to Port Vincennes, then on the frontier of the Baltimore diocese. Recalled by his Sulpician Superior in 1794, he became a professor at Georgetown College, and in 1798 went to Havana to help Du Bourg with his college scheme. He returned to Baltimore in 1801, and taught at St. Mary's College in 1805. He was at Emmitsburg when called to the Bishopric of Bardstown. He did his best to decline the honor conferred upon him, appealing first to Bishop Carroll, and even going to France to enlist the aid of his Father-General. Both commanded him to comply with the wishes of the Holy See, and Bishop Flaget found himself chief shepherd of a flock that was scattered from the Canadian border to the Savannahs of Georgia.

In this immense territory, Bishop Flaget had eight priests—three seculars, four Dominicans and one Sulpician—to help him. He at once established a seminary at Bardstown, the professors and seminarians making the bricks and cutting the wood to build St. Thomas', the first institution of the kind

erected west of the Alleghenies. He spent about two years making a complete visitation of his diocese, and embodied the result of his travels in a remarkable *Report*, which he forwarded to Pius VII. on April 10, 1815. He had by this time ten priests, sixteen ecclesiastical students, a Catholic population of ten thousand, and nineteen churches. Ohio had 50 families with no priest; Indiana, 130 families, with a priest visiting them twice a year; Illinois, three parishes—Cahokia, Kaskaskia and Prairie du Rocher—with two priests. Bishop Flaget was the perfect type of missionary bishop—simple, untiring, beloved by his people, devoted to work among the Indians, and of remarkable influence in the councils of the Church and of Rome. He resigned his See in 1832, and was succeeded by another Sulpician, Father David.

“To a great extent, the last five years of Archbishop Carroll’s life would seem, at first glance, to be overshadowed by the march of events in the dioceses suffragan to Baltimore; but a careful study of the state of religion in these different parts of the country reveals the grasp he possessed to the very end on all that concerned the good of religion and of Catholicism as a factor in American life.”

By a rescript of January 29, 1791, the whole tract of the Mississippi Valley became automatically a part of Bishop Carroll’s extra-diocesan jurisdiction. After the cession of Louisiana to the United States he, at the instance of Rome, wrote to President Madison about church conditions in Louisiana, and the President replied, saying that the American Government would welcome an end to the religious strife which was distracting the city of New Orleans. Bishop Carroll had great difficulty in persuading any of his priests to go to New Orleans, but the post was finally accepted by Father Du Bourg, who later on became Bishop of Louisiana, September 24, 1815. On March 10, 1804, Propaganda also gave Archbishop Carroll juridic powers over the Danish Islands of the West Indies, St. Eustace, the Barbados, St. Kitt’s, Antigua, and all other islands not under the rule of a Bishop, Vicar-Apostolic or Prefect-Apostolic.

The status of the Diocese of Baltimore, at Archbishop Carroll’s death, may be studied in Maréchal’s *Report* to Propaganda on October 16, 1818. At that time there were 100,000 Catholics, chiefly in Maryland, who were cared for by fifty-

two priests. Baltimore had four churches, a seminary, colleges, convents, schools and the beginnings of a Catholic press to refute misrepresentations, and to diffuse Catholic truth. During the whole of his episcopate, Bishop Carroll suffered greatly from a constant influx of unworthy priests, who were creating disturbance everywhere. More than once, he stated that he would let some parishes do without a priest's ministrations rather than send the people priests of whose doctrine and conduct he was uncertain. The lack of priests was the reason of many an apostasy in the early days, for the 25,000 Catholics of 1785 represent only a small part of the hundreds of thousands of Catholics who had emigrated to America in the two centuries preceding the Revolution.

The scarcity of Catholic schools was another reason of the loss of faith. "The Church may flourish in poverty, even abject poverty, but its light flickers and dies in the midst of ignorance." The first parochial schools were in Philadelphia (St. Mary's, 1781; Holy Trinity, 1789; St. Augustine's, 1811), New York (St. Peter's, 1800), Boston, 1820, Vincennes, 1792, Pottinger's Creek, 1805, and Baltimore (St. Peter's, St. Patrick's and St. John's, 1815). There were only four colleges (Georgetown, 1789; St. Mary's, Baltimore, 1805; Mount St. Mary's, Emmitsburg, 1809, and the New York Literary Institute, 1809).

The Trustee system caused untold trouble in the last five years of Archbishop Carroll's episcopate, the laity rebelling in many of the larger cities against the most essential part of all canonical legislation—the spiritual authority of the bishop over the pastorates of his diocese. Bishop Carroll came out victor in every contest save in the Charleston case, and even that was decided in favor of Archbishop Neale once the real facts were known at Rome.

Archbishop Carroll died on December 3, 1815. His last public act was to decline the gracious invitation sent him by the committee in charge to pronounce the chief discourse at the laying of the corner-stone of the Washington Monument on July 4, 1815. He was feeble at the time, and was expecting death at any moment.

Father Grassi gives a good estimate of his character in his *Memorie* (1818). He writes: "To his courtesy of demeanor was joined a rare goodness of heart, qualities which won him the merited esteem and respect of the public, not

only Catholic, but non-Catholic. In the eyes of some, he was not cautious enough in his choice of confidants, and he was prone to give in to Protestants more than he should have done, and to appoint trustees over churches when he could have done well without them, and so averted all the troubles which our missionaries suffered at the hands of those same persons, with damage to religion itself."

Shea writes of him: "Posterity has retained the veneration and esteem entertained in this country for Archbishop Carroll, and the calm scrutiny of history in our day recognizes the high estimate of his personal virtues, his purity, meekness, prudence and his providential work in molding the diverse elements in the United States into an organized Church. His administrative ability stands out in high relief when we view the results produced by others who, unacquainted with the country and the Catholics here, rashly promised themselves to cover the land with the blossoms of peace, but raised only harvests of thorns. With his life of large experience in civil and religious vicissitudes, through whose storms his faith in the mission of the Church never wavered, closed a remarkable period in the history of the Church in the United States."

As Bishop Cheverus well styled him in his address in 1810 at the establishment of the hierarchy, he was "the charioteer of God." He led the army of God through every danger with a courage that none could gainsay, and with a success which is his perennial memory in the annals of the Catholic faith in the Republic he had helped to create and mold."

We have tried to give a summary—often in the words of the writer—of this remarkable biography of a most remarkable Bishop. It is the work of a careful scholar, who has gone to the sources for his every statement, and who has given us the results of his studies honestly and impartially. It is a work of which the American Church and the Catholic University may well be proud, for it satisfies the standards of the most exacting scholarship, and is, at the same time, highly interesting, readable and well written.

THE PAGANISM OF MR. YEATS.

BY JAMES J. DALY, S.J.



It is some twenty years ago that I listened to Mr. William Butler Yeats explaining to a large American audience his gospel of the beautiful. A tall, graceful form; a countenance of winning intelligence, stamped with the preoccupied and pathetic ardors of the visionary; dark hair parted at the side and allowed to fall carelessly in a heavy mass over a high forehead; a voice that paid no attention to itself, so engrossed was it with ideas, but pleasing withal; gestures of natural courtesy, and the aura of a great reputation—such external recommendations as these were not lost upon the poet's audience. He seemed like a young god of the Greeks, Hyperion, as it were, in evening dress.

The suggestion of a Greek god was carried out in the tenor of his speech. He presented himself to us as a leader in a national movement. The modern spirit of commercialism, he said, was destroying the beauty and happiness of the world. It was rampant in England, and had penetrated Irish life. He had consecrated all his powers to restore to his native land the antique reverence and heroic gesture of its pagan gods, its fighting men and milk-white valorous women of pre-Christian days. Ireland was to be redeemed from its bondage to England and the modern spirit of commercialism by a revival of popular belief in fairies. The folk-lore of the people on the western coast of Ireland, where English tradition had made least headway, was saturated with poetry of an unearthly loveliness, which would regenerate decadent Ireland.

The eloquent young lecturer kept in touch with his hard-headed American audience by admitting that the Gaelic revival, as it was outlined by him, was most probably a movement of defeat. But he won all hearts by the fervor of his declaration that a true man wrought according to his ideals, never stopping to calculate chances or to ask whether defeat or success awaited the end of his day's work. It was a most

unworldly attitude: and there are few persons so worldly as not to enjoy the spectacle of other-worldliness, especially when it is invested with the charm of poetry and the accents of a comely and youthful dreamer.

I can recall the puzzled state of my feelings at the time. The lecturer's other world was different from mine. His was a world of shadowy and baleful forms and voices, evoked from the glooms of night and the terrors and tendernesses of winds and waves and lonely mountain glades. Mine was a world of spiritual realities, divinely gracious, as actual to me as the body I wore, and far more precious. This world of mine, which has been called the Kingdom of Heaven, had supplanted that world of his at Infinite cost, and had inspired heroisms of service and sacrifice in order to carry light and hope and gladness to that whilom world which the Irish poet depicted in such attractive colors. He cheapened everything that I held sacred and passing fair, and glorified a system of life and conduct, which, whatever may be said about the externals of its pageantry, harbored horror and corruption at its heart. Nowhere was my world so quickly and firmly and gratefully established in the hearts of the people as in the land of his birth, where it has endured through centuries of prosperity, at first, and, then, of unparalleled trials, as a most potent spiritual force at the service of all mankind. The young poet seemed actually to resent the completeness of the Christian conquest of his native land. There was an unaccustomed note of stridency in his voice when he asserted that his movement would brook no dictation from the pulpits of his country.

And yet one could not find it in his heart to dislike the young poet who was so obviously sincere in advocating a lost cause, even though it was the lost cause of all the spirits of darkness. I could only sit and wonder and make surmises about the formation of mind, the prejudice, the habits, the association and studies and temper of soul, which could so blind a man of high intelligence to the moral and spiritual beauty of Christianity as to lead him to express a deliberate preference, on ethical as well as æsthetic grounds, for the weird paganisms of the past. If there are any good reasons for Matthew Arnold's definition of poetry, namely, that it is a criticism of life, what are we to think of poetry which declares

that paganism is a more desirable thing than Christianity? Rationalism merely registers a broad fact at its minimum valuation when it tells us through one of its favorite historians: "It was reserved for Christianity to present to the world an ideal character, which through all the changes of eighteen centuries has inspired the hearts of men with an impassioned love; has shown itself capable of acting on all ages, nations, temperaments and conditions; has been not only the highest pattern of virtue, but the strongest incentive to its practice, and has exercised so deep an influence that it may be truly said that the simple record of three short years of active life has done more to regenerate and to soften mankind, than all the disquisitions of philosophers, and all the exhortations of moralists." And it might be added without fear of contradiction, "than all poems ancient and modern."

I could not help concluding, after hearing Mr. Yeats explain the principles of his art, that he was living strangely apart from the great streams of humanity. His points of contact with life, especially in his native land, were its fancies and extravagances rather than its realities. Subsequent confirmation was not lacking in certain essays, in which the Irish poet writes about fairies in a vein of religious reverence and belief, and in casual allusions met with in the publications of his friends where they refer to him as "Willie" Yeats in a tone of amused indulgence, as if he were hopelessly committed to eccentricities of thought.

I need not say that many men prefer paganism to Christianity for worse reasons than an obstinately unpractical turn of mind. Perhaps this is the consideration which procures for Mr. Yeats a kindly tolerance from people who find neopaganism a bore and a nuisance. He seems so simple and honest in the weaving of his filmy lace-work of pale dreams that one pities him for finding Christianity "lower than the heart's desire." One has to understand Mr. Yeats; his is the winsome willfulness of infancy; concessions must be made to peculiarities of mind out of the common run; if he hurts us with his pretty arrows, he does it as a child does it, that is, in the least offensive of all possible modes of assault.

But great poetry cannot spring from such a soil. Sanity and sobriety of judgment on the large issues of life are still, and always have been, the marks of major poets and prose-

writers. "I'd rather be a kitten and cry, Mew! than write the best poetry in the world on condition of laying aside common sense in the ordinary transactions and business of the world." It is probable Sir Walter Scott knew very well that great poetry could never be written on such a condition; but his words serve to illustrate the attitude of genius of the highest rank in the relationship of art to life.

It is unfortunate for the cause of poetry that a man of Mr. Yeats' fine fervor of workmanship should have become early and permanently obsessed by an impossible idea. "The attempt to revive an ancient myth—as distinguished from an ancient story of human life—however alluring, however illustrated by poets of genius, seems to me," says that acute critic of poetry, Francis T. Palgrave, "essentially impossible. It is for the details, not for the whole, that we read *Hyperion*, or *Prometheus Unbound*, or the German *Iphigenia*. Like the great majority of post-classical verse in classical languages, those modern myths are but exercises on a splendid scale." The Gaelic revival became for Mr. Yeats nothing else than precisely that, namely, an endeavor to resuscitate a dead past, and to furnish forth out of its outworn emotions and primitive religious experiences food and raiment for modern needs. Mr. Yeats has succeeded in composing some graceful academic exercises; nothing more. With doubts about the vital actuality of his method, he has employed a loose symbolism to establish contact with the world of living men; but the device can hardly be said to have succeeded in winning for his verse attention more serious than that which we pay to mere brilliant exercises of an accomplished artist. Mr. Yeats has wasted excellent poetic capacity in becoming a minor poet, engaged in the gentle but ineffectual labor of rescuing a remote twilight and an ancient darkness from the floods of splendor, in which St. Patrick's flaming sword engulfed them.

If anyone wishes to study the sterility of the sources to which Mr. Yeats has gone for inspiration, he will discover a striking object-lesson in the poet's recently published volume of selected poems.¹ They are conveniently divided for such a study into chronological periods. If we confine ourselves to the lyrics, which are more characteristic of Mr. Yeats' genius than his dramatic pieces and contain the flower of his

¹ *Selected Poems*. By William Butler Yeats. New York: The Macmillan Co.

achievement, we shall find a curiously progressive deterioration in his work. The earliest group of poems is dated 1885-1892, and contains such favorites as "The Lake Isle of Innisfree," "The Fiddler of Dooney," and "The Ballad of Father Gilligan." Here are the new and entrancing magic and music which charmed us years ago and sharpened the edge of expectation. Alas, for youthful promise! The young poet sang from the peak of his excellence. He has never surpassed these little miracles of rare Celtic rapture: their secret has escaped the bewildered singer, and his song since then has been a groping effort, successful at ever lengthening intervals, to recover that first fine careless rapture. There are notes of sadness and failure in the later poems of the period between 1904 and 1919, and it is rather poignant to read, in one of the last poems in the collection,

I have no speech but symbol, the pagan speech I made
Amid the dreams of youth.

If there is need of a crowning proof of the falseness and futility of the trail which Mr. Yeats has been following, it can be found in the rather astounding absence, in these later poems, of any sign of interest in the recent stirring history of his country. When he was young he declared his pagan creed, with all the bold confidence of youth, in his "To Ireland in the Coming Times," turning his back on the traditional sanctities of his land and sighing ecstatically,

Ah, faeries, dancing under the moon,
A Druid land, a Druid tune!

and he promises himself, in spite of his recusancy, a secure place among the patriot bards of Irish history:

Nor may I less be counted one
With Davis, Mangan, Ferguson.

How pitiful sounds this young boast in the presence of the mature performance! The little red Rose has been plunged in its bath of heroic blood, and the deeds of Cuchulainn and all the chariot-chiefs and kings of Ulster have been outdone, while cities flamed and tumbled, and all the world looked on

in wonder; and Mr. Yeats can find nothing to inspire a song except some cryptic discontent of his own at the course of events. I know nothing whatever concerning the political ideas of Mr. Yeats during the last six years; but I gather from these poems that he has been out of sympathy with the men who cast life and liberty and possessions into the scales in a supreme conflict for their country's freedom. If I am correct in my surmise, it is a sinister commentary on the uselessness of a false intellectualism in any practical crisis. I do not deny the sincerity and fervor of Mr. Yeats' patriotism. It is through no immediate fault of his that the great Dawn of his dreams should break at long last and find him listless. The fault is to be traced back to that remote day when he so far departed from realities as to scorn the living Faith which has been the mainstay of his people, through trials in which pretty Druid fancies would be insults if they were offered as hopes or alleviations.

The strange irony of the situation lies in the fact that the men who blew the smoldering dreams of Ireland into the white flame of Easter Week and perished in it with exultation, caught much of their enthusiasm from Mr. Yeats' own sources. The two Pearses, Padraic and William, Thomas MacDonagh and Joseph Plunkett, not to mention others, drew inspiration and instruction from the fine idealism of old Celtic legends of early paganism. The fire which Mr. Yeats was so prominent in kindling, gave them warmth at the supreme moment, but could impart no life-giving heat to himself. For the Irish poet's theory of life is a paralyzing thing. The nature-worship of Celtic paganism, which so captivates him, contains no concepts of right or wrong, duty or obligation. "No thought of Calvary," he makes one of the characters say in "The Land of Heart's Desire," "troubled the morning stars in their first song." It is hard for the ordinary Christian to see why the thought of Calvary should cause trouble, rather than great love and hope, to anyone; but, of course, the poet is correct. Stars and mountains and winds and similar objects of nature are never troubled by any thoughts whatever. The irresponsible freedom of the wild things of nature fascinates the poet. The trouble of living rationally, of thinking and obeying and performing duty, is distasteful to him. Any religion which emphasizes the responsibility of the individual, and presents

truth with a corollary of precept—as the Catholic religion does—fatigues and disgusts Mr. Yeats. And so we have lyrics like the following, in which he draws his robe about him and withdraws disdainfully from the human world, as from a lower world than the mindless world which he loves:

Outworn heart, in a time outworn,
Come clear of the nets of wrong and right;
Laugh, heart, again in the gray twilight,
Sigh, heart, again in the dew of the morn.

Your mother Eire is always young,
Dew ever shining and twilight gray;
Though hope fall from you and love decay,
Burning in fires of a slanderous tongue.

Come, heart, where hill is heaped upon hill:
For there the mystical brotherhood
Of sun and moon and hollow and wood
And river and stream work out their will;

And God stands winding His lonely horn,
And time and the world are ever in flight;
And love is less kind than the gray twilight,
And hope is less dear than the dew of the morn.

As the beautiful expression of a common mood, these verses can be accorded due admiration. Wordsworth has done it better in a famous sonnet, though he was not “a pagan suckled in a creed outworn.” As an expression of a philosophy of life it is fatuous and futile.

Padraic Pearse’s philosophy was different, and can be inferred from the verses which he could write for his mother while he was waiting for the firing squad:

Dear Mary, thou who saw thy first-born Son
Go forth to die amidst the scorn of men,
Receive my first-born son into thy arms
Who also goeth forth to die for men;
And keep him by thee till I come for him.
Dear Mary, I have shared thy sorrows,
And soon shall share thy joys.

Thomas MacDonagh passed the hours between the time his sister, a nun, left his cell and the moment of execution, kneel-

ing before his crucifix. These leaders, in a desperate chance, all went to Confession and Holy Communion as a preparation for fighting and dying. Michael Mallen, we read, "prayed into the very rifles of the men who shot him, and his last words were: 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!'" And in his last letter to his wife we find, among other instructions, the following: "If you can, I would like you to dedicate Una to the service of God, and also Joseph. Do this if you can, and pray Our Divine Lord that it may be so. . . . Una, my little one, be a nun. Joseph, my little man, be a priest if you can."

Mr. Yeats' "September, 1913," inclines us to suspect that his view of facts like these is derisory and contemptuous:

What need you, being come to sense,
But fumble in a greasy till
And add the half pence to the pence
And prayer to shivering prayer, until
You have dried the marrow from the bone;
For men were born to pray and save:
Romantic Ireland's dead and gone,
It's with O'Leary in the grave.

Yet they were of a different kind
The names that stilled your childish play,
They have gone about the world like wind,
But little time had they to pray
For whom the hangman's rope was spun,
And what, God help us, could they save:
Romantic Ireland's dead and gone,
It's with O'Leary in the grave.

Was it for this the wild geese spread
The gray wing upon every tide;
For this that all that blood was shed,
For this Edward Fitzgerald died,
And Robert Emmet and Wolfe Tone,
All that delirium of the brave;
Romantic Ireland's dead and gone,
It's with O'Leary in the grave.

Yet could we turn the years again,
And call those exiles as they were,

In all their loneliness and pain
You'd cry "some woman's yellow hair
Has maddened every mother's son:"
They weighed so lightly what they gave;
But let them be, they're dead and gone,
They're with O'Leary in the grave.

Thus Mr. Yeats in "September, 1913." Only two years later, there broke forth such a delirium of the brave as Mr. Yeats never dreamed. And the only men who figured prominently in the outbreak were young clerks and teachers who found time to pray, waiting for the executioner, because prayer had been a life-long habit. As between Pearse and Mr. Yeats, there can be no doubt which Emmet would recognize as a kindred spirit. Was ever a poet's reading of his people so palpably and so quickly falsified? I am astonished that Mr. Yeats should have the courage to include in his *Selected Poems* "September, 1913," after Easter Week, 1916.

It is a rather ungracious speculation, but one can hardly help wondering whether Mr. Yeats' lyrical inertness in the stirring events of recent years is due to the marked Christian character of the valor so epically displayed. I am certain he shares none of the blind bigotry of the sectaries of the North. But even a kindly and tolerant paganism loses patience sometimes with an inflexible creed; and we are not surprised to find the furry, soft and charming paganism of Mr. Yeats unsheathing acerbities in a note appended to "The Countess Cathleen." At the first performance of this play in Dublin, the actors, we are told, "had to face a very vehement opposition stirred up by a politician and a newspaper, the one accusing me in a pamphlet, the other in long articles, day after day, of blasphemy because of the language of the demons or of Shemus Rua, and because I made a woman sell her soul and yet escape damnation, and of a lack of patriotism because I made Irish men and women, who, it seems, never did such a thing, sell theirs. The politician or the newspaper persuaded some forty Catholic students to sign a protest against the play, and a Cardinal, who avowed that he had not read it, to make another, and both politician and newspaper made such obvious appeals to the audience to break the peace, that a score or so of police were sent to the theatre to see that they did not.

I had, however, no reason to regret the result, for the stalls, containing almost all that was distinguished in Dublin, and a gallery of artisans alike insisted on the freedom of literature." Literature, of course, must be free, free to hurt the weakest and to desecrate the highest, even though one must sell his soul to exercise that freedom. But when I reflect that the poet, who thought it admirable for a lady to sell her soul for her country, sat in safe seclusion while the Catholic students, who denounced the nefarious transaction, were selling their lives for his country, I am again astonished at some of the inclusions in this volume of selected poems.

The frozen apathy of Mr. Yeats' muse in the high-tide of his country's heroic mood can be due only to his poor understanding of the soul of Ireland. He worships beauty in the abstract, and believes that a poet should be concerned with the making of beautiful poems, regardless of moral, religious or patriotic import. He tells us in verses which do not find a place in his selected poems that:

When I was young
I had not given a penny for a song
Did not the poet sing it with such airs
That one believed he had a sword upstairs,

and he snorts at this allegiance of poetry to any cause whatever. In those young days, he thought he saw beauty in a far-off paganism, whose harshnesses came softened to him by the mists of distance, and he dedicated his muse to the service of paganism with a devotion that can hardly be said to have languished much in the interval. Now, I do not think I shall offend historical judgment in any sane quarter by saying that the soul of Ireland, if it has worn beauty as a garment any times these fifteen hundred years, has worn it woven of the faith and aspiration and white purities and rubrical sacrifices of Catholic fidelities and consecrations. How can a poet, who seems to be organically bereft of the power to see so prominent a reality, hope to "be counted one with Davis, Mangan, Ferguson" in the memory of his country and mankind?

The sad fact is that the early impulse of "The Wind Among the Reeds" has been too tenuous and too unrelated with reality to survive. Mr. Yeats, having lost his lyric voice,

busies himself now with fantastic experiments in drama. His "Four Plays for Dancers," appearing almost simultaneously with his volume of "Selected Poems," offers small compensation to those who have liked him for his singing quality. In these new plays, he has gone to the old Greek theatre for hints in construction, setting and properties. It is not easy to describe the result. The vague, shadowy, formless visions of Oisin are not happy amid the precise proprieties of classic Greece. Mr. Yeats and the school of Irish poets, which he has founded, remind me of Lady Penelope and Lady Binks and the other fair revelers at Shaws-Castle: "Who can describe the wonders wrought by active needles and scissors, aided by thimbles and thread, upon silver gauze and sprigged muslin? Or, who can show how, if the fair nymphs of the spring did not entirely succeed in attaining the desired resemblance to heathen Greeks, they at least contrived to get rid of all similitude to sober Christians?"

TO ONE WHO OUGHT TO BE A CATHOLIC.

BY SUMMERFIELD BALDWIN, 3D.

AND have my prayers and words been all in vain?
 Dost thou reject the treasure I have found?
 Must the great cloud of witnesses around
 Lament to see thee lingering in the plain,
 Weep as they watch thy powers slowly wane,
 Grieving that with earth's shackles thou art bound?
 Has the good seed been sown in stony ground
 That might a hundred fold have brought forth grain?

God will provide. Nor shall I cease to pray
 That thou, become partaker with the throng,
 May live expectant of the eternal day,
 Thy death made life, thy weaknesses made strong,
 That arm in arm with thee, good friend, I may
 Press on to hear the high triumphal song.

"SISTER ANSELMINE."

A PORTRAIT BY A SKEPTIC.

BY E. M. WALKER.



THE name of Ernest Psichari is familiar to many, even to those who have not read the strange, mystical and moving document which recounts the conversion of Renan's grandson in the scorching desert of Sahara—"an unforgettable record," as a critic has termed it. Fewer still know that the mystic's father, a distinguished Greek philologist, has since written a book which, although lacking the literary qualities, the genius and the passion of *Le Voyage du Centurion* (*A Soldier's Pilgrimage*, as the English publisher has called the translation), is yet of considerable interest because it, too, is in its way a human document. Moreover, it voices for us the feelings and opinions of a growing number of Frenchmen. Noble, and touched by the flame of *l'union sacrée*, yet unable to believe, these men have dissociated themselves from the violence and injustice of the anti-clericals; they are respectful of the old Faith, and preach Amenity and Love, striving to understand where they do not believe, finding Catholicism so deeply rooted in the soil of France that it would be impossible, and undesirable even were it possible, to destroy it.

With what insight and discrimination M. Jean Psichari has grasped the Catholic ideal of sanctity is proved by his inimitable pen portrait of the heroine of his novel, *Sister Anselmine*. She gives the book its title (*Sœur Anselmine*); and the motto on the front page taken from Dante, *Più che la stella*, brighter than the stars, refers to her. We are not surprised that she ends by converting, first her brother, and then that brother's friend. She is first presented to us in the winter of 1869-1870 as a little girl of eleven:

A tall child, with blue eyes innocent and clear. *Clarity*, that is the word which best describes her, clarity not only of face, but of her whole being. She was beautiful, and she

was radiantly clear. This clarity (but how express the inexpressible?) was the color of her soul—if clarity has a color. Simplicity, a simplicity manifested by her gestures, her glances, her heart, her thoughts, seemed to be an emanation from this clarity, a natural gift. That which is clear has no complexity. Clarity, by its very essence, is simple. The simplicity of Anselmine and her clarity had, as their necessary complement, gayety, which was, as it were, the natural sound given forth by this smooth, transparent crystal.

Her devotion, intense though it was, called up no image of sombre flame, but rather suggested a fire whose rosy diaphanous brilliance was undimmed by the slightest suspicion of smoke. When she sacrificed herself, which she did often, there was no trace in her self-sacrifice of black resolutions, still less (which is even more meritorious) of that tendency we, most of us, have to admire ourselves in our sacrifices.

Similarly, when she prayed, the upward flight of her prayer was fervent and tranquil, passionate and joyous. But in describing Anselmine, it is difficult to find a word with the exact shade of meaning, for when we think of her, expressions occur to us that make us afraid. She looked forward to Sunday and all other festivals as days on which she was going to *amuse* herself thoroughly. Yes, that is the word which best describes the state of this clear and gay and simple soul. To be there, in the House of God, to give herself up to her devotions, to offer herself to God, to pray to Him, to think of Him—above all, to think of Him—why, these formed a whole series of good and pleasant things. There was nothing austere in them, nothing repellent, nothing obligatory. The free offering, the complete gift of herself could but gladden her heart. Anselmine found happiness in her piety.

By the time she was thirteen, her clear and gay simplicity had already found in sacrifice the solution of every difficulty—sacrifice, which dominated and determined her whole existence.

Already, when as quite a little child she had knelt by Jean's side at the bedside of their father, she had been conscious of the need her brother would have of her; later, at the deathbed of their elder brother in 1870, she resolved to consecrate her life to Jean, not to marry, to remain with their mother and him, to give her whole self, angel of

devotion and simplicity that she was, for the good of Jean. This course was envisaged and willed by her in an instant.

Her instinct was probably true, for Jean, though charming, talented and lovable, was weak. He was not twenty when he allowed an unhappy love affair to cast over his young life a gloom that was never subsequently dissipated. This, it seems to us, was not faithfulness, but selfish blindness, for assuredly the lady was unworthy of his devotion. Moreover, he sacrificed his sister, who long remained unmarried for his sake, and who, when she did at length marry a certain Marquis, a devoted Catholic and celebrated Hebrew scholar who had been injured by an accident during his excavations in Palestine, did so mainly for Jean's sake and in the hope of aiding his conversion. For it had happened that her brother's Greek and Hebrew studies had led him to skepticism, whereas, Anselmine argued, in view of her Marquis' robust faith, "the Bible rightly understood would save him." This marriage, as it turned out, brought to Anselmine what she had never looked for, a season of perfect and passionate love. But her earthly happiness did not last long, and after the death of her husband, she turned again to Jean, determined to save him, having learned from the very depth of her own personal grief how great is the misery of the creature, how insistent and exacting the duties that lie near us. And Jean, in the long run, was converted. A serious illness, his first glimpse of the abyss of death, the strong pull of his long line of ancestors, all did their part. For, says the chronicler:

Ideas, sensations, sentiments even, lie sleeping within us, silent amid the tumult of existence. . . . It is easy to speak of the fears of the dying who seek absolution. Yes, doubtless, fear is present, but it is not all. There is something higher: there is seemliness, decency, tradition, the Past: there is History. And these are noble motives.

Such a paragraph is typical of one phase of Latin skepticism. But, besides all this, for Jean de Warlaing there was Anselmine:

The dear and limpid visage smiled at him with so happy a simplicity, so natural a gayety; the brother felt himself

at that moment so utterly of the same flesh as his sister; so intense a communion was established between them, a communion born of centuries of consanguinity, that it appeared to him only natural to believe as she believed. . . . The momentary faith passed on the morrow, but the light of Anselmine remained. This light he saw it always, resting on her childlike gracious face. And, sincerely, he asked himself this question: Did not the depth and the sincerity of Anselmine hide a foundation of the truth? Have we the right to disdain this fact, belief; this human reality, the believer?

So much for Jean's standpoint, but we are also told:

At the critical moment of Jean de Warlaing's syncope, this gay and luminous and simple being, judged it quite natural to promise herself to God if He would grant her brother time for conversion, and to undertake to renounce the world herself directly she had lost him. She had two seconds in which to decide, so far as in her lay, the eternal fate of Jean, and she decided after this fashion. She knew that he was saved when he opened his eyes once more and smiled at her. The efficacy of sacrifice appeared to her at that moment more self-evident than ever.

Strange portrait for a skeptic, this heroine who becomes a nun and ultimately saves her brother and her childhood's friend! Yet not so strange when we consider France and all she stands for. A Frenchman who believes in goodness and beauty has no need to seek them in the curious by-paths of new faiths and high-sounding so-called Religions of Humanity. The Christian and Catholic ideal of sanctity is rooted in his native soil, flourishes under his eyes, making the present solid with the past. Belief, or unbelief: the issue is clear to him, clear with French clearness. To have known an Anselmine is a great responsibility, but a great grace, too. It is not wonderful that many Frenchmen end by crying out, as M. Psichari makes André Pauron cry: "Everything for the religion that produces such beings!"

HAS THE CATHOLIC PRESS FAILED ?

BY GEORGE N. KRAMER.



CATHOLICS in the United States today stand at the crossroads in their press development. They are experiencing a period of agitation which will result in either a better Catholic press or a return to the dismal past and failure. As in all campaigns, the situation will be either better or worse; it can never be quite the same.

The first practical step in this new era was taken by the archbishops and bishops in their first annual meeting in September, 1919, when they established and personally financed the Department of Press and Publicity of the National Catholic Welfare Council in Washington, D.C. The final decision was announced at the national convention of the Catholic Press Association in January, 1920. By March of the same year the personnel of the news bureau was selected, and by the second week in April the practical results of the service were available to Catholic publications.

In the following year, March was set apart as Catholic press month, a kind of campaigning period. The purpose was to interest the laity in Catholic publications, to solicit subscriptions and to build up a deserving press. Again, in 1922, we have had "press month." There were meetings to urge the laity to give better support to the diocesan organs; there were exhortations from the pulpit and from the columns of the papers themselves, calling to the attention of Catholics their obligations in this regard; there were pamphlets and notices and subscription blanks. No definite information has been gathered on the results of these drives. It may be safely stated, however, that all Catholic subscription lists have been swelled as a result of press month activities.

Yet this is no indication of the success or failure of the movement. A new era has undoubtedly opened. Will it bring a substantial change in the Catholic press or will it be a mere repetition of the past? It ill befits Catholics to stumble along, trusting to luck that their feet stay in the right path,

without giving some attention to the signs along the roadside, to find out how far or in what direction they have been traveling. The signs that should in this instance be carefully read are the conclusions drawn from an unbiased study of the press itself. If the new era is to bring success, the Catholic press must be unfettered from the faults and weaknesses that have prevented it from prospering in the past. It will be of no avail to make drives for more subscribers if there is something radically wrong with the press itself.

No honest research can exclude those features of any question which are disagreeable, and no progress can be made if the investigator close his eyes to the truth of unpleasant conclusions. The discussion of such here is not in the vein of adverse criticism. On the contrary, they are noted as the result of honest convictions derived from first-hand knowledge and practical experience. Some are painful facts presented by one who has made a careful study of the subject and whose hope is the establishment of a powerful, worthy, efficient Catholic press in the United States.

Although the Catholic press really includes all publications under Catholic supervision regardless of the frequency at which they are issued, it is here taken to mean all those weekly, semi-weekly, tri-weekly, and daily publications purporting to carry news of the day as the first object of their being. This excludes such periodicals as reviews, journals of opinion, special interest organs, such as fraternal, institutional, Irish propaganda and children's papers. Thus limited, the term would include at the very most, fifty-seven publications in the English language and thirty-four in foreign languages.

The Catholic press, then, has either been a success or it has been a failure. If it has been a success, it is impossible to explain why only one Catholic out of every twenty in the United States subscribes for any Catholic publication, why the clergy insistently encourage the laity to support Catholic papers, why the laity who do subscribe are not enthusiastic over these same papers, do not recommend them, praise them, comment upon them. If the Catholic press movement as a whole has been a success, it is difficult to account for the numerous failures of Catholic publications and to excuse the almost despairing attitude of sincere thinking laymen.

Taken from the historical standpoint, from the number of subscribers to Catholic papers in proportion to the total number of Catholics in the United States, and from a consideration of the standards of the publications themselves, the Catholic press must be pronounced a failure. Not a failure in the sense that it has ceased to exist, but a failure in so far as it has not fulfilled its mission, has been a thing of weakness instead of strength, has accomplished very little for that greatest of institutions which it should defend and whose interests it should promote, the Catholic Church.

The Catholic press in this country is just one hundred years old. The first distinctly Catholic periodical in the new world was *The Catholic Miscellany*, founded by Bishop England, in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1822. During these hundred years, no accurate account has been kept of the number of papers that failed, yet a fair approximate would show that three times as many went out of existence as are now being published. As a rule, the few that continued to struggle on were in danger of collapsing for want of sufficient subscribers and lack of advertising. Of the many papers established before 1870, only seven remain. With one exception, none of these has a large subscription list or carries much advertising.

It is estimated that there are in the United States about twenty million Catholics, yet the fifty-seven papers printed in English are not adequately supported. Of these fifty-seven, only eighteen have a circulation ranging from 10,000 to 40,000, in one case 50,000. The remainder show subscription lists of no more than 1,500 to 10,000. (These figures may have slightly increased within the past eight or ten months.)

Why has the Catholic press been a failure? It has staggered near the brink of absolute ruin for the same reason that any business firm which does not supply its patrons with satisfactory goods, but depends upon their charity, loses trade and succumbs to the inevitable. Catholic papers have not been sold on their merits; they have been supported by charity. This is the fundamental reason why they have not prospered.

The publication of a paper is primarily a business proposition, and anyone attempting to conduct it on any other basis must eventually fail. Charity can be conducted on a

business foundation, but business cannot be successfully based on charity. However, this is what has caused the lamentable condition of the Catholic press. The consequences of that charity have been disastrous, and so long as the same system is employed, the same consequences will be visited upon the unbusiness-like Catholic press. Even a great portion of the advertising carried in the columns of Catholic papers is given in partial charity. This does not mean that the methods of many of our secular papers should be imitated in catering to special interests, but it does mean that Catholic news columns should be attractive enough to warrant a willingness on the part of the advertiser to pay for space instead of being coerced to do so.

Just where the blame for this ineffectual system in the Catholic press should be placed, is quite another and a difficult matter. The editors usually blame the clergy for indifference; the clergy censure the laity for failing to support the press; the laity blame the editors for not offering better papers. There is a certain amount of fault in each of the three corners of this triangle, but the little game of bouncing the blame from one to the other will never solve the problem.

Few priests are apathetic in regard to the cause of the Catholic press when the matter is once brought to their attention, and these few are in sympathy with the idea but discouraged with the poor showing of the past. The hierarchy cannot be accused of indifference. As a rule, it is they who have initiated whatever steps have been taken in Catholic journalism, or at least given new ventures their moral support. They are responsible for the existence of most of our Catholic publications at the present time. In the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore (1884), a decree on Catholic Literature and Journalism was issued by the hierarchy. In part, they said: In reference to periodicals, it would be indeed our most earnest desire to have one representative publication for each province—a publication that would be deserving of encouragement and moral support; and worthy, if need be, to receive pecuniary aid from the bishops, as they judge proper, whether assembled in provincial synod or otherwise.

With the establishment of many diocesan papers under the direction of the bishops since this decree was promulgated

up to the time of the institution of the N. C. W. C. News Service, there is little fault to find with the hierarchy or clergy. The difficulty lies in the fact that the clergy, not being practical newspapermen or being unable to apply their knowledge in a practical manner, the editing of the papers passes into the hands of laymen who depend solely upon the assistance of the priests and bishops and upon the charity of the people to keep the paper on its feet.

The laity have the most credits of excuse to balance against their debits account of responsibility. Their unfortunate attitude is that whenever they give their money for a year's subscription for a Catholic paper, they are thereby fulfilling an obligation of charity. They consider it a duty to donate a few dollars each year as a gift to the Catholic press, the same as they contribute to collections for orphans. The lamentable effect of this state of mind is that it frustrates the very purpose of the press. The laity consider their obligation complete with the signing of a subscription blank, and the result is that many of these papers are brought into the home but never read. Since the reader is the ultimate reason for the existence of a paper, the question resolves itself to this: Is the Catholic subscriber justified in his attitude toward Catholic publications? In other words, is there something amiss in the press itself or has the Catholic reader a peculiar prejudice against it? The only answer lies in a study of the Catholic publications and an investigation into their qualities and characteristics.

Catholic editors appear to have forgotten one very essential fact. Catholics are human. They want to read interesting news, timely articles, original comment, as well as do their non-Catholic neighbors. They are American citizens as well as adherents to a religious creed, and they look upon these two aspects of their lives, not as two distinct and separate parts, but as a complete interwoven unit. The Church stands for certain principles, and as Catholics and Americans they wish to combine these same principles. They expect to find in their Catholic papers guidance to make them better citizens and social beings. They want comment on the topics of the day, the political, the economic, the social questions interpreted and explained from the standpoint of the Church. All this they fail to find. Some few Catholic editors have made

noble efforts to live up to the standards expected of them, but they, too, labor under difficulties which they cannot completely master. Generally speaking, however, there is the merest attempt at editorial comment, most of which is of a purely religious aspect. There is no enlightenment, no interpretation, no decisive or reliable comment on current events in which every modern Catholic is interested. Often the same trite article or editorial is clipped and re-hashed, and for months continues to make its rounds in the columns of our Catholic papers.

The laity have been accused of being insensible to, and even intolerant of, Catholic news and religious articles. This is not true. It is not the subject matter, but the manner of presentation that has caused the laity to become lax in the perusal of these topics. Religion can be made as interesting and attractive and salutary in the columns and editorials of a paper as in any other form, especially the great principles of the Catholic Church, which are not only Sunday truths, but practical every-day precepts. It is not necessary to fill pages with pietistic, unliving sermons and dull religious articles in order to have a Catholic paper; on the contrary, religion is something living, and should be treated as such. Then the paper will not become repulsive to the average reader, and the accusation against the laity will soon be withdrawn.

Anything that borders on politics is strictly taboo in the offices of most of our Catholic papers. The erroneous concept that religion and politics cannot be associated seems to hold. If by religion is meant denominational religion, and if by politics is meant partisan politics, this view is indisputably correct. It would never do for Catholics, or Baptists, or Methodists as such to take sides on party platforms, for the necessary result would be conflict among the churches, bigotry and religious hatred. But religion and politics are so closely related and interwoven in modern life that they cannot successfully be dissociated. Take away the religious element from politics and it will become absolutely corrupt and inimical to religion itself. On the other hand, what assurance has religion of putting those great principles of mankind given by Christ into effect except through that necessary agent, politics.

Because Catholic editors have either not thought out the

question or because they have accepted an unfounded platitude at its face value, they refrain from even touching the subject of politics. As a fair example of the attitude that should be taken by Catholic papers, the following extract from an editorial written just before the last presidential election may be cited: "Partisan politics is not our province, but a general appreciation of the nature of the planks composing the platforms in the light of ethical principle comes well within our scope." As a matter of fact, an examination of the files of Catholic papers preceding this same election, fails to disclose anything more than a very general advice to Catholics to vote for the man they considered best qualified to hold office. Vital questions of the campaign were never touched; the stand of the Church in regard to certain principles was not given; the whole trend of what little so-called political editorial there was, smacked of a shrinking, fearful, let-it-alone policy.

Closely related to the question of politics, another example of the weakness of the Catholic press can be shown in the campaign against the old Smith-Towner educational bill. For months, Catholic leaders, seeing the danger of the bill, waged war against it and progressive Catholic periodicals fought it tooth and nail. Until the agitation had practically defeated the proposed measure, the Catholic papers were almost silent. When they did carry an article or comment, it was a clipped bit of discussion found in the leading Catholic reviews and magazines or the pamphlet published and issued by the Knights of Columbus. Few new or original editorials could be found in the Catholic papers.

For the past two years the N. C. W. C. News Service in Washington, D. C., established by the bishops, has been at the service of the Catholic papers. Although much could be done to improve this bureau, it has accomplished a great deal during the brief time of its existence, and promises to develop into an invaluable institution for the future. But it has not been used; it has been abused. This news gathering agency has benefited Catholic papers in that they have been supplied with much news they would otherwise never have had, and which now takes the place of the accustomed "fillers." At the same time, these several papers had a certain individuality when unaided by the News Service; there was at least a

variety of fifty-seven different selections of clipped news. Now, with a few exceptions, there is in the United States one Catholic paper with fifty-seven editions.

The blame for this sad feature does not lie with the N. C. W. C. News Service. It lies with our Catholic editors who, in many cases, do not edit, but literally dump the columns furnished by the news bureau into the forms of their papers, in many instances not even taking the trouble to re-write the headings to make them conform to the set standard of their publications. In other words, with the establishment of a necessary and valuable news service, the several Catholic papers have lost their individuality and have followed more or less the one stereotyped form. It is a waste of time and money to have fifty-seven papers set up and print, with the exception of a few local or diocesan items, fifty-seven editions of the same matter. This is especially unnecessary since few Catholics ever read more than one Catholic paper. For practical purposes, then, these fifty-seven papers could be one.

In the light of these facts, the wonder at this time is not that there are not more Catholic papers, but that there are as many as we have. The wonder is not that our young people do not read Catholic papers more, but that they ever read them. The laity should not be condemned for failing to support their papers, but praised for supporting them as well as they have.

It would seem that at last we are enabled to fix the blame on the third corner of the triangle, on the Catholic editors. But the editors are not altogether to blame either, for they are only the first victims of that system which generally works out in this way: they are placed in their positions by the clergy or hierarchy who are too busy to devote much time to the practical affairs of the papers they have founded. The editors fail to make both ends meet because their papers do not readily sell, and they appeal to the clergy. The clergy in turn urge and, in many cases, morally compel the laity to support their diocesan organs. The editors getting the required support, feel that they are under no further obligation than to furnish, as a token of appreciation, a four or eight-page paper at stated intervals. The readers become discouraged with the few weak columns of clippings and stale

news, and unless they have boundless charity, they will have their names struck from the subscription lists, and the same old cycle has again commenced.

The solution to the whole question is centred in one important fact—furnish the laity with good, reliable, newsy papers and they will readily support the Catholic press. But to accomplish this, one of the first requisites is to fill the editorial chairs with live, progressive editors.

Here another great difficulty is encountered in Catholic press development. Up to this time, the press has been in the hands of devoted, sincere, hard-working pioneers who at least have kept the Catholic press from being submerged altogether. To these men every praise is due, for they have labored under difficulties and for little remuneration, carrying on, for the most part, for the sake of an ideal. Those who remain are no longer able to cope with the modern situation. New blood must be infused into the Catholic press movement. The chairs of the pioneers must be filled by young Americans, well-educated, progressive, fully equipped, to cope with the problems which confront Catholic journalism in this new era.

Contrary to what one would expect, few of our college graduates turn to Catholic journalism. One possible cause for their lack of interest may be that they have never been educated to appreciate the true meaning of the Catholic press, or that they have become antipathetic as a result of the Catholic paper they had read. At any rate, it is difficult to awaken the interest of students today when speaking of Catholic journalism. It would be expected that the establishment of Catholic schools of journalism would remedy the situation, and that the offices of our Catholic publications would be flooded with youthful aspirants to the cause and apostleship of the press. The very opposite is true.

There must be a deeper reason, a reason that lies beyond the Catholic schools of journalism and their products, to account for this fact. It lies in the offices of our Catholic papers. Not for lack of ability or education or training are even the few aspirants to Catholic journalism turned away, for they always find ready positions on the secular press, but for lack of proper inducements in the way of fair remuneration for their valuable services. As a rule, wages and salaries are low in the newspaper game, but in the Catholic field

they have been notoriously low. The deserving aspirant to Catholic journalism is turned away because there is no future, not even a fair return for his services, even when the years spent in education have been left out of consideration. Catholic editors cannot be too well trained, and when well-equipped students do attempt to enter Catholic journalism, they are forced to the secular press, thus losing to the Church and the cause of the press many valuable editors of tomorrow.

If the Catholic press wants, needs good editors, why can it not afford to pay for their services? Because the system of charity upon which it is founded prevents it from doing so. Catholic schools of journalism are of little value, if there is no other place to send their graduates than to the secular press where they have little or no direct influence.

Tracing all these consequences back, we come again to the undermining evil in our press. From charity to the *laissez faire* attitude of Catholic editors, from weak papers to few homes, from ill-support to its undoing, an indelible line marks the downward path on the historical chart of the Catholic press.

It would be inaccurate to say that all these criticisms have been directed against Catholic newspapers. With one single exception, the Church in the United States has no English newspaper. Up to this point, the term *newspaper* has been purposely omitted when referring to the Catholic press. A weekly paper is not necessarily a newspaper; neither can a paper carrying some news be so classed. This is especially true since Catholic papers concern themselves with only the more important Catholic news, yet even items of great importance are neglected or carried long after the occurrence of the event. With the establishment of the N. C. W. C. News Service, much of this has been remedied, still some news is so stale that it would be unfair to call it news. It appears to be the attitude of Catholic editors that their readers necessarily subscribe for secular papers, and that Catholic papers are brought into the home as an antidote to offset any poisons that may be found in the secular sheets. But few people will read the same item in a Catholic weekly after they have read it in their daily paper, no matter how the secular press distorted the facts.

Some of our good Catholic papers have gone so far as to

carry whole page advertisements of Hearst's and other dailies in their editions. Thus, contrary to all Catholic teachings, principles, ideals, aspirations, the standards of the Church and Catholic journalism have been dragged down to the sordid business methods of the very press the Catholic press would oppose.

The average American today must have his daily newspaper. He is no longer satisfied with the weekly narration of events. In fact, even the up-to-date news is losing favor in this swiftly moving age; it is the up-to-the-minute news that is required. An account of events that happened ten days and two weeks ago will not even attract the passing attention of the average reader today. As newspapers, weeklies of all descriptions are antiquated, they no longer find a place in the lives of the modern reader. In this light, nothing more can be said in favor of Catholic papers than that they have come to be considered as special interest journals. A Catholic begins to look upon his subscription to a diocesan organ in the same light as any business man or tradesman would consider his trade papers. They are a kind of advertisement, and Catholic papers are considered advertising organs for the Catholic Church. But even in this capacity they have proved inefficient.

Propaganda at this time is necessary, yet it cannot be served without a goodly portion of news sauce. The greater the organization or the larger the scheme of any business, the more is the news column sought for free advertising. Propaganda in special interest journals is deemed no longer sufficient. An organization gets control of some daily newspaper and gives the people news of the day as the first object, but between the lines sandwiches propaganda good or bad. If the organization cannot gain control of the daily, it resorts to all kinds of schemes to break into the news columns. The least bit of news is spread over a great amount of propaganda to escape the blue pencil of the editor. Every society of any importance has its special interest journals: Republicans, Democrats, Socialists, Labor, Capital, theorists, religious sects, promoters, all have them, but it is upon the daily press that they depend for success. Hearst did not establish a string of trade publications to promulgate his ideas, but he created a string of daily newspapers, and he is today considered the

greatest molder of public opinion. The Christian Scientists did not depend upon a special interest paper to teach their doctrines; they founded a daily newspaper, *The Christian Science Monitor*, which was ranked as the second most influential paper in the United States in a ballot taken by all the editors in this country. This is remarkable when it is known that the adherents to that religious sect number only a few hundred thousand, whereas Catholics number almost twenty millions.

Catholics must have their dailies, if the Catholic press is to continue. The clergy and hierarchy have become interested in the venture; one Catholic daily, the *Daily American Tribune* of Dubuque, Iowa, shows promise and points to a favorable future; the laity are coming to realize the necessity of better daily papers. The hierarchy, however, long ago foresaw the possibility of a string of Catholic dailies when in the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, in 1884, they said: "It is very much to be desired, indeed, that in some of our larger cities a daily newspaper be established, quite equal to the existing dailies, in financial resources, in recognized ability of contributors, and in the worth and influence of its contributions. It does not follow that the title of such a paper must be Catholic. Its purposes would be attained if, in addition to the latest news, which is eagerly sought in the other dailies, it were to uphold the Catholic religion against false charges and the attacks of its enemies, and explain the meaning of Catholic teaching. Moreover, such a paper should exclude from its columns everything that is openly indecent and scandalous."

Nothing need be added to the bishops' concept of what a Catholic daily should be. "All the news that's fit to print" would be a worthy slogan for such publications. Once such papers would be established under the guidance of able business directors and progressive Catholic journalists, success would be almost assured, for the laity would be willing to subscribe. The day seems to be past in which the reader scanned the newspaper stands to find the most salacious edition. What is wanted at this time is reliable news. The average reader anywhere may be observed with his favorite daily paper. He glances at the scandal story, the objectionable picture, and then becomes absorbed in the better news of the day or turns to his stock markets or sporting page.

Catholics do not lack talent, they do not lack the means, they do not lack prestige or numbers sufficient to establish a string of dailies. There are many Catholic journalists eager to work on Catholic dailies, and there are millions of Catholics willing to support such publications. There stands but one great obstacle in the way of making complete success out of failure. It is the existence of that system which has been tried and found defective in building up a strong Catholic press—charity in business.

The local Catholic daily is a thing of the near future, but the only way to bring it about is to organize a stock corporation in every large city, put reliable business managers and editors at the head of the undertaking, and conduct the publications on a strictly business basis. Catholics have never failed to finance great ventures or even to give liberal donations to drives for the cause of their religion, and it is not too much to expect that little difficulty would be encountered in forming stock companies in which a purely business proposition is involved besides the higher cause of Catholic press development.

OUR LADY OF GOOD VOYAGE.

(GLOUCESTER.)

BY ANNA MCCLURE SHOLL.

NOR'EAST wind and sou'east wind,
All our winds together!
"Star of Sea" in flyin' foam
Ridin' like a feather.

Back in town between the towers,
Stands our Lady Mother.
In her arms a schooner trim,
Like to any other.

"Neptune," "Rover," "Slappin' Sal,"
Sailin' out together,
Herrin' boats and mack'rel nets—
Lucky fishin' weather!

Back I look and wave my hand,
"Mary keep the sailor!"
"Star of Sea" I named for you,
And you'll never fail her.

Lifts her nose o'er every swell,
Scuds like she was flyin'
Past the light-house; through the spray,
And the sea-gulls cryin'.

Back in town Our Lady stands,
Where the candles burning,
Tell the words we cannot say,
All the sailors' yearning.

May we come to port some day,
And Our Lady Mother
Reach her hands to weary salts,
Show us Christ, our Brother.

"Neptune," "Rover," "Slappin' Sal,"
Sailin' out together.
Herrin' boats and mack'rel nets—
Lucky fishin' weather!

IN PRAISE OF AN OLD BOOK.¹

BY M. E. GOLDINGHAM.



F all the scarce old books I know, remarkable as being works of wide utility and of solid and safe teaching, I prefer the old Benedictine book, *The Spiritual Conflict and Conquest*." So wrote Bishop Ullathorne of a book less appreciated than it deserves to be, although better known since the days when the good Bishop wrote, thanks to the modern edition largely due to his encouragement.

Some books have been epoch-making in the history of mankind at large. Others have been such in the history of the individual soul. To this last category, the *Spiritual Conflict and Conquest* seems to belong, for although it has run the *Imitation of Christ* very closely in the matter of general popularity and acceptance by the Church, it has not the genius of universality—this must be admitted—which has made the *Imitation* unique among devotional works, and given it a circulation second only to the Holy Scriptures. Doubtless, when Juan de Castaniza published his *Batalla Espiritual*—as the title runs in Spanish—it created comparatively little stir. Well-known and highly esteemed as the saintly author was in ecclesiastical circles and at the Court of Philip II., he does not seem to have taken the trouble to issue it under the shelter of his already illustrious name, and in time his very authorship was questioned, and his work appropriated by another.

It is a curious fact, that many of those supreme works of genius, which are the treasures of the human race and enjoy inalienable possession of immortality, are those whose creation and authorship posterity disputes. Posterity has tried to persuade us that Homer is the product of many hands; that Shakespeare came to be written by one Lord Bacon; that the authorship of the Fourth Gospel is undiscoverable; that the *Imitation of Christ*, attributed to à Kempis, might as fitly

¹ *The Spiritual Conflict and Conquest*. By Dom J. Castaniza, O.S.B. Edited with preface and notes by Canon Vaughan, O.S.B. Reprinted from the old English Translation of 1652. 1874.

claim Gerson, or even St. Bernard or St. Bonaventure as its author; that the *Spiritual Exercises* of St. Ignatius Loyola were borrowed from, or remodeled upon Cisneros' *Exicitorio de la vida espiritual*. We need not extend the list.

Castaniza's work has fared more strangely than any, and perhaps there has never been a more thorough, if justifiable, piece of literary larceny. His *Spiritual Conflict* was swallowed whole by the Theatine, Scupoli, and the result was a neat little pocket volume, companion to the *Imitation*; which the devout reading public knows as *The Spiritual Combat*, bearing the name of Lorenzo Scupoli on its title-page. In this form an immense impetus was given to its popularity. What Scupoli did was to modernize the work, making it perhaps more practical, certainly more acceptable to the average pious person. He re-wrote and transposed chapters, compressed or enlarged passages, pared down diffuseness of style, added practical directions in keeping with the spiritual needs of his time; but in the process, the charm, the fragrance, the peculiar unction of the old Benedictine has completely evaporated. Moreover, the larger and more individualistic portion of the book, the *Spiritual Conflict*, Scupoli left untouched; so it is to Castaniza's pages we must go for this beautiful treatise on the perfection of Christian life.

It is a matter for congratulation to English-speaking Catholics, that we possess a version of the old Spanish writer which reproduces both his matter and his manner with such great fidelity. Indeed, in the 1652 version (reprinted in 1874 and prefaced by Canon Vaughan, O.S.B.) we have more than a mere translation. It is Castaniza's work created anew in the language most akin to the old Castilian—the full-blooded, nervous, sonorous speech which has come down to us from “the spacious days of great Elizabeth”—“thoroughly English,” to quote Bishop Ullathorne again; an English classic in lieu of the Spanish one. And we owe it to the Sons of St. Benedict. Naturally, the Order which Castaniza adorned has regarded the *Spiritual Conflict and Conquest* as its legacy—for this 1652 version, although published anonymously, no doubt comes from the hand of a Benedictine, and was dedicated to his religious family: “To the Right Reverend, Fathers, Religious Dames and devout Brothers and Sisters of the Holy Order of St. Bennet.” It, moreover, bore an “Approbation” from the

Benedictine President of Douai, the Right Rev. Rudesind Barlow; and appears to have been issued under his auspices. "Therein," he says, "nothing is found dissonant to our Catholic Faith, or repugnant to piety, but a holy, sound and solid doctrine."

It is not easy to quote from *The Spiritual Conflict*. It is unlike the *Imitation of Christ*, where almost every sentence can stand alone, a gem of concise spiritual thought, perfect, whether in its setting within the chapter, or out of it. Here each chapter forms part of a Treatise, each Treatise is an integral whole which every sentence contributes to build up. The style is diffuse; there is a redundancy of phrase which sometimes wraps up the point, but where the ideas are simple, it is as simple and limpid as the Bible: vigorous and trenchant when driving home the great truths of man's existence; relying sometimes upon accumulative epithets to produce an effect, much as a painter will load his canvas with daubs of color to increase the depth of gloom or enhance the intensity of light. The following passage is most characteristic of the devout style:

O sweet waters of Divine love, which flow from the open side of my Saviour's humanity, run into my bowels, and like pure oil, penetrate and possess every part of my spirit; irrigate and inebriate it, overflow and absorb it, that it may be transformed and conformed to the Divine Spirit, so that all my actions, thoughts and affections may be spiritual, divine and deiform.

The book is composed of five Treatises. In the first Treatise we have those profoundly psychological studies—"Ambushes" of the Christian soul, in which self-love or the human spirit is detected in all its chameleon-like forms and run to earth, elusive quarry though it be! In the fifth, and last, are the beautiful "Maxims," a compendium of spiritual riches, and a mine of wealth for the substance of prayer. Our author breaks frequently into ejaculations, amorous and tender, such as later on Father Baker and Dame Gertrude More delighted in, and used so effectively by St. Alphonsus Liguori in his smaller spiritual works as little levers to arouse the affections in mental prayer: "Wound me, O sweet God," he exclaims, "burn me, consume me, crucify me! Let me

cry out with that lover: Restrain, O Lord, the floods of Thy grace or enlarge my heart, for I can endure no longer. I thirst, Lord, give me this water. O when? How much?"

"O that I could get out of myself and get into Thee!" he exclaims elsewhere; "that I could thrust my caitiff heart out of this breast to establish Thine, O my sweet Saviour, in its place!" "Live, O rich nakedness! Live my Beloved to me, and I to Him! Let me see no one but only Jesus." And in a phrase recalling one of an earlier mystical writer, he says: "O sweet God of my heart, let me embrace Thee with the two arms of profound humility and perfect charity."

Our author is quaintly and continuously alliterative, a trick of style which sits well on him, though not to be endured among moderns: "My Father, my Physician, my Food, hear me, help me, heal me!" "I am wounded, I am wicked, I am wretched." Or again: "I have given my heart, and sold my affections to fond, frail, filthy and fading creatures." "Thy whole Humanity, O gracious Jesus, was martyred and murdered." "I stretch out my opened folds to meet Thy holy and heavenly huggings."

He satirizes the pedigree and nature of man in words which call to mind some passages in Hamlet or Lear:

Ay me! I have a body all clay, a soul all sin, a life all frailty, and a substance all nothing. My material part is but slime of the earth, the very worst part of the basest element. Ah! poor man, and canst thou look so big, who camest from so low an extraction? . . . Who then can justly boast of state, strength, beauty or nobility, since the groundwork of all is but a little dung and corruption? . . . And what art thou in thy best and most flourishing condition in the world, but a clog and a cage to thy enthralled soul; a painted sack or plastered² sepulchre, full of filth, froth and ordure. . . . Ah, how canst thou be proud of thy perfections, poor clay and ashes? Why shouldst thou look to be so highly prized and so daintily pampered, thou stinking puddle? Dust thou art, and to dust thou must return. Hast thou not always before thy eyes these ashes for thy glass, and death for thy mistress? Why then, dost thou suffer so many sparkles of vanity to arise from this thy caitiff condition?

² Original text—"Pargetted."

It is not, we need hardly say, to engender a morbid cynicism that man is here exhibited as the "quintessence of dust." Man is still God's creature and the noblest work of His hands, albeit broken and defaced. But he must fight to recover his lost inheritance. He must wage this necessary "spiritual conflict." He must, as our author expresses it, "enter these lists with a cheerful and heroic mind, and attend carefully to every counsel and command of thy Captain, Christ Jesus," and so he shall progress to a glorious victory. Castaniza furnishes him, in his book, with a complete spiritual armory. With this in his hand, he may go forth in the words of Browning:

Fearless and unperplexed,
When I wage battle next,
What weapons to select, what armor to indue.

Like his more famous countryman, the soldier-saint, Ignatius, he thinks the spiritual life out in terms of warfare. It is, from first to last, the *Batalla Espiritual*.

We have alluded to St. Ignatius. The *Spiritual Exercises* saw the light in the first half of that momentous century to which Castaniza's work belongs—1548 being the date usually given for its publication. St. Teresa was writing her *Life* in 1565; the *Interior Castle* in 1577; the *Ascent of Mount Carmel* came from the pen of St. John of the Cross a few years after (circa 1578); while Spain's great theologian, Suarez, published his *Opere* between 1590 and 1613.

It was a century of great works and great men. Juan de Castaniza was born in its opening years. He passed to his eternal reward on St. Luke's day, 1599. Much had he labored in the Lord's vineyard; as a preacher, as a theologian, as an ascetical writer and a learned man, he attained eminence; sought after alike both at Court and in the seclusion of his monastery. Over and above all else, he was a true Benedictine, a devout religious, preferring nothing that the world could offer him of titles and dignities to the life of prayer and contemplation he enjoyed in the cloister. The *Spiritual Conflict and Conquest* is the ripe experience of that life, and that it has achieved the object for which it was written—to enable the soul "to reach the height of Christian perfection"—is its chiefest praise. Only a great book, it may be said, can help

a great soul, and this book has contributed to the formation of great souls, nay to saints. St. Francis of Sales made it his spiritual director, as he declared to the Bishop of Bellay, and impressed its value upon St. Jane Frances and her daughters. We have quoted Bishop Ullathorne and the esteem he had for it; he bequeathed it as a legacy to Mother Margaret Mary Hallahan, that great and remarkable soul who nourished herself and her community upon its solid and practical spirituality. And countless souls, unknown to men, and known only to God, have found in its pages light, strength and consolation.

We take our leave of it in the words which are its quintessence:

Learn, O my soul, this short and secure lesson. Leave
all things, and thou shalt find the One Thing which is all
and all.

INTIMACY.

BY FRANCIS CARLIN.

OF late I am as one
Familiar with Thy sun;
Being old, I would be near
Thy fire kindled here.

And later still I'll grow
Familiar with—Ah, no!
Unless I learn desire
For clarifying fire.

But later still—O Lord,
Familiar with both word
And wish herein, teach me
Familiarity!

RUSKIN AND CATHOLICISM.

BY H. E. G. ROPE, M.A.



O careful reader of Ruskin can have failed to remark the great influence which the Catholic Church had upon him. Of non-Catholic masters in bookcraft, few, indeed, have written and spoken in so Catholic a manner as he. More than one soul has been helped forward towards the Church by this gifted prose poet and thinker. "The pity of it," one cries on reaching the end of all his teaching, the pity of it that he should never have been gathered into the Fold; the pity of it, that his mind in his last years was injured and clouded; the pity of it, that an artist so superb, an observer and teacher so zealous and wise, a soul so reverent—reverent even in perversity—witness his disastrous worship of Carlyle¹—should have been so preoccupied with things beautiful indeed, but far short of the highest, so much with the speaking creature, so little with the spoken Creator.

"It is strange," says a great Irish writer, "how great minds invariably turn, by some instinct or attraction, towards this eternal miracle—the Church. Carlyle admits in his extreme old age that the Mass is the most genuine act of religious belief left in the world. Goethe was forever introducing the Church into his conversations, coupling it with the idea of power, massive strength and ubiquitous influence. Byron would insist that his daughter, Allegra, should be educated in a convent, and brought up a Catholic, and nothing else. And Ruskin, although he did say some bitter things about us, tells us what a strong leaning he has towards monks and monasteries; how he pensively shivered with Augustinians at St. Bernard; happily made hay with Franciscans at Fiesole; sat silent with the Carthusians in the little gardens south of Florence, and mooned through many a daydream at Bolton and Melrose. Then he closes his little litany of sympathy with the quaintly Protestant conclusion: 'But the wonder is

¹ "Carlyle was deep-hearted—though not by any means, as his votaries fancy, deep-minded."—Aubrey de Vere, *Reminiscences*, pp. 328, 329.

always to me, not how much, but how little, the monks have on the whole done, with all that leisure, and all that goodwill.'

"He cannot understand! That is all. But why? Because he cannot search the archives of Heaven. He knows nothing of the supernatural—of the invisible work of prayer—of work that is worship. He has never seen the ten thousand thousand words of praise that have ascended to the Most High; and the soft dews of graces innumerable that have come down from Heaven in answer to prayer. He has painted, as no one else, except as perhaps Carlyle could, the abominations of modern life; and he has flung all the strength of his righteous anger against them. He has never asked himself why God is so patient, while John Ruskin rages; or why fire and brimstone are not showered from Heaven, as whilom on the Cities of the Plain. He has read his Bible year by year, hard words, Levitical laws, comminatory Psalms, from *ἐν ἀρχῇ* to Amen; and, what is more rare, he believed in it. Yet he never tried to fathom the mystery of the unequal dealings of God with mankind. He never saw the anger of the Most High soothed, and His hand stayed by the midnight prayer and scourge of the Trappist and the Carthusian. Dante could never have written the *Paradiso*, if he had not heard Cistercians chanting at midnight."²

In a letter from a priest friend, whose name I may not give, dated July 4, 1908, I find: "He (Ruskin) was very near the Church, and I have good reason to know that it is owing to the fact that he was so carefully guarded from 'priestly influence' during his last days, that he was not actually received into the Church." I have also a postcard from Father M. Power, S.J., which reads:

Edinb. Aug. 3, '08. Many thanks for "Ruskin." When his powers were almost gone I gave him a medal of the B. V. M., and reminded him of the glowing tributes which he had paid her. He smiled and said: "Ah, the Madonna!"

From Ruskin's house at Brantwood, Aubrey de Vere writes to Professor Norton on December 8, 1878: "I cannot but believe that, if Ruskin had not in some matters been

² Canon Sheehan, *Under the Cedars and the Stars*, pp. 131, 132.

carried out of his natural course by an exaggerated admiration for Carlyle, he would before now have reached a happier goal. I trust, however, that he will one day reach it. He is a man who for me has quite a peculiar interest—he has such high aspirations, and warm sympathies, and friendly confidings (things much better than even his great abilities), and his trials have been so many and so sad! These last are, however, to me an additional pledge that he is watched over by that Providence which shapes our ends, ‘rough hew them as we may;’ and a vivid, realizing Faith, which, as Wordsworth affirms (in his ‘Despondency Corrected’), is the one only support under the trials of life.”

In another letter de Vere urges Patmore to use his influence over Ruskin, to press upon him seriously the claims of the Church on those who “see as much of its character and work, when not in perverse moods, as he does” (1890).

About 1879 Patmore himself writes: “I leave here tomorrow for Carstairs. . . . I daresay I shall have a good time, but not so good as I am having here, with Ruskin almost all to myself. He is very fond of talking about the Catholic Religion, and says he thinks it likely he shall become a Catholic some day—but I think it is attractive to him only from the idea of pleasant intellectual repose which it presents to him. The arguments for its truth strike him just for the moment, but leave no impression, as far as I can see.”³

³ B. Champney's *Life of Coventry Patmore* (1900), vol. i., p. 285. A letter from Ruskin to Patmore may be added in confirmation:

Brantwood,

Coniston, Lancashire,

20th April, '80.

DEAR PATMORE:

It was good of you to write to me, but your letter still leaves me very anxious about you. I do not at all understand the feelings of religious people about death. All my own sorrow is absolutely infidel, and part of the general failure and meanness of my heart. Were I a Catholic, I do not think I should ever feel sorrow in any deep sense—but only a constant brightening of day as I drew nearer companionship—perhaps not chiefly with those I had cared for in this world—and certainly with others beside them. My own longing, and what trust I have, is only for my own people. But I have been putting chords of music lately, such as I can, to Herick's “Comfort”—

In endless bliss
She thinks not on
What's said or done
In earth.

Nor does she mind
Or think on't now
That ever thou
Wast kind.

—fearing only that it is too true.

Ever your affectionate,

J. R.

I know well what can be said upon the other side, and I have known Catholics who maintained that Ruskin's influence was hostile and evil, but I venture to maintain the contrary. Certainly, he had infidel moods; certainly faith was more than once eclipsed, if not lost; but that, thank God, was not the case with his last years in spite of his fondness for affecting the standpoint of a Turk. Often he claimed to take his stand as a writer on the great natural truths admitted by the wise in all times, by Plato as by Samuel Johnson. I do not disguise from myself that ugly passages can be culled from occasional letters. In one of the *Letters to the Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe* (1896), he compares St. Paul's Epistles to Leviticus, and says he is not bound by them. There are a few deplorable passages in the *Ethics of the Dust* very fully discussed in the letters of Father Wilberforce.⁴ There were moods, too, of horrible pride, as against many more of genuine humility. I claim, however, without fear, that the cumulative testimony of his life, published writings and private letters is decisively Christian with an increasing leaning to the Catholic Faith. I do not propose to discuss his *bona fides*. It is perilous to intrude into the *forum internum*.

For my own part, I think of him with hope. I have quoted a well-informed opinion that he would actually have reached the goal had he been free, and I know positively that he loved the society of the priest at Coniston and presented the Catholic Church there with a stained glass window, to the great indignation of the sectaries.⁵ In judging his perverse moods and utterances, too, we must bear in mind his mental breakdowns. The years in which Ruskin was sometimes subject to doubts upon Revelation were, roughly, the early sixties.

In the following letter we have his own express testimony that he *never* disbelieved in God. It speaks rather of *difficulties* than any real *doubt*: "Suicide in a case like Prévost-Paradol's—assuming he was in his right mind—seems to me to be consistent only with a *knowledge* that we have no God, a state of mind I cannot conceive, and utterly different from any sort of doubt I have experienced. Indeed, the more I suffer from doubt, the deeper becomes the feeling that this suffering is of His giving who could remove it.

⁴ 1906, pp. 253, 254, etc.

⁵ See A. A. Isaacs' *The Fountain of Siena* (the correspondence of Ruskin and a rabid anti-Catholic of the Hocking type in 1884-5).

"I was very much touched by the Passion-play, and wrote some very bad verses at Ammergau, which I send you only as a proof how chronically different from the state of mind you suppose, my actual state of mind is. Pray don't show them again, and destroy them when you have read them." ⁶

"The fact is well known that the mind of this vigorous and subtle thinker, great writer, and most generous and, in many respects, admirable man, broke down at times; to blink this fact would be useless. I gather that the year 1860, when he was abroad, was the first in which he showed something of a morbid habit of mind, or incipient hypochondria. Certainly, when I saw him in my brother's chambers in February, 1862, immediately after the death of my sister-in-law, Lizzie (Siddal), I found the whole tone of his thought on religious subjects changed, and the ardent devout Protestant figured as a total disbeliever in any form of the Christian or other defined faith. I might add the expression of my own opinion that the great ascendancy which Thomas Carlyle obtained towards this time over the mind of Ruskin did him more harm than good: Carlyle being one of those strong, but extreme, men who may brave very robust natures, but who usurp upon the innate function of more delicate organisms." ⁷ "He was broken by sorrow long before he died." ⁸

It is curious that the mighty genius who, according to Canon Barry, divides with Ruskin the palm of English prose, has left, so far as I can find, no allusion to him. Yet both were contemporaries and both wielded an enormous influence in the English-speaking world. References to Newman are likewise all but completely lacking on Ruskin's part. In a letter from Rome (of the year 1840, I think) he rejoices to hear of Newman's submission to "episcopal authority," because it shows consistency, and complains that all the estimable people were on the "wrong" (Tractarian) side at Oxford, and all the vulgar, pig-headed and conceited folk on the "right" (evangelical) side.⁹ On June 27, 1846, he refers to "the late melancholy schisms." In the essay written at the age of sixteen he, brought up in the strictest puritanism, in-

⁶ July, 1870, p. 299.

⁷ W. M. Rossetti, *Some Reminiscences* (1906), vol. i., ch. xii., p. 183.

⁸ Mrs. Meynell, *John Ruskin*, 1900, Introduction, p. 8.

⁹ *Three Letters and an Essay on Literature* (1893).

veighs vigorously and buoyantly against those who consider sour faces and joylessness signs of sanctity.

At twenty-five, he wrote that Catholic-hearted poem on the lagoon shrine of La Madonna dell' Acqua (included in the *Carmina Mariana*), ending thus:

Oh! lone Madonna—angel of the deep—
 When the night falls, and deadly winds are loud,
 Will not thy love be with us while we keep
 Our watch upon the waters, and the gaze
 Of thy soft eyes, that slumber not, nor sleep?
 Deem not thou stranger, that such trust is vain;
 Faith walks not on these weary waves alone,
 Though weakness dread or apathy disdain
 The spot which God has hallowed for His own.
 They sin who pass it lightly—ill divining
 The glory of this bitter place of prayer;
 And hoping against hope, and self-resigning,
 And reach of faith, and wrestling with despair;
 And resurrection of the last distress,
 Into the sense of Heaven, when earth is bare,
 And of God's voice, when man's is comfortless.¹⁰

The greater and more famous part of *Modern Painters* was written before that shock which, in 1859, destroyed his inherited evangelicalism. "I was still in the bonds of my old Evangelical faith, and, in 1858, it was with me, Protestantism or nothing: the crisis of the whole turn of my thoughts being one Sunday morning at Turin, when, from before Paul Veronese's Queen of Sheba, and under quite overwhelmed sense of his God-given power, I went away to a Waldensian chapel, where a little squeaking idiot was preaching to an audience of seventeen old women and three louts, that they were the only children of God in Turin; and that all the people in the world outside the chapel, and the people in the world out of sight of Monte Viso, would be damned. I came out of the chapel, sum of twenty years of thought, a conclusively unconverted man—converted by this little Piedmontese gentle-

¹⁰ *Poems* (Routledge, 1907), p. 233. Compare *Fors* xli. (vol. ii., p. 250, in the 1906 edition). "After the most careful examination neither as adversary nor as friend, of the influence of Catholicism for good and evil, I am persuaded that the worship of the Madonna has been one of the noblest and most vital graces, and has never been otherwise than productive of true holiness of life and purity of character."

man, so powerful in his organ-grinding, inside out, as it were. 'Here is an end to my "Mother-Law" of Protestantism anyhow!—and now—what is there left?' You will find what was left, as, in much darkness and sorrow of heart I gathered it, variously taught in my books written between 1858 and 1874. It is all sound and good, as far as it goes: whereas all that went before was so mixed with Protestant egotism and insolence, that, as you have probably heard, I won't republish, in their first form, any of those former books."

"Thus then it went with me till 1874, when I had lived sixteen full years with 'the religion of Humanity,' for rough and strong and sure foundation of everything; but on that, building Greek and Arabian superstructure, taught me at Venice, full of sacred color and melancholy shade. Which is the under meaning of my answer to the Capuchin,¹¹ that I was 'more a Turk than a Christian.' The Capuchin insisted, as you see, nevertheless that I might have a bit of St. Francis' cloak: which accepting thankfully, I went on to Assisi, and there, by the kindness of my good friend, Padre Tini, and others, I was allowed (and I believe I am the first painter who *ever was* allowed), to have scaffolding erected above the high altar, and, therefore, above the body of St. Francis, which lies in the lower chapel beneath it, and thence to draw what I could of the great fresco of Giotto, 'The marriage of Poverty and Francis.'"¹² In the same number (dated March 4, 1877), he continues: "Meantime, don't be afraid that I am going to become a Roman Catholic, or that I am one, in disguise. I could no more become a *Roman*-Catholic, than again an Evangelical-Protestant. I am a 'Catholic' of those Catholics, to whom the Catholic Epistle of St. James is addressed: 'the Twelve Tribes which are scattered abroad'—the literally or spiritually wandering Israel of all the Earth. The St. George's creed includes Turks, Jews, infidels and heretics; and I am myself much of a Turk, more of a Jew; alas, most of all, an infidel; but not an atom of a heretic: Catholic, I, of the Catholics; holding for sure God's order to His scattered Israel—'He hath shown thee, oh man, what is good; and what doth the Lord thy God require of thee, but to do justice, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?'"

Ruskin had—it appears in his letters to Cardinal Manning

¹¹ Fors lvi.

¹² Fors lxxvi.

and elsewhere—a confused notion that “Romanists,” as well as Protestants, changed for the worst in the Trent period.¹³ The Protestant habit of interpreting Scripture at his own sweet caprice never quite left Ruskin; I think he was unconscious of its absurdity. On the other hand, he writes in after years to Mr. Faunthorpe that by “Catholic,” “of course,” he means “Roman Catholic,” the Church of England he holds to be “Cockney-Catholic.” Even in his most morbid period he did not abandon prayer.

“I can see him now” (1863), says Mr. Allen in reminiscences of Days at Mornex; “clouds and stones, hills and flowers all interested him in the same intense way; and his printed passages of adoration in presence of the sublimity of nature were the expression of his inmost feelings and in accord with his own practice. I seem to hear him now breaking forth into a rhapsody of delight as we come unexpectedly, during a walk up the Brezon, upon a sloping bank of the star-gentian. He was full, too, of sympathy with the life of the people. I can see him now kneeling down, as he knelt on Easter Sunday, 1863, to pray with a peasant woman at a wayside chapel. ‘When I first reach the Alps,’ he said to me once, ‘I always pray.’”¹⁴

On another occasion: “Next day there were far more interesting experiences in a visit to St. Bernard’s birthplace. He has described this fully in his lecture, called ‘Mending the Sieve,’ in the volume of ‘Verona,’ etc., and I need only recall the surprise of a bystander not wholly unsympathetic, when Ruskin knelt down on the spot of the great saint’s nativity, and stayed long in prayer. He was little given to outward show of piety, and his talk, although enthusiastic, had been no preparation for this burst of intense feeling.”¹⁵

In a letter of January 23, 1877, to the ladies of the Thwaite,¹⁶ he tells them how he is “writing *such* a Catholic history of Venice, and chiseling all the Protestantism off the old stones as they do here the grass off steps. All the pigeons of St. Mark’s Place (Venice) send you their love. St. Ursula adds hers to the eleven thousand birds’ love. . . . My new

¹³ In *The Fountain of Siena*, *ut supr.*, Ruskin avows that his view of the Reformation is one with Cobbett’s.

¹⁴ In *Works* (1905), xvii., Introduction, p. lxi.

¹⁵ W. G. Collingwood, *Ruskin Relics*, iv., 51.

¹⁶ *Hortus Inclusus* (1887), pp. 43, 44.

Catholic history of Venice is to be called 'St. Mark's Rest.' " In a quaint, but I hope to them not unacceptable, way, Ruskin had in his older years a real devotion to the Saints, especially to St. Benedict, St. Ursula, St. Christopher, St. Francis: "And for myself (I) can say that the most gentle, refined, and in the deepest sense amiable, phases of character I have ever known, have been either those of monks, or of domestic servants trained in the Catholic Faith." ¹⁷

It is noteworthy that the religious, Carthusians, Franciscans, had a special attraction for him from the days of his early travels. Even the ill-starred St. George's Guild is an indirect testimony. "It has been told them (my young readers); in the Laws of Fiesole, that all great Art is Praise. So is all faithful History, and all high Philosophy. For these three, Art, History and Philosophy, are each but one part of the Heavenly Wisdom, which seeth not as man seeth, but with Eternal Charity; and because she rejoices not in Iniquity, therefore rejoices in the Truth." ¹⁸

The Catholic peasants of Italy, un-Garibaldian Italy, seemed to him among the best and happiest of human beings. "It seems to me that the best Christian work I can do this year . . . will be to gather out of this treasure of letters what part might, with the writer's permission, and without pain to any of her loved friends, be laid before those of the English public who have either seen enough of the Italian peasantry to recognize the truth of these *ritratti*, or have respect enough for the faith of the incorrupt Catholic Church to admit the sincerity, and rejoice in the virtue of a people still living as in the presence of Christ and under the instant teaching of His saints and apostles." ¹⁹ He even contemplated living at Assisi or elsewhere. "It is very clear that I am too enthusiastically carrying out my own principles, and making more haste to be poor than is prudent at my present date of possible life, for, at my present rate of expenditure, the cell at Assisi, above contemplated as advisably a pious mortification of my luxury, would soon become a necessary refuge for my 'holy poverty.' " ²⁰

¹⁷ *Bible of Amiens*, iii., 113, note.

¹⁸ *Bible of Amiens*, Pref., pp. 6, 7. Compare "The fair tree, Igdrasil, of human art can only flourish when its dew is affection; its air Devotion; the rock of its roots, Patience, and its sunshine, God."—*Laws of Fiesole*, x., section 40.

¹⁹ Preface to *Christ's Folk in the Apennines*, p. 7 (1887). ²⁰ *Fors* lxii.

Though believing in Garibaldi's honesty, Ruskin held that his war "was rendered utterly ruinous to Italy, by his setting himself against the Priesthood,"²¹ and in his fifth lecture on the art of England (November, 1883), he blames Tenniel's anti-Papal work as "impious in its representation of the Catholic power to which Italy owed, and still owes, whatever has made her glorious among the nations of Christendom, or happy among the families of the earth," a fact forgotten by many Catholics today.

In view of the vast literature and correspondence Ruskin has left us, it is impossible to deal adequately with the subject of his attitude towards and relations to Catholicism. My aim has been merely to bring together various passages and considerations that betoken the Catholic inspiration of much of his work.

Above all, in political economy he stood, single-handed among Protestants, for the true Catholic principles, for which he has been justly praised by Mrs. Meynell and the late Charles Devas. His main economical contentions, hooted down savagely in the sixties, are now generally admitted, as the way of the world is, without thanks and without apology.

But the sadness and the sum of his life are best recounted in the exquisitely chosen words of Mrs. Meynell: "It was not failure or rejection, or even partial and futile acceptance, that finally and interiorly bowed him. 'Your poor John Ruskin' (his signature in writing to one who loved and understood him) was the John Ruskin who never pardoned himself for stopping short of the whole renunciation of a St. Francis. Lonely and unhappy, does the student perceive him to have been who was one of the greatest of great ones of all ages; but the student who is most cut to the heart by the perception, is compelled to wish him to have been not less, but more, a man sacrificed."²²

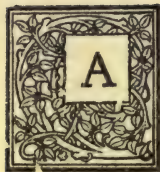
²¹ *Fors* lxxvi.

²² Mrs. Meynell, *John Ruskin* (1900), Introduction, p. 9.

THE IDEA OF CAUSALITY AND ITS PLACE IN THINKING.

AN ARISTOTELIAN STUDY.

BY JEREMIAH M. PRENDERGAST, S.J.



ALL exact thinking rests on definition and division, which are but two aspects of one process. "*Definitivum est distinctivum*"—what defines, divides. When one cuts out, one also "cuts in" a garment. Now all abiding definition is through causality. It is the refusal of our modern thinkers to go about the business of thinking deliberately in this way, which renders all modern thinking casual and useless.

Causality, how much soever we theorize about its existence, is one of the basic and first-born ideas of the human mind when it begins to think. Although it is the most ticklish and baffling thing in the world to analyze the actual sequence in which ideas arise in the child's mind—in all probability, they do not arrive in the same order in any two children—still it is in logical keeping that in many the first idea will be that of the "me," and the "not me," and the next, born of the child's action on the "not me," will be the idea of causality. "Who?" "what?" and "why?"—the causal questions—are among the first and the most frequent in the child's vocabulary. The ease, also, with which the child accepts the idea of God, the great First Cause, when taught it, shows how soon the idea of causality dominates the mind's view of things. The idea of a Supreme Being is difficult in many lights; it is superlatively easy to grasp from the causal side. The principle of causality is the basis of all logical thought on the world.

If the objective reality of this idea be not assumed as giving a sufficient reason for existing things, all thinking becomes an illusion. It follows that the object of thought, whatever it be in itself, is for me an illusion; that I myself, for all I know, may be an illusion also. Nothing stable is left. For if the link between objective and subjective reality is illusory, the things linked may be illusory as well. The basis for

reality is away. Descartes begins with, "I think, therefore I am." But if the basis of my thinking be not real, then the thinker, like the thought, may be unreal. As Newman puts it: "I am what I am or I am nothing. There is no medium between using my faculties as I have them, and simply flinging myself upon the external world, as spray upon the surface of the waves and simply forgetting that I am." So that unless we accept the notion of causality as expressing a reality, not only do we lack a sufficient reason for anything, but we also lack sufficient reason for assuming the reality of anything, ourselves included. At the risk of being egotistical, let me illustrate this feeling of living in an unreal world. Bergson's *Creative Evolution* is an attempt to treat of the world avoiding efficient causality as far as possible and final causality altogether. As a consequence, there was page upon page of the book, in reading which I had all the sensations of one who is lost. It was literally impossible to conceive what the author was talking about. One may understand an author and disagree with him. Here it was as though one attempted to read a book in Chinese. One could neither agree nor disagree with the author's thought.

Our first step in defining and dividing through causality, is to define and divide metaphysically the causes themselves, and here we can have no better guide than Aristotle, "the master of them that know." Quite evidently he starts from the child's questions, "who did it?" "what did he do?" "why did he do it?" Passing them through the prism of causality, his mind divided them into four reasons or causes, which together give a satisfactory reply. So interdependent are they, even when separated by the mind's prismatic action, that one may begin by explaining any one of them first. Let us start with the material cause, which we shall call hereafter the material constituent. (Causality itself we shall not attempt to define. To define is to analyze into still more primitive ideas, and there is no more primitive idea than causality. The attempt to analyze it into simpler ideas, therefore, serves merely to confuse instead of clarifying it.)

The constituent of anything first borne in upon us by our senses, is matter. Let us take, for illustration, a chair and a dog, a living and a dead object. The material constituent of the chair is the wood of which it is made, the nails, varnish,

the cane or cloth of the seat. In the case of the dog, the material constituent is bone, blood, muscles, nerves—in general flesh. If we wish to be more modern, it is living cells. The material constituent needs but one further remark. It is the potential and determinable constituent, needing, to become a definite something, determination by another constituent. This other we call, after Aristotle, the formal constituent, the causality most misunderstood by modern thinkers and most neglected.

The formal constituent of such objects as chairs gave rise, without doubt, to the name of formal cause. For the material of a chair, before determinable, is constituted or determined to be a chair by the form or arrangement of its material constituent. It is this arrangement, adapted to a certain purpose or end, which enables us to define a chair, and to distinguish it from the same material, it may be, formed into a table. The formal constituent, therefore, is the distinguishing or determinant constituent in the compound of matter and form. It is indissolubly linked, in this determining, to the final cause or reason of the compound. The chair, for example, has its form, or determining formal constituent, because its final reason is to serve as a seat. With this we shall deal presently, but we have much more to say, still, of the formal constituent. In the case of the chair, it is evident that its formal constituent comes to a material constituent already determined by one formal constituent, that of wood. Hence, the formal constituent of "chairness" affects the material accidentally. The state of "chairness" is an accidental state which may come and go, leaving the material constituent, except for its "chairness," the same.

It is otherwise in the case of the dog. Once the life which is the formal constituent of his "dogness" departs, not only does the sound and shape peculiar to the dog depart as well, but the characteristic material of the dog also departs, slowly but surely, body, bones and all. This change is different from what happens when the formal constituent of a chair is lost. It is a substantial, not an accidental change. Hence, Aristotle calls the formal constituent of a dog, the substantial form. It constitutes the dog's "Dogness," but it constitutes much more as well. The dog material substantially disintegrates in its absence. This concept, representing

a physical fact, not a metaphysical entity, is the most misunderstood and least clearly grasped of all essential concepts in our modern thinking. If such were not the case, no thinker could accept the framework for thinking set up by evolution. For the substantial form, or formal substantial constituent, besides being the principle of determination in the compound of matter and form, is also the main principle of action, for the action follows the nature. The action of the compound proceeds—and all experience verifies this—according to the formal principle, and toward a definite end, neither can it effect another and except by accident. Evolution means that it does produce a different one. Now if this production is by accident and therefore variable in its nature, the world is a series of accidents not worth the wasted trouble of our investigation. If this different effect produced is substantial, and according to the nature of the compound, then we have the inconsistency of the same formal constituent, which gives a definite "*esse*," or nature to the compound, giving at the same time to the same compound an indefinite and variable operation. This, as St. Thomas would say, is "*valde inconveniens*," most unsuitable, for "*operatio sequitur esse*," the operation follows the nature.

The formal constituent cause gives the sufficient reason for calling one tree an oak and another a maple, one animal a dog and another a cat. Without it, there is no thinking possible, for there is no definition and nothing definite to furnish a stable object of thought. While I am thinking and reasoning about the object, it may suddenly become an entirely different object, and having tarried in that state till I come up with it, it may again fluctuate into something else.

I thought it was an elephant, a flying round my lamp.
I looked again and found it was a penny postage stamp.
You'd best be getting in, I said, the nights are rather damp.

This is as near as we can get to science or stable knowledge without admitting a formal constituent cause. For the material constituent is fluctuating and determinable, the formal constituent is the fixing and determinant cause of the thing being *what* it is.

The fact that a determinant and a determinable have been

brought together, gives rise in the mind, viewing facts through the prism of causality, to a new causal concept, that of the bringer about of this union, the efficient cause. For it is evident that the determinable did not cause the determinant constituent, nor did the determinant make the determinable constituent. Moreover, the determinant or formal constituent only comes into existence with the existence of the compound, the chair or the dog. Hence, though it causes the "chairness" of the chair and the "dogness" of the dog, respectively, it cannot cause its own existence prior to existing itself. Therefore the coming into being of the chair and dog requires a cause external to the chair and dog. This making cause we term the efficient cause. Now to fit a determinant to a determinable and so constitute a compound, connotes intelligence. The only alternative of an efficient intelligent cause is chance, which negatives experience, reduces the world to chaos, and forbids the possibility of ordered knowledge. An unintelligent compound of material and formal constituent may, and does, in its turn, become an efficient cause, but it does so only by virtue of the intelligent efficient cause which united the material determinable and formal determinant for this purpose. Every efficient cause acts either through intelligence of its own, or through an intelligence from without, impressing its purpose upon it. All our experience tells us this. Take an automobile for example! Its purposeful action is the result of intelligent combination of determinable and determinant constituent, impressed upon it by its maker *who* caused it.

This purpose, evident in the action of the thing caused, leads the mind, gazing through the prism of causality, to distinguish still one more cause completing the sufficient reason for the existence of the thing caused, the final cause or end evident in its activity. This, in the compound caused, is merely a capacity to produce, or cause in its turn, a certain effect by its action. It is the intrinsic end or reason of its being. But in the mind of the efficient cause, this intrinsic end or reason was present beforehand as an idea or motive urging him to make the compound—to unite determinable and determinant constituents, and this is properly the causality of the final cause. It moves the maker to make. Without it the efficient cause would have no motive to act, nor to make

this rather than that. Chance, which all sane thinking abhors, would again be the last explanation and final sufficient reason for things, which means that they would have no reason at all. There would be no reason, that is, *why* things are.

This leads to absolute skepticism, for the mind under such conditions has no reason for reasoning—as we concluded above. Further than this no other causalities are distinguishable. For the instrumental causality, so-called, is but an extension of the efficient cause, enabling it more easily to act. Again, the exemplary cause, so-called, pertains to the efficient cause. It is the image or idea according to which the cause works. For an intelligent efficient cause acts necessarily according to its nature. Now the nature of intelligence is to work by plan and not blindly.

These four causalities, while furnishing the mind with a sufficient reason for things being as they are, furnishes also the scientific knowledge of them by definition and division. Neither is there any other idea under heaven given to men by which they can positively and permanently distinguish and define.

All this is in the nature of a scientific *apologia* for the opening questions and answers of the catechism: "Who made man?" "What is man?" "Why was man made?" It is also the reason for saying, with scientific accuracy, that a Christian child knows more than many a great scientist.

How keen the human mind is to search for these causes, and how it enjoys finding them, is shown by the universal appeal of "Detective Stories." These are only a dramatic finding and linking of causalities. The story opens with the finding of the material cause or constituent, a dead man or woman—formality of death undetermined. First problem—find the formality—natural death, accident, suicide, murder? The compound is then determined by its formal constituent to be a murdered man or woman. The next quest is for the efficient cause. To find it, the search proceeds by way of the final cause or end which induced the murder. Was he or she murdered for money, revenge, in a quarrel, or for hire? This final cause, when found leads to the efficient cause motivated by such reason to act. And so the circle of causality is completed and the story is done.

THE PASSING OF McCARTENAY.

BY FREDERICK WENNERBERG.



SURE, Chaplain, I knew ye for clergy when first I laid eyes on ye, 'twas the manner now, gentle like, but un-sanc-ti-monius."

"You're far from Erin's shore, McCartenay, but you've not lost the blarney. There now, don't move that arm."

"But I wasn't rightly sure of de-nom-in-a-tion, y'see. I've learned there's many odd ways of worship, what with these Roosian priests and their greasy beards and three wives and the like."

"Steady, man! Now, your arm about my neck, so. Slowly, slowly—there, now you're easier!"

"Thank you, kindly, Father. But, as I was sayin', a man's profession will show through his clothes. They've put me in a Chinaman's heathen pyjamas, but ye know me for a British soldier. As my old K.O., Captain Hathgate, said, God rest his soul, we left him in Mesopotamia, and all souls—'McCartenay,' he said, 'McCartenay, if ye parted your hair in the middle, ye'd look like Kitchener.' 'Twas on parade, an' the Somerset Fuseliers. 'Right wheel!' he says, 'an', McCartenay, take your chest off your back!' Ah!"

A wrench of pain constricted the wounded man's features, haggardly revealed by a single swaying lantern. Then a smile triumphed! "Father, are we on the track or no?"

The tiny goods-wagon bumped and rattled like a dice-box. It was heated by what seemed a single coal in a small stove at the centre. The dim, erratic light revealed some thirty men lying on improvised plank bunks, all Russians save McCartenay, all alike dirty, unkempt, thin, gray-skinned and heavily bearded. Each wore hospital pyjamas and was scantily covered with a single blanket, supplemented by rags and scraps of clothing. A few showed bandages, filthy with crusted blood and dirt. Squatted near the stove, a Russian priest held thin, white hands over the fire. A man in the uniform of a British army officer bent over the British soldier's bunk and attempted

to keep the restless and feverish man covered with a fur coat which the officer had evidently doffed himself.

"And I thought ye a medico, Father, for long. But God sent the priest instead. Sure to die in such a damn cold country, 'twould be a great change of climate! Chill your hand is, Father, take ye your coat, now, and warm you at the fire. It's hot I am, God knows."

The man's touch was burning, but his teeth chattered.

"Get you to the fire now, Father—if that Protestant priest with the long beard hasn't put it out with warming his fat by it—

"Dan, Dan, the Protestant priest,
Stole a pig at the Kelly's feast.
The fiddler he fell off the stool
And so they—"

The mumbled rhyme driveled into incoherence and then labored breath. The outstretched arm dropped inert.

The officer stood a moment to assure himself that the wounded man slept, then turned to the stove, lit a cigarette from a glowing ember, and stood, feet braced against the constant jar of springless truck and flattened wheel, gazing out of a small window improvised in the door. Wind-blown snow drove into his face through the cracks. A meteor-like stream of engine sparks whirled past, and there was dimly revealed a Siberian mountain slope under veiled stars.

Major Arthur Compton of the British Royal Army Medical Corps Reserve was puzzled. He faced a novel situation. It had been entirely an accident that he was a passenger on this unsavory hospital train, but transportation was at a premium. In the eastward movement of retreat before the victorious Bolshevik forces, the long-disorganized railroad system had utterly broken down—and any accommodation was better than long delay in the path of the advancing Reds. The great "All-Russian" army, financed and equipped by the Powers, was a thing of shreds and patches. Furthermore, the peasantry were seething with revolt clear from Baikal to the Japan Sea. No longer could they be overawed by Cossack sabre and whipping post. The railroad had been attacked at many points by guerrilla bands. Allied troops, guarding the precious line of

communication, were thinly scattered along many thousand versts of rail, bridge and tunnel.

It was also an accident that Compton had found McCartenay. There was not another doctor on the train: the original three had succumbed to the dread spotted plague, typhus. Indeed, there was little a doctor could do when medical supplies were limited to a few yards of bandage and a jarful of morphine tablets. Four ill-trained Russian nurses composed the entire staff. The train carried a section of Kolchak troopers as a guard, but they refused to lift a finger in aid. And there were four hundred patients on board, to say nothing of the skeleton forms piled high in the straw of the last two cars.

In this caravan of death, the British surgeon had made a half-hearted attempt to single out the more hopeful cases and isolate them for what care and treatment he could give. Making the rounds, he had come upon McCartenay. This British sergeant had been one of the group of officers and non-coms detailed from the Mesopotamian veterans, in Siberia, as instructors to Kolchak's regiments. In the *mêlée* of the Ekaterinburg defeat, he had been isolated from his comrades, and, seriously wounded, had been mistaken for a Russian and consigned to one of the ill-fated "sanitary" trains.

Compton had found him in a delirium of fever, reciting snatches of music-hall songs and bits of the "Hail Mary," in a car of typhus patients. He had brought him to his own car and taken him in special charge; dressed and roughly cleaned his gangrened wound, bathed him, fed him, and at last brought him from successive delirium and coma.

One morning, McCartenay woke to consciousness and identified the patient caretaker, whom in his fever he had mistaken for a chaplain. Seeing Compton reading from a black-bound leather copy of Epictetus, which had companioned the surgeon through these far lands, he had confirmed his own mistake.

"Being so bold, what was the holy office today, Father?"

Compton, though not a believer, had taken advantage of the mistake, especially when he saw the child-like joy in the sunken blue eyes. Though drugs and medicines there were none, the touch of the supposed physician of souls had brought visible improvement to the stricken man. His irrational periods were fewer, the fever was gradually allayed, and Comp-

ton marveled at signs of regaining health in one whom his practiced eye had doomed for death.

With this change for the better came a new difficulty. McCartenay called for the sacraments. All the adroit tact for which the doctor had been famed in Regent Street sick rooms had been called into play to circumvent this issue.

"Tomorrow," he would temporize, "when you're thoroughly rested. I want all your thoughts. Now you must sleep." And he would practice the soothing power of suggestion that London dowagers, at the nerve-wracked stub of a season, had called—hypnotic.

Even in delirium, the troubled soul sought the relief of confession.

"Bless me, Father—" At these words, Compton would turn aside, respecting the secrecy of an institution in which he had no belief.

Now, turning from the window, he thrust his cigarette end into the stove, after wedging the huddled man of the skirted cassock aside to admit of opening the door. The priest grunted and relapsed into another position of slumber. The major regarded him. Despite the practicality of his profession, he was something of a mystic, and the greasy priest of a fallen Tsar was not repellent to him, but rather uncouthly symbolic of a nation wandering in an age-long nightmare of sleep away from the light and into dark and treacherous ways.

And yet, he thought, how mighty the power of Rome! The centuries have passed, still is her ritual performed, her eternal message is proclaimed, her traditions are revered in this dark northern land, though, generations since, Rome disowned her brotherhood who bowed to a new Vicar in a Muscovite sovereign. She proclaims their ceremonies, all save the rites for the dying, though celebrated in churches decked with barbaric pearl and gold and intoned by choirs of ravishing harmony before prostrate and adoring throngs, to be illicit and unworthy. Notwithstanding, the ancient forms survive; the Host is still raised over multitudinous worshippers, though the State call it a mockery, and the Vicar of Christ name it a sacrilege.

To Compton, "Church" meant a "mediæval" thing, and that adjective connoted the strange and curiously ornamented work of a remote age, like the scrolled lettering of a thirteenth century Bible, beautifully useless.

Just then, the priest's snores multiplied into a spasm, and, waking, he spat profusely, then, laboriously rising, set a small battered kettle on the stove, and fumbled from the folds of his gown a blackened cake resembling American chewing tobacco. The eternal tea was in process of preparation.

Shrugging his shoulders, the major turned again to his bit of window. That gray blur was the sky, those shapeless blots were stunted pines. The grade had been mounted; now, on an upland plateau, the train gained momentum.

He recalled the luxuries of travel at home, long lines of massive coaches with polished fittings, plate glass, upholstery, vestibules. He thought of the palace train that once drew nobility and globe-trotters at scented ease over endless reaches of plain and mountain from Vladivostok, "The Ruler of the East," to Moscow and Paris.

"Whong!" A long blast from the engine. It seemed that a human cry wailed answer. A square hut, a sidetrack, three houses, a barking dog, two swaying lanterns—again vague landscape and sky behind the sparks.

Now ensued slackening of speed and, with it, comparative ease of motion. The rain of sparks died out and a wan landscape showed, shadow without color, and a faint foreboding of dawn. Slower and yet slower turned the dragging wheels, till at last the progress scarcely exceeded that of a man walking. Finally, with no definite jar of brakes, motion ceased. At once, dead silence.

To the ears, long numbed with clank of iron and strain of timbers, smaller vibrations returned no impression. Then voices came from a great distance up the track and footsteps crunched the frosted snow. The lantern still swayed. A few of the sleepers stirred and muttered, disturbed by the quiet. The priest, overtaken by sleep in his tea-making, crowded closer to the dying fire. Compton realized that his eyelids were smarting. He placed a single remaining fagot in the stove, and setting his shoulder against the staple, pushed open the car door and leaped out.

No wind blew, but cold lay heavy like a deadly gas, searing to the lungs. Hastily, he climbed a rough ladder, carefully avoiding blistering iron rods and took an armful of the precious firewood that was stacked on the car roof. Backing down, he slipped from the last frosted rung and sprawled

upon a man crawling at the moment from under the car. The victim, a huge bearded fellow in black military greatcoat and shako, cried out sharply, and scrambled off the way he had come.

Compton rubbed a bruised elbow, chuckled ruefully, and bent to regain his scattered load. As he did so, a loud, high scream of pain and fright rang from the distant front of the train. Immediately, there followed the clear-cut report of a pistol, a sound of running feet, two more shots and, after an interval, a fourth—then again utter silence.

For the first time, Compton noted that the engine was missing. Around a curve the long line of wooden boxes showed in the half-light of dawn, silent, desolate, abandoned.

The place was a cut between a sheer cliff on the further side of the train, and a whitened slope that rose fifty yards to a line of scrawny pines.

There was no further sound. A few sparks straggled from the stovepipes in the car roofs out upon the windless air. There was no other motion.

Suddenly a line of fire penciled the ridge crest. With a rattle like the slide of a rock-pile upon iron, a fusillade of bullets rapped through the cars, whined off the rails, spat on the cliff.

As Compton leaped toward the car, where his pistol was, his knee crumpled under him, and he sank to the ground, disabled by a leg wound.

The next ten minutes were an age of hurried impressions.

From many cars, shouting patients leaped and scrambled about, some throwing themselves prone, some frantically seeking shelter anywhere; between the tracks, in the shallow ditch, behind the trucks—some even diving ridiculously into the snow drifts for protection against bullets.

But the fire was not at once resumed. Following their usual tactics, the guerrilla band of Bolsheviks had taken position at short range and fired a carefully-aimed volley.

Compton, helplessly sprawled under the car, called, unheeded, for his pistol, for a weapon, for anything, shouted orders and advice, then, realizing the futility of his words, shut his teeth and waited.

It was an eternal minute of suspense. As yet, the train

had not replied. From the cars came the moans of the wounded and of those too sick to move.

Now appeared one, two—three black figures, cautiously reconnoitering around the corner of the ridge. Bent and watchful, rifles advanced, they approached, and other black figures trailed after them.

Just then Compton heard, from down the track, a shouted command in English.

McCartenay's voice! McCartenay, rallying the Russian non-coms whom he had trained in British drill. The drive of command was in his steel tones:

"Fire at will! An' give 'em *hell*!"

The rifles barked, not in volley, but individually, as the men sighted and aimed, true to their training. In the increasing distinctness of the dawn black figures all along the line whirled and fell. The Bolsheviks shouted and scattered for the ridge.

Compton could see McCartenay kneeling and firing methodically, the while he shouted correction and encouragement to the group of patients and train guards firing prone in front of him. The Major crawled feverishly toward this little skirmish line, his useless leg dragging behind him.

The attackers rallied.

There ensued a sharp interchange of fire, then the reply of the defenders died down and ceased. Sick at heart, Compton realized that their ammunition had given out. The assaulting party knew it, as well, for they came on by successive rushes down the slope.

At twenty yards distance, they halted, a motley mob, laughing, shouting, gesticulating—then, to Compton's horror, they deliberately squatted down and aimed their rifles at the scattered groups of their victims.

McCartenay rose, swinging a clubbed rifle, his unkempt red hair, fiery in the dawn light. In a great voice, he shouted:

"Follow me, men! Carry on!" And a handful actually did follow him in the pitiful charge, till he stumbled and sank to his knees.

At this moment there dashed forward from beneath the train an uncouth figure with long beard and curls. The priest. He held his arms outstretched and shouted again and again to the savage enemy one potent word.

"Angeleski!"

It was the name of a race whose power has been carried by men of McCartenay's breed into the furthest reaches of the world.

Compton, rising to one knee, shouted too, and pointed behind him. There, upon the car door where he had nailed it, the flag of England showed in the morning light, red with the threat of a mighty retribution that all of Asia's peoples know.

The outlaws hesitated and muttered among themselves. At this moment, a whistle screamed and an engine appeared around the curve. Drab-uniformed figures were grouped on its front and a Lewis gun looked down the track.

At that the Bolsheviks turned and fled. They floundered up the hill. They threw aside coats and rifles. They toppled in the drifts as the Lewis gun spoke:

"Br-r-r-up! Br-r-r-up! Br-r-r-up!"

By dint of vast exertion, Compton had crawled to McCartenay's side. The soldier lay supine, eyes shut, his head tossing from side to side.

Sobbing, the surgeon ripped and tore away the wretched coverings. The new wound was small, a notched gap in the abdomen. McCartenay opened his eyes, smiled wanly, drew Compton's head down to his.

"We gave them a fight, Father, any how, the dirty dogs! And now—now," the voice was a hoarse whisper, "now—bless me, Father, for—I have—sinned," and he gripped the doctor's hand. Then his eyelids fell while the lips formed inaudible words.

Compton choked and turned his head. There, beside him, stood the priest, silent, expressionless. His skirts were muddled and torn. Upon his forehead a crimson bruise reddened the long matted hair. His arms were folded, and in his right hand he held a small black Byzantine crucifix.

A new thought came to Compton.

From the closed eyes and mumbling lips of the wounded man, he looked to the stoical gaze of this bystander. Then, roughly, he seized the priest's arm and drew him down beside him.

A transforming light gleamed in the Russian's blue eyes.

Paying no further attention to Compton, he drew from his gown a little vial. In the oil which it contained he dipped the thumb of his right hand, and with it made a sign. He made that sign upon the soldier's eyes, that fluttered but did not see . . . upon the lips that could now utter neither prayer nor curse, then upon the hands, that clutched at emptiness, and lastly upon those weary feet that had trod frozen steppes and burning sands for England's crown.

Meanwhile, he besought Unseen Powers in a monotone of rolling Slavonic sounds that rose to a weird climax with a cry that rang upon the frozen silence:

"Christus!" he exhorted.

"Christus!" he implored.

At full arm's reach he held the crucifix aloft, then set it to the soldier's wordless lips. The kiss became a smile which did not change.

As the days passed, that thin-lipped frozen smile became to the surgeon not a ghastly thing, no, rather an expression strangely ascetic, deeply peaceful, and full of joy. Whereat, being something of a mystic, he pondered.

In England that morning it was night. At a meeting of the House of Commons, measures were discussed to suppress the Sein Fein Republic. In the same hour, a Russian Jew preached revolution in Union Square, New York. And in Ireland, a priest was shot and an altar defiled.

FRANCIS THOMPSON AND HIS POETRY.

BY JOHN CRAIG.



ON a day in the springtime of 1888, in London, Wilfrid Meynell, at the office of *Merry England*, a monthly magazine of which he was the editor, was informed that Francis Thompson had called and wished to see him. To understand the significance of this call, let us briefly sketch the circumstances of it. On February 23, 1887, Francis had addressed a letter to the editor of *Merry England*, enclosing a prose article and, seemingly as an afterthought, a "few specimens" of his poetry, "with the off chance that one may be less poor than the rest," and with a postscript request to address the rejection to the Charing Cross Post Office. The manuscripts were "most uninviting and difficult in outward aspect," Everard Meynell tells us in his admirable *Life of Francis Thompson*.¹ "My father and mother decided to accept the essay and a poem, and to seek the author. To this end my father wrote a letter addressed to the Charing Cross Post Office, asking the author to call for a proof and to discuss the chances of future work. To that letter came no reply and publication was postponed. Then this letter was returned through the dead-letter office, and the editor could only print the 'Passion of Mary' as a possible way of getting into communication with the author. The poem appeared in *Merry England* for April, 1888."

Thereupon, on April 14th, Francis wrote to Wilfrid Meynell. Mr. Meynell responded with an explanation of his reasons for publishing the poem as he did, and again asked the author to call, sending the letter by a messenger to the address Francis had given, a chemist's shop in Drury Lane. Many days after that the young poet received it and decided to call. Thus:

"'Show him up,'" said Mr. Meynell, and sat alone waiting in his office.

"Then the door opened, and a strange hand was thrust in. The door closed, but Thompson had not entered. Again it

¹ New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

opened, again it shut. At the third attempt a waif of a man came in. No such figure had been looked for; more ragged and unkempt than the average beggar, with no shirt beneath his coat and bare feet in broken shoes. . . .”

It is little wonder that his first glimpse of that pathetic figure rendered Wilfrid Meynell—beloved for his gentleness by everybody with whom he comes in contact—momentarily speechless.

Thus began the literary career of this “waif of a man” “with no shirt beneath his coat and bare feet in broken shoes.” Thus, too, fortuitously did he find a friend whose esteem until his last breath was the most precious gift of an otherwise apathetic world. And as to the worth of his poetry let us, out of a sheaf of appreciations, quote Arnold Bennett, who wrote, seven years later, of the first volume, *Poems*:

“My belief is that Francis Thompson has a richer natural genius, a finer poetical equipment, than any poet save Shakespeare. Show me the divinest glories of Shelley and Keats, even of Tennyson . . . and I think I can match them all out of this one book, this little book that can be bought at an ordinary bookseller’s shop for an ordinary, prosaic crown. . . . Every critic with an atom of discretion knows that a poet must not be called great until he is either dead or very old. Well, please yourself what you may think. But, in time to come, don’t say I didn’t tell you.”

Significant words, these, coming from the pen of so discerning a judge of literary values as Arnold Bennett—even allowing for the ardor of the youth of twenty-five years ago. What that writer’s opinion of Francis Thompson is today, a quarter of a century after he thus apotheosized him, I am unable to say. Another instance, however, is pertinent here and deserves consideration: A few years out of college, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch wrote in the London *Daily News*:

“It was at Cambridge, in the height of the summer term and in a Fellows’ Garden, that the revelation [of Thompson’s “The Mistress of Vision”] came. I thought then in my enthusiasm that no such poem had been written or attempted since Coleridge attempted, and left off writing, *Kubla Khan*. In a cooler hour I think so yet; and were my age twenty-five or so, it would delight me to swear to it, riding to any man’s

drawbridge who shuts his gates against it, and blowing the horn of challenge. . . . To me my admiration seemed too hot to last; but four or five years leave me unrepentant. It seemed to me to be more likely to be a perishable joy. . . ."

As a significant commentary on the wearing qualities of Francis Thompson, it may be added that the year 1921 found Sir Arthur presumably still "unrepentant" and his joy still unperished. For in his book, *On the Art of Reading*,² we find him listing Thompson's "The Hound of Heaven" among the thirty-six literary productions in the English language that one ought to read.

Indeed, the second-only-to-Shakespeare estimate (the expression at that time had none of its subsequent triteness) is voiced by several other critics. One young reviewer, Vernon Blackburn, once startled the members of his college crew by shouting through their bedroom doors his new discovered joy—a poem in *Merry England* by F. T. "‘I know at last,’ was his loud confidence, ‘that there is a poet who may worthily take a place as Shakespeare’s second.’" And Canon Sheehan wrote of Francis in the *American Ecclesiastical Review* for June, 1898: "For the present he will write no more poetry. Why? I should hardly like to intrude upon the privacy of another's thoughts; but Francis Thompson, who, with all his incongruities, ranks in English poetry with Shelley, and *only* beneath Shakespeare, has hardly had any recognition in Catholic circles. If Francis Thompson had been an Anglican or a Unitarian, his praises would have been sung unto the ends of the earth." Again, J. L. Garvin, writing in the *Bookman* for March, 1897, said: "Mr. Thompson's poetry scarcely comes by way of the outward eye at all. He scarcely depends upon occasions. In a dungeon one imagines that he would be no less a poet. The regal airs, the prophetic ardors, the apocalyptic vision, the supreme utterance—he has them all. A rarer, more intense, more strictly predestinate genius has never been known to poetry. To many this may well appear the simple delirium of over-emphasis. The writer signs for those others, nowise ashamed, who range after Shakespeare's very Sonnets the poetry of a living poet, Francis Thompson."

These are but a few, selected somewhat at random, out of a ponderable number of testimonies penned upon a somewhat

² New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

similar plane of appreciation by the literary critics. The obvious question, therefore, arises: Why is Francis Thompson's poetry not more widely known and quoted, why has he not been allotted the position in the history and the vogue of literature to which his genius would seem to be entitled? To answer that question one must consider the fates of most geniuses of the seven arts from the beginnings of human history during or immediately subsequent to their lifetimes. There are some persons (of impartial religious convictions) who incline to the belief that Francis Thompson has been the victim of a conspiracy of silence among the *literati*, which has its origin in the fact that he was a Roman Catholic. Heaven forbid that that were so; if it is, it is one of the most lamentable examples of intolerance in the whole category of sins of intolerance. The present writer ventures his humble opinion that it is not so. It is almost inconceivable that the honest judgment of the literary world would, even subconsciously, allow itself to be affected by the myopia of religious antipathy or indifferentism in such degree as to shut from its regard the poet's splendid contribution to our precious heritage of letters. It would seem that the explanation is contained in Mr. Garvin's words, already quoted: "Mr. Thompson's poetry scarcely comes by way of the outward eye at all." Or in William Archer's comment: "This is not work which can possibly be *popular* in the wide sense; but it is work that will be read and treasured centuries hence by those who really care for poetry." As against the explanation of anti-Catholic predilections, it were more probable that present-day readers are not better acquainted with the poetry of Francis Thompson for the very reason that they do not make the mental effort to plumb the depth of his mystical utterances. And let him among us be the first to cast a stone who is without the sin of indifference referred to by Canon Sheehan!

It is not within the scope of an article like this to do anything approaching justice to a career and a personality, the detailed exposition of which involved for Everard Meynell the writing of a book of three hundred and fifty pages that fairly teem with interest. To him we are indebted for the story of Francis' life. It will be possible to give here only the sketchiest record of that life.

Francis Joseph Thompson was born on December 16, 1859,

at Preston in Lancashire. His father, a doctor by profession, was a convert to Catholicism, as was also his mother. In 1864 the family moved to Ashton-under-Lyne, the home of Francis until his trip to London at the age of twenty-one. His sister entered a convent, and became Mother Austin of the Presentation Convent, Manchester. Two paternal aunts, also, were nuns: Sister Mary of St. Jane Frances de Chantal of the Order of the Good Shepherd, and Sister Mary Ignatius of the Order of Mercy. These ancestral facts are presented for whatever they may be worth as indicating the religious heritage of Francis.

As a schoolboy, we find him one of the most timid of youths, with an utter disinclination to mix with his fellows, and almost morbidly sensitive to ridicule, fancied or otherwise. Even in his tender years there seems to have been about him an aura of the tragedy that was his destiny in after life. "Yes, childhood is tragic to me," was found written in one of his notebooks. At seven, says Everard Meynell, he was reading poetry!

In 1870 he entered Ushaw College, near Durham, with the purpose eventually of becoming a priest. Here his awkward shyness and his aversion for the society of his fellow-students still characterized him. Two other unfortunate foibles that manifested themselves were his indolence and extraordinary absent-mindedness. As for his scholarship, the statement of the late Monsignor Corbishly, recorded by Everard Meynell, speaks volumes: "In Latin he was first six times, second three times, and twice he was third. The lowest place he got was sixth, except when he composed in so-called Latin verse. In Greek his place was from second to tenth. In French, average place about eighth. In English, first sixteen times; of his Arithmetic, Algebra and Geometry, the less said the better. He was a good, quiet, shy lad. Physically, a weakling: he had a halting way of walking, and gave the impression that physical existence would be rather a struggle for him. He did practically nothing at the games. *Hæc habeo quæ dicam de nostro pœta præclarissimo.*"

When he was eighteen, his preceptors advised him to abandon the idea of becoming a priest; his abnormal absent-mindedness, they feared, would prove too great a handicap. It was a rude termination of the cherished dream

of his parents—and, according to reliable opinion, a bitter and permanent grief to Francis.

For the next six years, this odd youth made a pretense of study for the medical profession at Owens College, in Manchester—a career for which he was totally unfitted, and to which he made no attempt to apply himself, though daily he made the journey to Manchester from Ashton “under the compulsion of the family eye.” But once round the corner he was safe from the too strict inquiry by a father never stern. The hours of his actual attendance at lectures were comparatively few.

In 1879 Francis was stricken with fever. “It is probably at this time,” says Everard Meynell, “that he first tasted laudanum.” Significant, here, at this time also was the gift from his mother, shortly before her death, of a copy of Thomas De Quincey’s *Confessions of An Opium Eater*. Manchester, in those days, was a very breeding-nest of the habit of opium eating; temptation, stalking the byways of the city in the persons of illicit traffickers of the drug, panderers to the physical stress under which the cotton-spinners of Manchester lived, held a still greater lure for medical students, who could legitimately obtain the drug at any apothecary store for their professional work. . . . Francis, the physical weakling, contracted the habit, whose first seed, as in the case of Coleridge and De Quincey, had been planted in a time of physical illness.

In 1879 Francis went to London for his medical examination. “I have not passed,” was all he could report, later, to his father. In 1882, after two more years of pretended study, he went through the same dismal experience. Again, he was prevailed upon to take the medical examination at Glasgow, again he failed, and this time fell under the lash of his father’s impatience. He now obtained a position with a surgical instrument maker. It lasted two weeks! His next employment was the selling of an encyclopedia; he spent two months in reading it, and then decided he couldn’t sell it. Totally unfitted for the practicalities of the business side of life, in desperation he now turned to an occupation that would relieve him of its responsibilities: he decided to become—a soldier, no less! He enlisted in the army, indeed, but still the ghost of failure stalked at his heels; he was rejected at the physical examination. In November, 1885, his physical

appearance and his demeanor aroused in his father's mind the suspicion that he was drinking. He left home shortly afterward, and fled to London. He delayed for a week in Manchester, selling his meagre effects; ninety-five poetry books were disposed of in this way. . . . "But to the remnant of a library he would cling with a persistence that defied even the terrific imp of the laudanum bottle."

In London, penniless and friendless, he could find no better job than trudging the streets from bookstore to bookstore, a sack slung over his shoulder, collecting volumes for a bookseller. The job was soon lost. His clothes soon wore away to tatters; he slept in common lodging-houses, in archways, in houses of refuge, according to the condition of his purse. He found an occupation which yielded him a pittance, hailing cabs; another was that of selling matches, newspapers; still another, blacking boots! A kindly bootmaker, a Mr. McMaster, an Episcopalian churchwarden, befriended him, offered him a job in his shop, running messages, putting up the shutters, doing other odd services to "pay" for his food and lodging. This lasted for three months. A trip to his home followed, at Christmastime, 1886. Of that visit little is known. He soon returned to the London streets. Of his abject misery and suffering, the dread disease searing the wretched tenement of his body with yelping pangs that demanded the drug for its alleviation, we can only guess. As in the case of De Quincey, Francis now was befriended—by a prostitute of the streets.

Lest these lines seem to convey any sinister intimation, a word here may be pertinent: Be it known that at no time, even among those who in after years may have been unfriendly to Francis Thompson, even among his "enemies"—if, indeed, he ever had any—no word, not even a suggestion, has ever been uttered to stain his beautiful character with the stigma of shame.

It is not improbable, says his biographer, that the lines which follow were written while he was befriended by the girl who, having noticed his forlorn state, did all in her power to assist him:

Hell's gates revolve upon her yet alive;
To her no Christ the beautiful is nigh:

The stony world has daffed His teaching by;
 "Go," saith it; "sin on still that you may thrive,
 Let one sin be as queen for all the hive
 Of sins to swarm around;"

* * * * *

The gates of Hell have shut her in alive.

Out of the squandered heritage of her soul she gave of her charity to this wretched fellow outcast of society. Wandering absent-mindedly and bewildered through a busy thoroughfare late at night, he was knocked down and ground beneath the wheels of a cab. Finding him, she hailed another cab and carried him to a room and gave him food and covering to warm his chilled and broken body. Then, having nursed him with a motherly affection, she fled from him; and into this last act may be interpreted the tenderest, the noblest, even if mute, tribute of her withered heart to the true, the chaste character of Francis Thompson. Of that beautiful flower of friendship and charity, blooming in a byway where such precious blossoms are so little looked for, he was later (in "A Child's Kiss") to write:

Forlorn, and faint, and stark,
 I had endured through watches of the dark
 The abashless inquisition of each star,
 Yea, was the outcast mark
 Of all those heavenly passers' scrutiny;
 Stood bound and helplessly
 For Time to shoot his barbèd minutes at me;
 Suffered the trampling hoof of every hour
 In night's slow-wheelèd car;
 Until the tardy dawn dragged me at length
 From under those dread wheels; and, bled of strength,
 I awaited the inevitable last.

Then there came past
 A child; like thee, a spring-flower; but a flower
 Fallen from the budded coronal of Spring,
 And through the city-streets blown withering.
 She passed—O brave, sad, lovinest, tender thing!—
 And of her own scant pittance did she give,

That I might eat and live:
 Then fled, a swift and trackless fugitive.
 Therefore I kissed in thee

The heart of Childhood, so divine for me;
And her, through what sore ways,
And what unchildish days,
Borne from me now, as then, a trackless fugitive.
Therefore I kissed in thee
Her, child! and innocence.

A sense of guilt oppresses the present writer for thus apparently emphasizing the seamy details of Francis Thompson's life. But they constitute the purgatory through which his soul reached the sublime heights of later years. Poverty (and its handmaiden, Suffering) was to his dying hour to be his self-chosen Bride—as in the case of the beloved Assisian. Came now to Francis the heavenly gift of a friendship—that of the Meynells—that is so precious because it is so rarely to be found on this side of Heaven. Their gift to him is only partially encompassed by the fourteen corporal and spiritual Works of Mercy. Through them he was, to use a much-abused expression, to “find himself.”

His renunciation of opium dates from this period. In the case of Coleridge, opium had killed the poet in him: with Francis, it had only delayed the development of his latent gift. Like the tender sapling that, shorn of its imminent foliage and twisted into grotesque shapes by the winter's gales, with the coming of spring burgeons forth in all its glory, so also of Francis we read that now “his images came toppling about his thoughts overflowing during the pains of abstinence.”

The young poet was sent to Storrington Priory to regain, in the companionship of the Franciscan monks, some of his wasted vitality. Here, in mid-summer, 1889, was written the “Ode to the Setting Sun,” and the famous essay on Shelley, the latter to be rejected by the *Dublin Review*, which, in July, 1908, after the death of Francis, had the good fortune to publish it (an event which necessitated the then unique experience for the *Review* of going to press a second time), and which later was to be considered by George Wyndham “the most important contribution made to English literature for twenty years.”

In February, 1890, he left Storrington and returned to London. Now followed the writing of “Love in Diana's Lap,” and of *Sister Songs* (1891), both written in pencil in a “penny

exercise book," which came as a Christmas offering to the Meynells. To *Sister Songs* he attached an "Inscription," and of his sentiments, after watching the "piling up of Christmas presents" at the Meynell home, he writes:

But one I marked who lingered still behind,
As for such souls no seemly gift had he:

He was not of their strain,
Nor worthy so bright beings to entertain,
Nor fit compeer for such high company;
Yet was he surely born to them in mind,
Their youngest nursling of the spirit's kind.

Last stole this one,
With timid glance, of watching eyes adread,
And dropped his frightened flower when all were gone;
And where the frail flower fell, it witherèd.
But yet methought those high souls smiled thereon;
As when a child, upstraining at your knees
Some fond and fancied nothings, says, "I give you these."

To this period also belongs the writing of "The Hound of Heaven."

Back in London, says Everard Meynell, he was "put to small tasks as much that he might be put out of train for talk as for the use he was," about the "close-packed table in the private room where, every Thursday, my father produced with superhuman effort a fresh number of his *Weekly Register*." One gets a picture of Francis as a good-natured nuisance in that "frenzied atmosphere." Of it he indites a whimsy, in which he refers to "this blighting frenzy for jingles and jangles," and pictures himself biting his pencil, inviting inspiration, and plighting

My hair into elf-locks most wild, and affrighting
And *Registering*, and daying and nighting.

From this "blighting frenzy" he would be sent into the country, to Crawley, to breathe a modicum of health into his never-strong body, or off on an expedition with the Meynell children, or again to Friston, in Suffolk. The children, romping with him the hills and fields, were afterward to appear in the silvery cadences of his *Poems on Children*. Of one of them, Monica, we read a tender incident in "The Poppy:"

A child and man paced side by side
Treading the skirts of eventide;
But between the clasp of his hand and hers
Lay, felt not, twenty withered years.

She turned, with the rout of her dusk South hair,
And saw the sleeping gipsy there;
And snatched and snapped it in swift child's whim,
With—"Keep it long as you live"—to him.

Once, while at Crawley, his eye scanned a random notice in the *Register* of the death of one "Monica Mary." "My heart stood still," he writes. Happily, it was not the Monica of "The Poppy," but of his feelings occasioned by that terrifying death notice we have an inkling in his poem, "To Monica Thought Dying," the opening lines of which read:

You, O the piteous you!
Who all the long night through
Anticipatedly
Disclose yourself to me
Already in the ways
Beyond our human comfortable days;
How can you deem what Death
Impitiably saith
To me, who listening wake
For your poor sake?

And of her childish prattle:

Was it such things could make
Me sob all night for your implacable sake?

Of the incident of the flower he was later, in 1903, to write to Monica upon the announcement of her engagement to be married:

"Most warmly and sincerely I congratulate you, dear Monica, on what is the greatest event in a woman's life—or a man's, to my thinking. . . . Extend to him, if he will allow me, the affection which you once—so long since—purchased with a poppy in that Friston field. 'Keep it,' you said (though you have doubtless forgotten what you said) 'as long as you live.' I have kept it, and with it I keep

you, my dearest. I do not say or show much, for I am an old man compared with you, and no companion for your young life. But never, my dear, doubt I love you."

No printed word can convey more than a hint of the ineffable imagery of another poem, "The Making of Viola." One has often, upon looking at the angelic loveliness of a little child, dwelt, even if nebulously, upon the thought that such beauty could only be made in Heaven. Who but a Heaven-inspired genius could have expressed such a thought so beautifully as has Francis in this exquisite verse! In it he has pictured the Father of Heaven ordering the making of Viola:

The Father of Heaven:

Spin, daughter Mary, spin,
Twirl your wheel with silver din;
Spin, daughter Mary, spin,
Spin a tress for Viola.

(To which the chorus of angels respond:)

Spin, Queen Mary, a
Brown tress for Viola.

The Father of Heaven:

Weave, hands angelical,
Weave a woof of flesh to pall—
Weave, hands angelical—
Flesh to pall our Viola.

Angels:

Weave, singing brothers, a
Velvet flesh for Viola.

And so on, until the making of Viola is completed, and down to earth

Wheeling angels, past espial,
Danced her down with sound of viol.

Early in 1892, he went to Pantasaph, in Wales, "where he lodged at the gates of the Capuchin Monastery." Here he prepared the volume, *Poems*, for publication, in 1893, by Messrs. Elkin Mathews and John Lane. In 1895, *Sister Songs* was published. *New Poems* appeared in 1897.

He died, this artist son of the Mother of Arts, of consumption, at the Hospital of St. John and St. Elizabeth, in London, on November 13, 1907, among nuns who "smiled happily because he had received the Sacraments."

Francis Thompson brought to the writing of his poetry a preciousness of words and a subtlety of phrase that were—and are—at once the emulation and the despair of the minor poets and critics and the wonder and delight of his readers. His song at times suggests the rippling music of a mountain brook at the dawn of a June morning, the awesome majesty of midsummer thunder, the indescribable grandeur of blazing sunsets. Ardent Catholic that he was at the time of his death, we can readily believe that his soul inhabits Elysian fields—this mystical vagabond who once trod the London streets of his misery. But whether or not, there is little doubt that, in the words of Wilfrid Meynell: "He made all men his debtors, leaving to those who loved him the memory of his personality, and to English poetry an imperishable name."

CLOUDS SEEN IN A SUMMER SKY.

BY CHARLES J. QUIRK, S.J.

SLUMBROUS they drift upon the sky's deep blue,
Like young archangels steeped in visions blest,
Dreaming of God and Heaven's Holy Land,
Of everlasting love and peace and . . . rest!

MARIAN DEVOTION IN GREECE.

BY G. D. MEADOWS.



HERE used to exist among the Jesuit novices at Roehampton, in England, a domestic tradition of an old Irish priest of great learning and holiness and imbued with an ardent devotion to the Mother of God. When some neophyte, fuller of zeal than of knowledge, deplored with more fervor than charity the apparent stupidity which kept millions of Eastern Christians, with a genuine priesthood, real sacraments and a glorious liturgy, in perpetual schism, the venerable Father would exclaim: "Don't be too hard on the poor schismatics, my boy: they do at least 'butter-up' the Holy One." The old priest, with all the militant orthodoxy of a Catholic Celt, had, nevertheless, a corner in a very large and human heart for the Eastern "Orthodox" Christians, on account of their uncompromising devotion to her whom they name the "*Panagía*," literally the "All-Holy." Any Catholic who is brought into contact with the schismatic churches of the Near East must be struck by this feature of "Orthodox" worship. Accustomed in America and England to the charges of "Mariolatry," of "adding a fourth person to the Trinity," and all the other calumnies of the lower strata of Protestant controversialists, we find it strange to hear, as the writer heard in an ecclesiastical talk with a Greek friend: "Oh, but you of the Latin Church have so little devotion to the Mother of God."

Two or three features of the cultus of the Blessed Virgin in the "Orthodox" and other schismatic churches of the Orient stand out prominently, and are apparent even to a very casual student of the matter. In the first place, it is essentially a *devotion*, a pervading spirit and not merely a collection of devotions and traditional practices. Of "devotions," as the term is understood by modern Catholics, we find few traces in the East. Marian sodalities and confraternities are unknown, scapulars have not been heard of and rosary there is none, though the newcomer to the Balkans may be inclined to think differently when he sees the people fingering strings

of beads as they walk the streets or sit in the gardens. This, however, is merely an amusement for nervous fingers and Levantine restlessness.

Though without our aids to devotion, the schismatics of Greece, of Russia and of the Christian communities in Asia Minor and Syria are undoubtedly inspired with a very deep reverence for the Blessed Virgin, based on sound theology. She exists for them primarily in her relation to the mystery of the Incarnation. In the icons, or sacred pictures, in the churches she is invariably shown with her Child in her arms, while above her halo of silver or beaten gold is inscribed her title of highest honor—"Theotókos," i. e., "The Bearer of God." As a logical outcome of this realization of the intimate connection between Mary and the Incarnation, there is a keen sense of the honor which is her due and must always have been accorded her in the scheme of Providence, from the moment she accepted the sublime mission announced to her by St. Gabriel. The feasts of Our Lady, that of the Assumption in particular, hold prominent places in the Greek calendar. The incidents of the temporary subjection of Our Lady to the dominion of death and her subsequent assumption, are frequently depicted in the churches and chapels under the pleasing title of "The Sleep of the Theotókos."

In the liturgies of St. Basil and St. Chrysostom, still used in the daily worship of the Greek Church, we find the fullest and noblest expression of this devotion. These masterpieces of the religious spirit of Eastern Catholicism before the miserable schism which lost Byzantium to Rome, may still be heard in their entirety, chanted nasally by some peasant priest in the meanest of Greek villages, rendered with imposing ritual in the basilicas of Athens, Constantinople and Smyrna, or celebrated for the benefit of the thriving colonies of Greeks in London, Paris and New York. In the liturgy, the *Theotókion* or, as we should call it, the collect of the Blessed Virgin, invariably refers to her under some title of enthusiastic but dignified praise, such as "Our all-holy, undefiled, exceedingly blessed, glorious Lady, Theotókos and ever-virgin Mary."

In the service of the *Orthros* is sung the Magnificat or, as the Greeks call it, "The Ode of the Theotókos," after the deacon has invited the people to join in praising her: "The

Theotókos and the Mother of the Light let us praise in hymns of honor." After the Magnificat comes a versicle that bears a close resemblance to part of the Easter Saturday *Exsultet* of the Roman rite:

Most blessed art thou, O God-Bearer and Virgin, for through Him that was Incarnate of thee, Hades is led captive, Adam is recalled, the curse is become barren, Eve is set free, death is slain, and we are made to live.

The following is a literal translation of a typical Theotókion, or Collect of Our Lady:

Of thy tenderness of heart, open to us the gate, O blessed Theotókos, for hoping in thee we shall not fail; may we be delivered through thee from misfortunes, for thou art the salvation of the Christian people.

In the Liturgy proper or Eucharistic service, often erroneously referred to as the "Greek Mass," the icon of the Blessed Virgin is incensed by the celebrant, who kisses it and then recites the *Tropáron*:

Being a fountain of tenderness of heart, bestow on us thy sympathy, O Mother of God; regard the people who have sinned. Show as ever, thy power, for, hoping in thee, we cry out to thee, "Hail," as formerly did Gabriel, the leader of the angels.

These few details should suffice to give some idea of the whole-hearted character of the veneration of God's Mother in the official worship of the Eastern churches.

The traditional cultus of Our Lady is also reflected in the every-day life of the people throughout Greece and the Balkans generally. Although the Greeks have always been reputed a worldly-minded race, living for the moment and its joy and almost impervious to ideas of the supernatural, they have not remained untouched by the spirit of Marian devotion that was so conspicuous a feature of the early days of the Eastern Church, and which filled the streets and basilicas with an indignant and clamorous populace when the honor of the *Theotókos* was assailed by heretics. In every house and cottage in Greece there is an icon of the Blessed

Virgin, often with a lamp burning perpetually before it. Even the poorest of Greek servant girls will buy, for a few *lepta*, a little crudely colored print of the *Panagia* to hang in her room. Along the country roads and mountain paths, on the fashionable boulevards of Athens and in the tortuous alleys and streets of Smyrna, the traveler sees little shrines of the Mother of God, each a simple column of white marble or stone, surmounted by a cross and holding a small picture of the "Holy One" and a metal box for the ten and twenty-*lepta* pieces of the devout.

The quaintly clad peasants of the hills and plains and the less picturesque artisans and laborers of the towns will stop before these little shrines and, with bared heads and many signs of the cross, kiss the icon, place an offering in the little iron box and pass on to their work. High up on the mountains amongst the gray rocks and the dwarf pine trees, where the wanderer meets few living beings save the flocks of goats with their bearded, grizzled herdsmen and the fierce wolf-like dogs of the hills, tiny chapels of Our Lady will be found, built in replica of the more imposing churches of the cities, with the little, yellow tapers burned by occasional pilgrims and the silver or brass lamp lighted before the picture of the Blessed Virgin.

Many of the Levantine vessels, with their painted prows and big lateen sails, carry a picture of the Mother of God, in addition to the usual one of St. Nicholas, fixed to the mast as a protection on their voyage amidst the myriad islands of the *Ægean* Sea. In moments of distress or when threatened by the fierce squalls which are apt to spring up at short notice in these Eastern waters, the captains of these boats will vow a heavy candle or some more expensive votive gift, a gold-encrusted icon or a model ship in silver, to the Virgin of Tenedos or Naxos or some small islet of the archipelago.

As in Catholic Ireland and Spain and Italy, girls are invariably given "Mary" as one of their names, and the visitor who listens to the prattling of the wealthy *Áthenian* children in the Royal Gardens of the capital or the half-naked, olive-skinned urchins in some country village, will hear many times an hour the name "*María*" or its affectionate form, "*Marika*." One notices, too, that many of the women and children have little medals of Our Lady in gold or silver, as

well as the plain cross commonly worn by the Orthodox. Almost always the Blessed Virgin is referred to as the "All-Holy" when she is mentioned, and if you stand among the steerage passengers on a Greek steamer entering Marseilles at sunrise, you will hear the peasant women draw the attention of their children to the statue of *Notre Dame de la Garde* overlooking the harbor, "*Blépeis tēn Panagían, paidi-mou?*" (Do you see the All-Holy One, my child?)

In writing a mere descriptive sketch, one is naturally unwilling to introduce any note of polemic. However, certain recent events prompt a reflection on the subject. Our separated brethren, on both sides of the Atlantic, have lately shown a marked revival of interest in the schismatic churches of the near East, and the Greek Patriarch of Cyprus was an honored guest at the Anglican Congress in London. Furthermore, the "Reunion" party, whose zeal we must admire even while deploring its futility, is giving much attention to Greece, where their ideas are beginning to arouse the interest of some of the Orthodox, both clerics and laymen. The writer, however, ventures to think that what is envisaged in the East is a kind of fraternization or exchange of friendship, not the close "communion" desired by Anglicans.

Protestants have always been bitter and unjust in their charges of "idolatry" and "Mariolatry," and even our more moderate Anglican and Episcopal friends have not hesitated to accuse us of exaggeration and corruption in our Marian devotions. They are now stretching forth the hand of friendship towards a religious body in which "Mary-worship" is expressed with a freedom seldom dared by the more precise and cautious theologians of the West. It may, therefore, not be unreasonable to hope that this movement will at least do something to lessen the body of non-Catholic prejudice against one of the most cherished features of Catholic spiritual life.

THE KEY TO SUCCESS.

BY FELIX KELLY.



THE whole universe of matter and mind is under the absolute control of exact laws. There is no world too ponderous, nor floating mote too minute to be beyond the reach of these systematic methods of God's working. Even the comets that so frighten the untaught by their seemingly wild dashing among the stars, vary not a hair's breadth from the circuits assigned them by unchangeable laws. How exact is the human eye in its structure. How exact, the laws of refraction which light obeys in giving perfection to the image it paints on the retina. In the vegetable kingdom are met the workings of alike immutable laws. By some strange alchemy, whose secret has been intrusted to them by Him Who fixed its unerring laws, plants convert invisible gases into tinted flowers, and turn carbonic poison into wholesome food. So exact and universal are the laws that govern the structure of animal organisms, if you take to a comparative anatomist a fossil bone, he will tell you the size, weight and form of the animal of which it once formed part, where it lived, and on what kind of food it was its custom to feed. The very wildest forces in nature implicitly obey the dictates of law.

Higher in the scale of existences are found the same systematized methods of working. Metaphysicians give the laws of sequence that control those endless trains of ideas that begin at birth; of association that govern their recall; and of conception which fancy is forced to follow in fashioning, out of this rough lumber of the brain, its gorgeous palaces of thought. Science discovers the laws that underlie phenomena; art uses them. Search where you will among creations of matter or conceptions of mind, you will find the same immutable laws reaching and ruling all. Effective geniuses are they who, having diligently investigated, implicitly obey these fixed laws. They readily dazzle the unsuspecting by their seeming miracles of attainment, simply because they alone are cognizant of the existence of such laws. But if we have ex-

plained to us the training and drudgery submitted to by those brains through a long series of years, their painful, persistent, persevering efforts, the numberless rules and regulations they carefully sought out and strictly obeyed; if we are allowed to follow the process step by step, all traces of mysterious mental withcraft rapidly disappear; its resources of power are found quite attainable.

To secure accurate knowledge of these hidden laws that underlie phenomena, and effectually to practicalize, in any field, their restless energies by skilled appliances, demand frequently the unremitting industry of a lifetime. On final analysis, the essential elements of success can be resolved into an enlightened and sustained enthusiasm. There must be enkindled an intense longing to realize a definitely conceived ideal; that ideal must appear worthy of any sacrifice; that longing must glow with white heat. Thoroughness, concentration and courage are the main distinguishing traits of great men, qualities rather of the heart than head. If we sharply scrutinize the lives of persons eminent in any department of action or meditation, we shall find that it is not so much brilliancy and fertility as constancy and continuousness of effort which makes a man great.

One of Wellington's chief sources of success was his thorough mastery of details. No great commander leaves anything to chance, but seeks to anticipate every emergency and to provide for it. Gray spent seven years perfecting his *Elegy* which you can readily read in seven minutes. Into it he generously poured the very ripest scholarship, an intimate acquaintance with the rules of rhythm and an exhaustive study of the varied excellencies of English and Latin classics. The scenery and personages breathed before his mental vision with all the sharply outlined vividness of real life. Macaulay says: "Dante is the eye-witness and the ear-witness of that which he relates. He is the very man who has heard the tormented spirits crying out for the second death." Handel, being asked about his ideas and feelings when composing the Hallelujah Chorus, replied: "I did think I did see all Heaven before me and the great God Himself."

Inseparable with these traits of thoroughness and concentration is that of unfaltering courage, a courage to undertake great enterprises, "to scorn delights and live laborious

days," to brave public sentiment in faithful adhesion to conclusions of your own thinking; courage that will not fail even in the hour of last extremity, but inspire you to do or die. Cortez when entering upon that series of triumphs which finally overwhelmed the proud throne of the Montezumas, resolutely burned every ship behind him, keenly discerning that by lessening the hopes of retreat, he proportionately lessened the chances of failure. Wellington conquered the armies of Napoleon, mainly because he was a general who durst carry out his own matured ways of warfare despite the mad clamor of all England. Wordsworth's sublime adoption and advocacy of his own deliberately formed judgment of true taste against the adverse criticism of the entire world of letters, his jeopardizing every prospect of earthly preferment rather than violate his convictions of poetic excellence, demanded as great moral bravery as is required to climb a ship's mast in a storm or face the fire of an enemy.

These traits, thoroughness, concentration and courage, I conceive to be the three essential gifts of greatness. Without them, no alertness of intellect has ever achieved a work which bears the impress of immortality; with them, rarely need any one despair of accomplishing "that which the world will not willingly let die." These gifts I further conceive to be but different manifestations of some one master passion, enkindling and controlling every mental faculty; appearing either as an intense love of the perfect, seeking satisfaction in some acquired excellence, combined with a keen relish and aptitude for the chosen work; or as a thirst for power and fame, akin, in the imperative nature of its calls, to bodily thirst; or else, as the soul's nobler devotion that grows out of its warm attachments to home, country or the Cross of Christ. These passions, separate or combined, must be the mainspring of every action; they must be the inspiration of every thought; they must flood the whole life with an irresistible and perpetual influence. Through them, unlettered and ill-balanced minds have worked wonders in the world. Infuse men of enlightened common sense with their deathless fires, and obstructing walls of adamant crumble at their touch.

Enlightened and sustained enthusiasm has been the real source of strength to those who have acquired eminence, and only through its influence have been developed the mighty

mental forces that have molded the character and controlled the destiny of any era; only intense temperaments, working under the stimulus of profound passion, could ever have exhibited such exhaustless patience, such concentration of thought, such heroic fixedness of purpose, that hunger, ignominy, even death, proved powerless to damp their ardor. What wonder that the world has ever persisted in calling its geniuses madmen.

Prescott, we are told, spent twenty years in the libraries of Europe, collecting from musty manuscripts and neglected letters, material for his Spanish histories, and a large portion of that time he was stricken with blindness so that he had to make use of the eyes of another. Gibbon re-wrote his *Memoirs*, nine; Newton, his *Chronology*, fifteen; and Addison, his inimitable essays, twenty times. Spinoza and Buckle each spent twenty years in carefully forming and maturing their judgment before they published their systems of thought. Montesquieu, speaking of one of his own writings, remarked to a friend: "You will read this book in a few hours, but I assure you, it has cost me so much labor it has whitened my hair." Goldsmith's style, famed for its simplicity, was acquired by strict examination of every word, every vowel sound, every consonant. Ghiberti, a Florentine artist, who executed for the Baptistery of his native city bronze doors, "worthy to be the very gates of Paradise," spent forty busy years in conceiving this work. Paganini profoundly studied the relations of sound to emotion, and disciplined his muscles to utmost nicety of movement before he was prepared to move and melt his audiences. Raphael copied hundreds of the designs of the great painters, and spent years in the study of perspective before giving to the world his masterpieces. Though Ignatius of Loyola was in the full noon of life, without the least knowledge of books, yet such was his enthusiasm to realize his ideal, that he spent ten toilsome years in study, then kindled in the breast of Francis Xavier and other of his countrymen the same fierce fires of devotion that burned in his own.

Time would fail me to speak of Hayden and Huber, Milton and Beethoven, who despite defects in sight and hearing, sufficient to have paralyzed any but those of unconquerable spirit, have left acknowledged masterpieces in painting,

science, poetry and music, the four highest departments in human achievement. It is beyond all controversy, that it is to the enlightened, persistent, painstaking enthusiasts this world belongs and the fullness thereof. Whence comes this irresistible impetus of zeal? Thoroughness, concentration and courage, the distinguishing traits of great men, are but different manifestations of some master passion, appearing either as an intense love of the perfect, combined with a keen relish and aptitude for the chosen work, or as an imperative thirst for fame and power, or else as the soul's nobler devotion to home, or the Cross of Christ. At least some one of these passions must flood the whole life with an irresistible and perpetual influence.

With this enthusiasm of individualism should also be combined the zeal of emulation. This is too axiomatic to demand any extended proof, or even any special emphasis of statement. It is simply necessary to caution against any selfish or meretricious phase of it. No personal advancement not founded upon pronounced personal merit, should ever be sought for or accepted. And then, when to these two are added, as their crown and finish, the world-embracing sympathy, the self-forgetting love, that "enthusiasm of humanity," as the author of *"Ecce Homo"* styles it, which Christ embodied in His life and sought to enkindle in the hearts of His disciples, the soul comes into its best estate of creative energy and accomplishes its most enduring work.

THE BISHOP'S GARDEN.

BY MATT J. HOLT.



THE main portal of the bishop's palace is closed by two great doors, strong enough to resist the earnest assault of a mob; and he who seeks to enter pounds with a great metal knocker. Then the *portimaio*, who with his family lives within the palace to the left of the door, deliberately descends from his living-room and, withdrawing a great wooden bolt, slowly swings back a ponderous door; and greeting you with a smile and a profound bow, bids you enter.

Having gained an entrance, you turn to the right up a broad marble stairway that, in this country, would be considered a credit to a State capitol, and ascend to the upper floor, where the Bishop and his secretary live in simple, elegant solitude; a perfect environment for a student.

There are probably fifteen rooms on this floor, any one of which has floor space equaling the modern American apartment of "four rooms and a bath," and height of ceiling sufficient to be bisected by an economical modern landlord, into an upper and lower apartment. The walls are not papered, but beautifully painted and fretted and hung with old prints and engravings that would delight the heart of one loving old things. The windows are double shutter-like affairs of small panes, opening outward.

Each room has its own heating appliance; a great tile stove which heats like a brick and once hot, remains so long after the last ember has ceased to glow. The fuel used consists of bundles of twigs; such refuse, we designate as "trash" and leave in our forests to destroy the trees, when someone carelessly starts a fire. Until I saw these bundles of twigs, I had not understood why so many of the trees along the great highways and private drives were gnarled and stunted; they were overworked fuel producers; having in relation to our trees the same look that a woman who each year nourishes a new-born babe bears to that woman who is too careful of self to know the joy of motherhood. These trees each year

budded out and blossomed with the hope of a new growth, and at the end of a season were stripped again to the old, gnarled trunk.

The rooms are electrically lighted, but the plant has a way of snuffing out occasionally, leaving you in the dark; then *Giulietta* comes around, bringing to each occupied room a small antique brass lamp burning olive oil; the light of which in power equals a wax candle and is soft and inoffensive.

The furnishings of the palace and the dinner service are of great age and the table wines, old, mild and unsweetened, are sweet in their purity.

The Bishop at table, ate as though food and drink were sacred things to be sparingly used. The only exercise he had beyond that incidental to his sacerdotal duties and a sun bath in his garden, was a rare walk with his secretary, along the gallery-covered sidewalks of *Carpi*; when the people bowed and kissed his hand with great reverence. Never until I knew how he toiled and studied to serve God, knowing that the message of a preacher who does not work is soon delivered; saw the purity of his seemingly perfect life and the way his people loved and respected him, did I comprehend the real meaning of the Catholic Church to the devout of *Carpi*.

A lover of old books, who read Italian as his own tongue, might spend a decade in the Bishop's study in company with the immortals. There or in his garden, the Bishop, old in years, but young and bright of soul, was most at home.

The garden was perhaps fifty yards square. On two sides the windows of the palace looked out upon it; the other two were hemmed about by the bare walls of other buildings. The sun rose late for that garden; but when it smiled it was with the glory of the countenance that it turns on Italy. No wonder the grapes grew in great emerald, ebon and purple clusters, and that the vines climbed the walls with avid tendrils; no wonder that even the white roses seemed to blush in their hearts from very gladness; or that the red, red rose grew red as the poppies that grow in the greater freedom of the fields, between rows of mulberry trees; or that the violets gave forth an unceasing incense and the other flowers opened their breasts with beauty and fragrance; all were cared for with loving hands and appreciated as God's gifts to the bishop.

Here he would sit of an afternoon in a stillness in which

one might fancy hearing the fanning fins of the lazy gold fish of the fountain; while a land tortoise, perhaps as old as the Bishop and with as great a possessory claim, in his stroll through his world—the garden—slowly and cautiously drew near the rustic bench. As a Diogenes, satisfied with life as he found it, he eyed the Bishop, asking only that he come not between him and the sun; and looked upon himself as master of the Bishop and owner of the garden—therefore the world.

I looked out from an overhanging window upon the Bishop and the tortoise. Did I see farther than they? Even from the garden they might see the sun by day and the stars by night. What were their thoughts?

Mine were of home—of the wife and boy five thousand miles away. The occupants of the garden were at home; but they knew nothing of a family life such as mine; and I knew nothing of a life given wholly to the Church such as the Bishop's.

I believe that the Bishop, with a soul made white and clean by a long life of service, enjoyed a peace without alloy; had no thought that marred an intimate communion with God, and therefore no regret that he had not a son to bear his name, sharing with God, His Son, and no bride but the Church. I believe that to both Bishop and tortoise the garden was a place of pleasant thought, of satisfied memories, of glorious hope; and not a silhouette from which the glory of the light of hope had departed.

I was in the Bishop's palace and had access to his garden, an invitation to share his table, a private way to the church and a private gallery within the church in which I might have prayed; all because I was in the service of the Y. M. C. A.; which was doing what it might for the physical welfare of the soldiers in Italy.

My parting from the Bishop and his secretary was with reverence and feeling. And I, a Presbyterian, bent my head and for the first time kissed the hand of a man. My soul told me that here was an Ambassador of Christ.

New Books.

MONASTICISM AND CIVILIZATION. By Very Rev. John B. O'Connor, O.P., P.G. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$1.75 net.

Gratitude prompts men to preserve in storied stone the inspirational memory of great national benefactors. This volume should urge every right-minded reader to erect along the broad boulevard of thought a memorial to monasticism, benefactor of the entire civilized world.

The author, because of voluntary brevity, traces only the outlines of the work of the monks in the West, and excludes the magnificent contributions of such great families of friars as the Franciscans and Dominicans, because he is employing the word "monk" in its technical signification. His outlines, however, are not stiff and unadorned, but undulating historical accounts formed to fascinate the general reader, and to stimulate the student to dip into the sources of information which he enumerates. With ease, the mind follows page after page of irrefragable evidence presenting the progress in agriculture, industry and municipal life accruing incidentally from the operation of monasticism, incidentally accruing, for it must be remembered that St. Benedict and others founded their Orders fundamentally for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. It is next shown how the monastic copyists and chroniclers proved to be new Noes in constructing the literary ark which saved what remains of Greek and Latin art and science from the inundation of Goth, Hun and Vandal from the North. The chapters on monastic charity and the work of evangelization should serve to impress the reader with admiration for both the extent and quality of Catholic social work, effectively operating for over sixteen hundred years.

While lively enthusiasm pulsates in the pen of the author, he is not to be accused of vainglory. Wishing to add to the apologetic value of his pages, he quotes largely from Protestant historians. As an example of the fervor that is to be found even in non-Catholic sources, we reprint a quotation concerning the efforts of the monks in behalf of education from Canon Farrar, who writes: "Consider what the Church did for education. Her ten thousand monasteries kept alive and transmitted that torch of learning that otherwise would have been extinguished long since. A religious education, incomparably superior to the mere athleticism of the noble's hall, was extended to the meanest serf

who wished it. This fact alone by proclaiming the dignity of the individual elevated the entire hopes and destiny of the race."

The book itself should exercise monastic influence—in felling the forests of prejudice, in planting sound seeds of truth, and perchance in serving as an occasion of God's grace whereby the true faith may take root and flourish in formerly arid souls.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES FROM THE COMPROMISE OF 1850 TO THE FINAL RESTORATION OF HOME RULE IN THE SOUTH IN 1877. Vol. VI. By James Ford Rhodes. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$4.00.

The era from 1850 to 1877, the part of American history covered by this work, is the most eventful since the establishment of our favored Republic. In 1850 the political branches of our Government passed the celebrated measures designed to set at rest the agitation over slavery. However, not even the keen eye of statesmanship can pierce the future, for later interpretations of one of the provisions of that memorable compromise proved to be the seed-plot of new troubles. By its principal authors it was fondly believed that the bargain between the sections would last forever. As is entertainingly related in the first volume, there was from the very beginning no little difficulty in enforcing the provision for the recovery of fugitive slaves, but in a short time this trouble almost sank to rest. Thereafter vigilant citizens believed that they had entered upon a season of cloudless days. However, the passage in 1854 of the Kansas-Nebraska bill showed on how slender a foundation rested patriotic hopes. The present volume, however, is concerned not with the causes or the conduct of the war for Southern independence, but rather with the important events to follow, namely, the restoration of loyal governments in the States that had seceded. In other words, Volume VI. of this interesting inquiry begins with a brief consideration of the efforts of President Johnson to restore the members of the late Confederacy to their normal relations in the Union, while it ends with a statement of the defeat of Horace Greeley in the presidential contest of 1872, and an account of his untimely death. The main theme of Mr. Rhodes is the Congressional plan of Reconstruction, though many related topics are likewise treated; also some happenings connected with the major subject by only a slender filament.

In the advertising section of this book, the publishers have impartially mustered the press comments. It nowhere appears, however, whether this formidable phalanx has been assembled to intimidate a hesitant reviewer or to illuminate the dark paths of

history for those about to become wayfarers. In our opinion, the present volume is not less interesting or less accurate than those which preceded it, while the work as a whole will long continue to be regarded as the most authoritative on the period of which it treats. Some of its conclusions, indeed, may be slightly modified by the discoveries of time, though in its integrity this work is destined to stand as an enduring monument to Mr. Rhodes. Perhaps its conspicuous limitation is its failure fully to appreciate the endeavors of President Lincoln to shape a system for restoring the Union. No historian, it is true, has given a more enlightened estimate of the place of the martyr President in the pages of history. New historians with a mastery of expression equal to that of Hume, of Lingard, of Green or of Gibbon may arise and re-write the annals of this epoch, but they will not materially alter the picture drawn by Doctor Rhodes. The present volume, 1866-1872, with its grave lessons, should be thoroughly familiar to every citizen privileged to sit in a legislative assembly.

THE GOSPEL OF A COUNTRY PASTOR. By the Rev. J. M. Lelen. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$1.00 net.

The fortunes of many a good book have been blasted by a poor title, and often a good title has been the means of floating, at least temporarily, an otherwise mediocre book. Happy the stroke whereby both title and book are up to the mark and—as in the case before us—worthy of each other. The name of the present book is redolent of green fields and refreshing airs and the quiet ways of the countryside, and the text happily bears out the promise implied by the title.

The plan of the work is unusual, namely, to link up the scenes and incidents of Our Lord's life and the problems of the country people of His day with their rural counterparts of the present, and though the author disclaims anything in the way of literary art—"In the hands of a priest," he says, "the height of art is not to conceal art, but to ignore it"—the fact is that Father Lelen is a consummate writer. There is only one word adequately to describe his style and his method—simplicity—and it is the unrivaled simplicity of the French, sparkling, fresh, graceful and unlabored—not the heavy-handed article that too often passes under that name with the Anglo-Saxon.

Paraphrasing the author's remark about "those little villages of French Canada whose names sound like a litany of saints," we may say that Father Lelen's chapter headings, *e. g.*, "A Country Wedding," "Birds of the Air and Lilies of the Field," "Trees," "About Animals," and "Our Lord with His Harvesters," sound

like the chiming of bells, at evening, in a fair country. Gentleness, beauty and the peace that passeth all understanding breathe from the pages of this book a message that should surely be welcome in these feverish and disordered days.

CATHOLIC CHURCH IN CHICAGO. By Gilbert J. Garraghan, S.J. Chicago: Loyola University Press. \$2.50 net.

The author, in his introduction, states that the history of Chicago may be divided into two distinct periods—that which preceded the great fire in 1871, the period of pioneering, and that which was subsequent, a period of great expansion.

This volume tells the story of the beginnings of the Catholic Church and its sturdy growth up to the time of the great fire. The author considered this period a unified whole and properly a subject for historical review. He shows that the first threads in the religious history of Chicago must be picked up in the distant past when Chicago emerged into the light of history. He tells of the coming of LaSalle and Marquette, of Father Allouez, the establishment of a Catholic Mission in 1696 by Father Pinet, the work of the Missionaries and the coming of Father St. Cyr, who was the first to establish a parish in Chicago. During his pastorate, the Catholics under his charge grew to about two thousand in number, and, in 1843, Gregory VI. erected the Diocese of Chicago and appointed Rev. William J. Quarter incumbent of the new See. Bishop Quarter was succeeded on his death by Bishop Van de Velde, who was in turn succeeded by Bishop O'Regan.

The author concludes the period by narrating the growth of the Church under Bishop Duggan and Bishop Foley. The growth of the Church in Chicago may be seen from the fact that in 1833 the Catholics of Chicago, in a petition for the appointment of a priest, stated that there were "almost one hundred Catholics in this town." While in 1871 "there were in the city twenty-four parishes, twenty-two parish schools, fifty-five priests of the secular and regular clergy, and a Catholic population of probably a hundred thousand." "Today," the author tells us, "the Catholic Church in that city counts two hundred and twenty-seven parishes, five hundred and more priests of the secular and regular clergy and over a million communicants."

This volume is important in that it embodies a connected story of a period most important in the history of the Catholic Church in America. It is a scholarly work that reflects great credit upon the writer. Its many references and excerpts from original documents make it a very valuable contribution to Catholic literature.

TOWARDS THE GREAT PEACE. By Ralph Adams Cram.
Boston: Marshall Jones Co. \$2.50.

Under this title are published eight lectures of Mr. Cram delivered at the season's course of the Dartmouth Alumni Lectureships for 1921. The whole series is a development of the thesis that modern civilization is at the crossroads of rejuvenation and decay, and that it is fast moving towards a great rise or a great fall according as the men of the present age are ready or not to readjust the scale of human endeavor and to correct the standard of its values.

Few contemporary books are more thought-provoking and morally stimulating and healthful. Though it may not be within the possibility of human things as actually constituted, for Mr. Cram's scheme of reconstruction to work the great reform, which according to the author's rhythmic theory of history should come about the year 2000, yet for all that, Mr. Cram's idealism is thoroughly wholesome and nothing if not constructive.

We fear, however, that many would not subscribe to Mr. Cram's estimate of races and race-values except under carefully defined limits; nor to his assumption of the superiority of old New England stock. To minimize the share which the Latin, Celtic, German and Slavic races have contributed to America's greatness both in peace and in war, savors of Anglo-Saxonism and does scant justice to the heroes who left their lives in France. His recommendation that "the mating of various racial stock" should be controlled and even prohibited, is at least ethically questionable. Nature is a much better corrective in such matters than man's art.

RICHARD PHILIP GARROLD, S.J. By C. C. Martindale, S.J.
New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.75 net.

The subject of this brief sketch of a hundred-odd pages, was an English Jesuit, who, as a Homer of school-life, bore to the English boy a position not unlike that of Father Finn to American boys. He was a convert, making his submission to the Church in his twenty-first year, and shortly afterwards entering a Jesuit novitiate, where Father Martindale, his biographer, was a fellow-novice. Most of the book is concerned with Father Garrold's life in the Society, as a special student at Oxford, as scholastic and later as priest at St. Francis Xavier's, Liverpool. He was about to be sent to a house in South Africa when the exigencies of war swept him into service as a chaplain. He was wounded in France, and upon recovery was sent with the Expeditionary Force to East Africa, where, during two years' service, his health was so seri-

ously impaired that he died, in 1920, at the premature age of forty-six. The incidents of his life, as Father Martindale assembles them, make easy reading. His military diary is particularly interesting, often amusing, and conveys a vivid picture of his impressionable personality.

Father Garrold was a trained historian, with a scheme of his own for studying and teaching history. His historical method consisted essentially in graphic representation and in insistence on visualization. While these are well-understood pedagogical principles, Father Garrold's application was quite original. He literally built up history before a class by a system of charts, each a century long, and each attachable to its predecessor; political disturbances and wars were registered by the wavy "seismic" line by which newspapers often illustrate earthquake shocks; Magna Charta was represented by an egg, for out of it England's future grew. Examples of this kind are numerous. Much of Father Garrold's theory is quoted in his own words, the combination of theory and example making a valuable source of suggestion for any history teacher.

MEDIAEVAL CONTRIBUTIONS TO MODERN CIVILIZATION.

Edited by F. C. J. Hearnshaw. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$3.50.

Save for the fact that it has no index we can unreservedly praise this book, and most strongly commend it to all who desire to grasp the meaning of the Middle Ages, and perhaps even more, the change of opinion which is coming over English thought in connection with the mediæval world. Of course, all the articles are not of equal value: in a collection of chapters by different authors this must needs be so. But from all something may be learned and some, such as those on *The Religious Contribution of the Middle Ages*; *Philosophy* (by Professor Wildon Carr—an admirable study) and *Science* by that well of learning, Professor Charles Singer, are worthy of all praise. We can only indicate in a short notice what has chiefly interested us and, first and foremost, we have to welcome the attitude of all the writers to the Scholastic Philosophy and to St. Thomas Aquinas in particular: "The type of Scholasticism represented by Aquinas is the supreme triumph of human reason in the Middle Ages." Again: "St. Thomas Aquinas, who raised in his marvelous *Summa* the flawless temple of mediæval thought." It is refreshing to read remarks of this kind, and generally to discover the generous appreciation of a number of things in which we have not improved upon the Middle Ages. At the same time, the writers are

careful to warn us that the "roses, roses all the way" pictures of some enthusiasts are as misleading as the depreciations of others. No human eye ever did see at any time London "small and white and clean," as William Morris pictured it. The enthusiasms of the modern guild-socialists are expended upon organizations about as unlike those which they dream of bringing into existence as any two things can be. A most interesting and valuable book.

ERASMUS OF ROTTERDAM. By Maurice Wilkinson. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$1.75.

This volume of the *Catholic Thought and Thinkers Series*, edited by Father Martindale, sketches the life and friendships of Erasmus, and defines his attitude toward the momentous religious issues of the Renaissance and Reformation. The author judges Erasmus tolerantly in view of the conditions of his time, and emphasizes his submission to the Church, while admitting that "he laid an intellectual basis for revolt." He dwells, however, less on the destructive elements of his work, than on the service of his opposition to Luther. He balances the merits and the defects of the great humanist, and points out the curious dualism in his nature and religious outlook that is answerable for many inconsistencies of his fluid personality. Altogether, Mr. Wilkinson has written an interesting and competent estimate of Erasmus as a Catholic apologist.

THE HISTORY AND NATURE OF INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS. Edited by Edmund A. Walsh, S.J., Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.50.

Under the above title are gathered a series of ten lectures delivered at the School of Foreign Service of Georgetown University during the academic year, 1920-21. Each lecture is the work of a scholar distinguished in the field assigned to him, and the entire series forms an analytical and historical survey of the chief problems of international law and diplomacy. Professor Duggan contributes a study of the nature and methods of diplomacy. Professors Rostovtseff, Hayes and Scott present an outline of diplomacy in ancient, mediæval and modern times. Professors Loughlin and Moore discuss the economic factors in international relations and the procedure of peace and of war. Doctors Rowe and Reinsch and Professor Borchard show the special position of Latin America, the Far East and the United States as factors in the development of international relations.

The volume will be found admirably adapted as supplementary reading in courses on modern history. It avoids the

dullness of the formal text-book, and will be read with interest by layman as well as student. The editor's emphasis upon the present need of a scientific study of the principles and practice of international relations is fully justified, and the volume he has put together should contribute usefully to that end.

PAGES FROM THE PAST. By John Ayscough. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.50 net.

Pages from the Past has a greater value than its title suggests. The Right Rev. Monsignor Drew, whose books are published under the name of John Ayscough, discusses in his singularly pleasant and easy manner the present in relation to a past which stretches as far back as the Indian Mutiny. He maintains that men of his age can "by the aid of personal memory and experience contrast two worlds as different as any that ever existed." Certainly, no one is better fitted to do so than Monsignor Drew, both by right of personal contact and versatility. He discusses personalities, history, manners, living in general and literature with equal grace. Particularly valuable is his adroit examination of the modern novel. Monsignor Drew first contrasts the writing of Disraeli and Gladstone. He then describes the gradual growth which produced Hardy and Meredith. Those whose especial interest is the novel, will find in *Pages from the Past* an excellent outline for their study.

PAUL, HERO AND SAINT. By Rev. Leo Gregory Fink. New York: The Paulist Press. \$2.00 net.

It is strange that the greatest missionary of all time should be practically without a cultus; particularly, as in the life of St. Paul we have all the elements that make for real interest and devotion: an active career inspired by a deep love of God and a burning zeal for souls, wonderful miracles, bitter conflicts, tense dramatic situations, a heroic death. Furthermore, for most of St. Paul's life we have an absolutely reliable authority—the inspired Word of God itself—which is considerably more than we can say for many of the Saints who have received popular homage.

It is a shame that until very recently we had no original life of St. Paul in English by a Catholic; the translation of Fouard has done splendid service for many years, and is still unreplaced. A year or two ago, an English Passionist published a *Life of St. Paul*, and now an American priest of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia has written a biography of the Apostle, which makes a special appeal to the youth of the land. There is no pretense of great erudition, there are no scholarly footnotes, there is no discus-

sion of the difficulties of chronology and hermeneutics. This is a straightforward narrative in a language and a style thoroughly up-to-date and American: St. Luke is "Doctor" Luke, Tertius is a "stenographer," the riot of the silversmiths is a "strike," St. Peter is the "Commander-in-chief." Father Fink's book ought to be widely read; it is sure to hold the interest of any who pick it up, young or old, and the reader will gain a vivid and accurate picture of St. Paul and the early Christian Church.

The book contains good illustrations and a serviceable map, a comprehensive index, and an introduction by the Very Rev. Thomas F. Burke, C.S.P., Superior General of the Paulists.

OBSTETRICAL NURSING. A text-book of the nursing care of the expectant mother, the woman in labor, the young mother and her baby. By Carolyn Conant Van Blarcom, R.N. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$3.00.

This volume is specially worthy of our notice because it states so clearly the position of the Catholic Church with regard to the practice of obstetrics. The medical world has been slow to understand that there are very definite moral principles to be observed by those who wish to maintain a definite standard of morality, quite apart from the positive law enacted by our legislatures. The Church's position in these matters is now asked for sympathetically, recognized as authoritative and stated very straightforwardly. At first, the assertion of Catholic principles in this country was considered a sort of obtrusion into a field with which religion had nothing to do; where the physician must be the judge. Now it is very properly appreciated that the Church must have the ultimate decision in these matters, at least as regards Catholic patients and for Catholic physicians and nurses.

The author says with regard to destructive operations in obstetrical practice that "they are never sanctioned by the Catholic Church in cases where the child is alive." She also notes that these operations are performed less and less frequently. In the paragraphs on induced abortion, the author closes what she has to say with the sentence, "the termination of pregnancy before viability is never sanctioned by the Catholic Church because of the almost certain loss of the child."

In the paragraphs on therapeutic abortions the author notes that under certain circumstances these are countenanced by law, but adds "the Catholic Church, however, teaches that it is never permissible to take the life of the child in order to save the life of the mother. It teaches that even according to natural law the child is not an unjust aggressor: and that both child and mother

have an equal right to life." The author quotes Dr. Slemons as to the seriousness of unjustified abortion in terms which make it very clear that there can be no middle ground of doubt as to the nature of the crime. If mother or child dies as the result of measures aimed at abortion, the crime is murder.

Miss Van Blarcom has succeeded in a sustained and conscious effort "to give the young nurse something of the feeling of reverence for the great mystery of birth." In her final word, she has dwelt particularly on the importance of the nurse teaching the young mother the proper care of her infant in such a way as to give a real training without hurting the mother's feelings. Her concluding words are indeed well chosen: "She will also awaken for many a young woman an interest that will be ever fresh and absorbing, and point the way to unexpected joys and delights in her motherhood. Can there be any higher work than this, can any woman wish for a more womanly work?"

THE LIGHT OF THE LAGOON. By Isabel Clarke. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$2.00 net.

Miss Clarke has a large circle of readers. To these her last novel, *The Light on the Lagoon*, will be welcome as those which preceded it. Our former criticisms of her tales, of their power to hold the interest of those who enjoy her style of story-telling, and of their strong Catholicism, fits this new book as well, perhaps, as those which already have come from her pen. But we think that in *The Light on the Lagoon*, the sensuous attractions of Church music and art, and their temperamental appeal, are too much stressed. Consequently, the conclusion leaves us questioning the stability and sincerity of the professed convictions of the pathetic little heroine.

THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE ENVIRONMENT. By J. E. Adamson. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$4.50.

This book, by the director of education in the Transvaal Province, is an essay toward a correct conception of education. Briefly summarized, Mr. Adamson's theory is as follows: Education is not something that can be transmitted by a direct process from teacher to student; it is not the product of knowledge abstractly communicated. Rather, it is a proper adjustment of the individual to his environment, to the physical, social and moral worlds about him. This adjustment goes on from birth to death; it is the continual transition from empirical knowledge (mere awareness of facts) to rational knowledge (intelligent understanding of facts and of their relation to each other). For

example, a boy toils through a series of exercises in decimal fractions. The decimal system means nothing to him. But suddenly he perceives the basis of it and its meaning and purpose. This rational perception, this overcoming of the "magnificent opposition" between his mind and the objective fact, constitutes adjustment, and is a distinct and real step in his education. Thus it will be seen that education may be independent of formal schooling. Indeed, the function of the school and the most that it can do is to bring the student into more vital contact with his environment. Beyond this the school cannot go, for "the whole business is between the individual and his worlds, and the teacher is outside it, external to it. . . . Within that mysterious synthetic activity through which the individual is at once appropriating and contributing to his environment, forming and being formed by it, and which we are considering under the conception of adjustment, the teacher has neither place nor part." Even in the moral adjustment, the teacher is a negative factor. "The seal and impress of the master should not be found on the boy. The similitude of moral truth and power, of divinity, yes; but not the similitude of a finite being."

The theory, of course, is not new, many aspects of it being found in Rousseau, James, Bergson and others. But synthesized, for the first time, into a unified and coherent whole, it forms an important contribution to pedagogy. To educators who have felt the need of a definite and psychologically sound criterion for both the purpose and practice of education, the book will prove invaluable.

THE ÆSTHETIC MOTIF FROM THALES TO PLATO. A Dissertation for the University of Colorado towards the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy. By Sister M. Basiline, B.V.M. New York: Schwartz, Kirwin & Fauss.

"Every judgment is æsthetic, in that it brings a unity out of the data, and a satisfaction to the investigator." This, the first statement of the text of the dissertation, is on the right way towards the notion of beauty, which is subjectively a satisfaction of the cognitive faculties. It is not the author's purpose to tell us how this æsthetic satisfaction differs from the satisfaction of truth. She assumes correctly the cognitive nature of the satisfaction, postulates "symmetry, balance, proportion" and other qualities as the objective elements of beauty, and then cites the pertinent passages from early Greek philosophers. The evidence is fragmentary at first and does not afford much "satisfaction to the investigator," æsthetic or merely cognitive, until Plato ap-

pears. In Plato the æsthetic *motif* emerges clearly from cosmogony into metaphysics, ethics and education.

All origins lead us to Greece, not merely because Greece was the first to speculate and create, but more so because Greece was fundamental and continues still to furnish modern speculation with theories as well as terminology. Dr. Basiline imposes a heavier task than ordinary on her readers by using the original Greek terms, even in cases where there are sanctioned English terms of almost exact equivalence. Perhaps, the severe science of a dissertation called for this exactness, but we should like to see Dr. Basiline build up the material so carefully collected and arranged into an illuminative essay for a wider circle of readers. Many incidental and "satisfactory" judgments prove her quite competent.

Modern æsthetics has lost itself in the subjective and in the obscure realms of feeling. May this well-printed dissertation serve to centre thought upon the objective elements of beauty, which are found in the Greek philosophers, of whom many wrote in poetry. Plato began as a poet and never lost the beautifying effect of poetry in his language.

THE CRISIS OF THE CHURCHES. By Leighton Parks. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

Anyone anxious to know what the modernistic Mr. Parks does not believe, will read this book. As a contribution to religious thought it is utterly negligible. He says so many things that are not so, and he says them with such an air of dogmatic cocksureness, that the intelligent reader is apt to toss the book aside after reading a few pages.

Here are a few of his unproved *ipse dixits*: "Jesus never called Himself God. Perhaps He spoke of Himself as the Son of God—certainly the evangelists so spoke of Him—the perfect manifestation of the eternal as far as such manifestation is possible in a perfect human being." "Jesus knew nothing of the immanence of God." "The creeds are a relic of anthropomorphism." "Sacramentarianism means a religion of magic." "The material symbol cannot be a channel of grace." "The Church is that part of humanity which has learned the meaning of human life." "The Jesuit theory crushes individuality as an evil thing." "The Mass, and to a less extent, the Communion, is a relic of animism." "An ecumenical council is as unthinkable as the restoration of the Holy Roman Empire."

The author's thesis seems to be: Inasmuch as Protestantism is hopelessly divided after four hundred years of secession, we

must abandon all idea of any real unity save that of the spirit. All Protestant churches, orthodox and liberal alike, must confidently set aside all the separatist creeds of the past and, eschewing dogma, unite in a vague fellowship of life and love. Mr. Parks longs for an Anglican Bishop broad enough to hold a union service in one of the great Anglican city cathedrals—a service calling upon every sect of Christendom to agree that all have equal value in the sight of God.

PIERRE AND LUCE. By Romain Rolland. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The companionship of Dame Misery is difficult indeed to bear when she is unattended by her frequent hand-maidens, Love and Hope. During the Great War, unhappy France would well-nigh have perished saving their presence, although it occurred only in brief intervals. Such an interval Romain Rolland has depicted in *Pierre and Luce*, an idyll of longing love which dares to exult despite the knowledge of certain disaster. In humble circumstances, Pierre, a poor student, and Luce, artist of inferior merit, are imbued by Rolland with that sweet gentility which springs from humility and instinctive purity.

The description of their affection can only be described as a work of great artistic genius. Like the Romain Rolland of *Jean Christophe* and *Colasbreugnon*, he is powerful here with the strength of admirable restraint. In *Pierre and Luce* we are presented with still another jewel of rare lustre.

Through the skilled translation of Charles De Kay, the exquisite simplicity of the original French persists.

TIDE RIPS. By James B. Connolly. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.75.

Readers who have grown weary of the morbid preoccupation of fiction writers with the neurotic and the unclean, will find a refreshing relief in Mr. Connolly's latest volume. Nowhere in the nine tales that comprise the book is there the taint of Freudianism or any of its variations, which, in one form or another, sullies the pages of much of the fiction published today. But the present volume merits more than such negative praise.

Mr. Connolly, for many years, has been widely known by magazine readers as an unsurpassed writer of sea stories, and *Tide Rips* will do much to maintain that reputation. With a fine gusto and vigor, he depicts the rugged virtues of the fishermen "out of Gloucester," the skippers and the other folk whose lives are a continual battle with the forces of the sea. "What Price

for Fish?" "The Sugar Ship," and "Beejum's Progress," each celebrates indomitable courage and heroic triumph over the turbulent deep. "The Rakish Brigantine," with its drollery and romantic fancy, is quite as enchanting as its title. If in some of the stories, as "His Three Fair Wishes" and "Not Down in the Log," the character drawing lacks the subtle, analytic skill of Conrad and approaches the broad effects of melodrama, few readers will object, since an excellent narrative element and an atmosphere full of the breath of the sea make ample compensation.

THE FOLLY OF NATIONS. By Frederick Palmer. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.00 net.

If there is anyone qualified to speak upon the subject matter contained in this volume it is Frederick Palmer. This famous war correspondent, who had his finger upon the pulse of nations in crises great and small, has witnessed the bubblings of teapot tempests and the terrible destruction of international conflagration. His words, for these reasons, are worth heeding. Not only did he see the phenomena of many wars, but his trained mind is able to dig beneath the surface causes and arrive at general conclusions from the occurrences he witnessed. Besides, he presents his facts and inferences in that terse, lucid manner which is characteristic of the writings of an experienced newspaperman.

The result, therefore, is a volume that is highly entertaining and abundantly rich in the lessons it points. The author shows the transitions that have occurred in the passing wars and the manner in which wars originate. He describes also what he calls the plague spots of Europe, and shows how they have contributed to the destruction of the welfare of nations.

It would be well if the contents of this book were more widely known and observed by those responsible for the conduct of our international relations.

THE MECHANISM OF LIFE IN RELATION TO MODERN PHYSICAL THEORY. By James Johnstone, D.Sc. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$5.25 net.

This very interesting book, which we commend to the attention of all teachers of philosophy and especially to psychologists, divides itself into two parts. The first consists of a very excellent and well-illustrated account of the physical processes which take place in the body. Especially noticeable are the parts relating to the brain and nervous system. The second is a philosophical discussion, of varied aspects, which reveals the fact that the writer is largely under the spell of Bergson and Einstein.

However, he has some knowledge of philosophy, which is a good deal more than can be said for most scientific writers. He needs, however, to learn or to remember what he has learned of logic, for a more shameless abandonment of logic for a *parti pris* we have never met than that which is to be found in the two paragraphs now to be quoted: "We are convinced that an evolutionary process has occurred, and that there must, therefore, be absolute continuity between the human and animal minds" (p. 192). "We cannot think of a time in the past when the universe did not exist" (p. 197). But if it had existed from eternity, it must have come to an end long ago under the second law of thermodynamics. Therefore, "we are compelled to postulate that somewhere or other, or some time or other, the second law of thermodynamics must reverse itself . . . otherwise we shall be compelled (as Sir William Thompson was) to postulate a beginning, or creation" (p. 203). The late Lord Kelvin, here alluded to under his earlier title, was a not less distinguished man of science than our author and was certainly a better logician.

PAINTED WINDOWS. By a Gentleman with a Duster. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

The aim of the author (Harold Begbie it is said) is "to discover a reason for the present rather ignoble situation of the Church in the affections of men." Christianity is a failure, our penny a liner tells us, because it still clings to effete dogmas, such as Original Sin, the Divinity of Christ, the Atonement, the Church as a divine institution and the like. If you want to see how unattractive dogma is to the modern rationalist, or should we say broadchurchman—stroll into Westminster Cathedral with the writer and listen to the nonsense given forth with assurance by that shallow dogmatist and traditionalist, Father Ronald Knox. He dared speak of the Fall of Man as a certainty; he spoke continually of a God offended by sin; of a Christ Who was divine, and Who founded a divine infallible society of which an infallible Pope was the head.

This was too much for our friend, so he smiled at such childishness, and pitied a great intellect that had gone astray once it had gone over to Rome. The brilliant University man, who had shown such promise in his youth had become a shallow casuist—and so, unable to refute his arguments, our intellectual friend at once proceeds, like the vulgar man in the street, to call names.

The heroes whose portraits he paints are for the most part English Churchmen who have lost the faith of their fathers, and teach a creedless, vapid Christianity, indistinguishable from the

non-Christian unbelief which has rejected its every teaching. They tell us for example: "The traditions of the first six centuries are the traditions of the rattle and the feeding bottle;" "the mind of man (by dogma) was put in fetters as well as his body;" "the Church built one prison, the State another;" "Christians are a small sect in a pagan society;" the Eucharist means that "men should take their whole human life, and break it, and give it for the good of others."

Protestant Christianity is certainly a failure when it allows its professors to hold office in a Christian Church, and deny without a qualm its divine institutions, laws, dogmas and worship.

THE HOME WORLD, by Francis X. Doyle. (New York: Benziger Brothers. Cloth, \$1.25; paper, 25 cents.) The author points out the supreme opportunities that lie before us in our homes. It is there that God wills our earthly happiness to be, and no matter into what worlds our daily life may lead us, our truest and our best should be given to our home. He truly says that "the finest gentleman and the finest lady are to be found at home." There is an inspiring chapter on the joy of work, and he goes on to show how the struggle of each day, offered to God, makes the world "nothing more than a Noe's Ark of delightful toys, wherewith we win Heaven." The need today for Catholic leaders is imperative, who would carry into public life for the benefit of a restless world the point of view and the principles inculcated in their homes. Now humorous, now pathetic, this charming book deals with the intimate problems of our daily life in a cheering and helpful manner, and is evidently the work of a man who possesses a deep understanding of human nature.

MOTION PICTURES FOR COMMUNITY NEEDS, by Gladys and Henry Bollman. (New York: Henry Holt & Co.) According to the author, the aim of this volume is to "place in the hands of the non-theatrical exhibitor a key to the showing of motion pictures in such a way that the maximum result may be derived." Inasmuch as Mr. Bollman has always been in the educational film business, and is at present the head of a firm which supplies films to universities, school boards and non-theatrical exchanges, we conclude that his purpose is sincere and his information well founded. The first part of the book deals with such general subjects as the development of the educational "movie," production, distribution and government "movies." The last named is one of the most interesting chapters of the book. It tells of the films which have been made under the auspices of the various departments of the United States Government—as the Signal Corps, which has made available complete and invaluable World War pictures; the Department of the Interior—Reclamation Service, Bureau of Education, Bureau of Mines, National Park Service—the Marine

Corps, the Bureau of Navigation, the Army Medical Museum, the Children's Bureau, and the Department of Agriculture. The second part of the book deals with the problems of exhibitors, such as equipment, lighting effects and audiences. One hundred programmes are suggested in Part III., and mechanical and legal aspects of the problem—equipment, safety regulations, etc.—constitute the fourth and last part of the book. There is nothing trivial about the work in substance or in style. It is not destined to arouse interest in the subject, but for those already seriously interested it offers a wealth of valuable material.

LUCRETIA LOMBARD, by Kathleen Norris. (Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.75 net.) Here, "a prosperous little city placed somewhere between Boston and New York, and drawing its intellectual ideals from one as surely as it drew its fashions and amusements from the other," forms the background for a potpourri of emotions. Stephen Winship becomes engaged to his wealthy young ward, Mimi Warren, whose devotion to her guardian approaches blind adoration, but finds himself absorbed in a newcomer, Lucretia Lombard. Upon the subsequent action of these two chance acquaintances depends the none too original plot. The book is essentially right-minded, but it is also remarkably dull. The persevering reader will encounter a hopeless amount of detail, and of Kathleen Norris, as of Kathleen Mavourneen, he may, perhaps, be forgiven for asking: "Hast thou forgotten how soon we must sever?"

THE YELLOW POPPY, by D. K. Broster. (New York: Robert McBride & Co.) is a stirring tale of the last days of the French Revolution, when the Chouans of La Vendée, led by a few emigré leaders, rose against the intolerable tyranny of the Directory. The story centres about the adventures of the Duc de Trelan, disguised as the Marquis de Kersaint, who tries his utmost to secure the treasures of Mirabel, his old family estate that has been sequestered by the Revolution. He fights a losing fight against superior numbers, but has the joy of reunion with his Duchess before the end comes, through Napoleon's cynical disregard of a safe-conduct. There are sufficient romantic happenings to satisfy the most exacting reader.

BUNNY'S HOUSE, by E. R. Walker. (New York: Benziger Brothers. \$2.00.) Though marred by discursiveness and the lack of a definite plan, this is an attractive story. The writer has certain endowments of humor, sympathy and accuracy of observation, which unite with a pleasant manner of narration to leave in the reader's mind a willingness to read more from the same pen. The story concerns a modern English lad whose somewhat desultory stroll through his teens to young manhood leads, always with the effect of chance, from irreligion to the very borders of Catholicism. While unremarkable in every way, Ernie is likeable and even charming, and at the end we

wonder, without excitement, but with real friendliness, what he did in Canada, and whether St. Anne de Beaupré worked upon him the miracle we suspect to be forthcoming—possibly in a sequel.

COLLEGE LATIN COMPOSITION, by Professor H. C. Nutting. (New York: Allyn & Bacon. \$1.00.) This is an exceptionally useful exercise manual written in view of mistakes that most frequently recur, and designed to prevent the formation of habits that will later demand correction. A Grammatical Conspectus arranges in orderly sequence the material gathered from experience with successive classes. This is followed by Suggestions for Use of Material, while forty-eight English-Latin exercises, with foot-note helps and general vocabulary, provide ample matter for practice.

THE MODERN KU KLUX KLAN, by Henry P. Fry. (Boston: Small Maynard & Co.) This interesting volume gives a full account of the New York *World's* exposure and investigation of the un-American and un-Christian organization known as the Ku Klux Klan. The author, who knew the workings of this contemptible body from the inside, is unsparing in his denunciation of its low appeal to group hatred and group prejudice—of its unfair and lawless attacks on Catholics, Jews and negroes. The good sense of the American people will soon laugh it out of existence.

THE LIFE OF SAINT WALBURGA, by Francesca M. Steele. (St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$1.75 net.) This book tells much about conditions in England in the eighth century; it contains almost complete resumé of the lives of SS. Willibald, Winnibald and Lioba; besides profuse allusions to many other holy persons; and it further includes the translation of a large part of the *Hodoeporicon*, or Travels, of St. Willibald. Inevitably, St. Walburga seems to be crowded out, the comparatively brief passages which deal with her appear to lack continuity, and fail to make her living and real to the reader. The book bears signs of painstaking research, its references are verified, and it is carefully written.

MR. PROHACK, by Arnold Bennett. (New York: George H. Doran Co. \$1.75 net.) Delightful, is the word that first comes to mind with the thought of this contribution by the versatile Mr. Bennett; his latest and one of his best. He has given us a study of London post-war social transvaluations and readjustments, as exemplified in his protagonist. Mr. Prohack is a welcome, lovable addition to our acquaintance, a middle-aged husband and father, whose sudden, unexpected acquisition of a large fortune forces upon him the consideration of many things not hitherto within the orbit of his personal experiences. Amid change of circumstance, he remains unchangingly affectionate, tolerant and shrewd, seeing all in the sunshine of an un-

failing sense of humor; thus, he is able to steer his course without loss of sympathy or self-respect by unworthy compromise.

The novel has no plot whatever, no momentous crises, no sensational incidents; nevertheless, when we close this volume of more than four hundred solidly printed pages, it is with the unusual feeling of having been agreeably interested from beginning to end.

SAINTE BENEDICT, by F. A. Forbes. (New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$1.00 net.) Many of the well-known anecdotes and legends of St. Benedict are related in this account of his life, and some less well-known stories are also given. Yet, though it is announced to be for the reading of both young and old, it seems questionable whether young people will find it attractive. The first chapter is dry and introductory, with no mention of Benedict. The second deals mainly with incidents, historical and otherwise, which, it is asserted, Benedict was likely to have heard in his youth; and not until Chapter III. can he be said to come in person upon the scene. Notwithstanding its richness of anecdote and legend, the book is disappointing.

THE BRIDGETTINE ORDER, by Benedict Williamson. (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co. 2s. net.) This little book contains a brief sketch of the life of St. Bridget of Sweden, as wife and mother in her native land, as a widow in Rome during the dark days of the Great Western Schism, and in the Holy Land where she experienced the wonderful revelations of Our Lord's Passion. She died in Rome, and then, for the first time, she was clothed in the habit of the Order she had founded, by her daughter, St. Catherine.

The second part of the book gives the history of the Bridgettine Order. The Monastery at Vadstena was the cradle of the new Order. The Rule provided for both monks and nuns, but the monks have disappeared. The Order spread rapidly throughout Europe, but only twelve houses remain, and of these only three go back to very early days.

THE BEAUTIFUL AND DAMNED, by F. Scott Fitzgerald. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.00.) Ever since *This Side of Paradise* made its startling first appearance, F. Scott Fitzgerald has stood forth the flapper's acknowledged chronicler. To make double, perhaps, remembering *Flappers and Philosophers*, we should say triple sure, this somewhat questionable honor, Mr. Fitzgerald has recently produced *The Beautiful and Damned*, the story of one who remained a flapper beyond her time. Hence, the steady downfall of those two young egotists, Gloria and her husband, Anthony. More than once in recounting the dismal details of their deterioration, Mr. Fitzgerald seems a diluted Compton Mackenzie, with the difference that in Mr. Mackenzie's serious work, at least, there is that essential quality—orientation. Here there is neither starting place nor goal.

Mr. Fitzgerald tells a sordid story of the excited gayety in New York, promoted in large measure by those homeless drifters from out-of-town who live in her hotels. He neither gets us anywhere, nor attempts to do so. More and more frequently, one asks one's self: to what end this vivid picture? In short, Mr. Fitzgerald is a doer of poor things well. There is amazing ignorance beneath his superficial brilliance, and, coming into contact with one shallow personality after another, one asks if Mr. Fitzgerald has ever met true greatness of character. Yet the writer's gift is his, and he speaks with power. Nevertheless, because of affectation, his work is artificial rather than artistic.

CALIFORNIAN TRAILS—AN INTIMATE GUIDE TO THE OLD MISSIONS, by Trowbridge Hall. (New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.50.) The three authorities on the California Missions, Bancroft & Co., Hittel, and especially Father Zephyrin Engelhardt, have so thoroughly exhausted all original sources that little remains to be done along the line of research. The author does not pretend to compete with them, and prefers to call himself a "saunterer" along the old Franciscan trails. This was a term applied to the French Crusaders by those who did not speak their language, and signified pilgrims to the Holy Land. The author goes on his modern pilgrimage along the Camino Real—that famous royal road which led from Mission to Mission, now repaired through the efforts of a few devoted men and women—and as he leisurely journeys, he recalls memories of the past, tales of the founding of the Missions, biographies of the Padres, interesting bits of history and tradition. Although, evidently not a Catholic, he has, on the whole, an appreciation of the sacrificing spirit of the Padres and a sympathetic attitude towards their work. The result is a pleasing and picturesque book, although the author's style is rather too rambling and disconnected.

There is a moving account of Father Buckler, who rescued the Mission of Santa Inés from utter ruin, cleaning the débris out with his own hands, straightening the cracked walls, and roofing it with the aid of wanderers to whom he had given a night's lodging. "Should you happily see Father Buckler as the setting sun glorifies his poor shabby library, seated before the organ, his fingers dreamily running over the keyboard, you will recognize the kindly soul that has stamped these lifeless walls of brick and mortar with a living sweetness that will endure as long as the buildings stand."

SAFEGUARDING AMERICAN IDEALS, by Harry F. Atwood. (Chicago: Laird & Lee, Inc.) There is an unpretentious sincerity in Mr. Atwood's digest of American traditions, which makes this little book refreshing reading. A deep and plain-spoken belief in America's austere past and her responsibilities to the future, is a welcome relief from the spurious and windy "patriotism" of political rhetoricians, on the one hand, and from hopelessness and cynical dis-

belief, on the other. Unfortunately for the book's possibilities of influencing a wide circle of readers, it is what may be called a positive, instead of a practical, analysis; that is, it concerns itself with ideal desirable results, in the shape of (to quote part of the table of contents) The Moral Home, The Patriotic School, The Spiritual Church, Individual Rights, Avoidance of Class Consciousness, Unselfish Nationalism, and so forth, rather than with the question of how we, of the present, may thus re-create the past and come into our destined heritage.

LIFE AND DEATH OF HARRIETT FREAN, by May Sinclair. (New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.25.) In this character-study the writer, with feminine nicety, traces the gradual development of a child of much natural goodness and extreme sensitiveness. Throughout life, Harriett Frean grows in worshipful love of her father and mother. This parent-love is strong and real, as is the spirit of self-sacrifice which it begets in her, but withal, these traits of character never mount higher than the natural. In the intimate story of her life and death, there is not a frank mention of God, and twice only is there a faint suggestion of things spiritual. It is a painful story for anyone with the notion of God as *the* motive of life, and pathetic for those who have known and loved such as Harriett Frean.

The inevitable strain of melancholy is prominent in the book as it is in life when God has no part in it. However, the story is told with interest, dignity and refinement, and is refreshing after the portrayals of unconventional and emancipated women that abound in so much of our contemporary fiction.

FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

Concilii Tridentini Epistolæ, Vol. X., Pars Prima Collegit, Edidit, Illustravit, Godofredus Buschbell (B. Herder, Freiburg. \$26.00). Dr. Buschbell in this masterly volume has gathered together over 2,500 letters written concerning the Council of Trent from March 5, 1546, to the opening of the eighth session, March 11, 1547. These letters are of great interest to the historian of the Council of Trent. Hundreds of them have never been printed before. Moreover, the many errors of the *Monumenta Tridentina* of Druffel and his continuator, Brandi, have been corrected by a careful going over of the originals. They give us many clear-cut portraits of the officials of both Church and State who took part in the Conciliar proceedings, and afford us many a sidelight on both the doctrinal and disciplinary decrees passed in the first eight sessions of the Council. But hundreds of these letters are concerned, not with the proceedings of the Council itself, but with the continued opposition to the plans of the Pope and the Legates by the Emperor, the King of France and the political Bishops of the time. Some of the Bishops present held the false theory of Constance and of Basle that a General Council was superior to the Pope, and they tried their utmost to have the words, "Representing the Universal Church," inserted in the title of the Council at the head of each decree. In this, of course, they were not successful. The gratitude of scholars the world over is due to the Görres Society for the publishing of this

monumental history of the Council of Trent, six volumes of which—there will be twelve in all—have now been published. It is the last word in scholarship and, without question, is the most important work undertaken by Catholic scholars in the past century.

From P. Marietti, Turin: *Commentarium in Codicem Juris Canonici ad Usus Scholarum. De Personis*, by Rev. G. Cocchi, C.M. 2 vols. (17 fr.) In this excellent commentary on the first and second sections of the second book of the code of canon law, the matter is well arranged, the definitions clear cut, the explanations detailed, and the references most copious. *Cæremoniale Missæ Privatæ*, by Rev. Felice Zualdi, P.C.M. (4 fr.) Father Salvatore Capoferri of the Roman Pontifical Academy of Liturgy has brought out a new edition—the seventh—of Father Zualdi's well-known manual. It is in accord with the latest edition of the Roman Missal and the latest decrees of the Sacred Congregation of Rites.

L'Evangile de Notre-Seigneur Jésus-Christ, le Fils de Dieu, by Rev. Dom Paul Delatte, Abbé de Solesmes (Tours: Maison Alfred Mame et Fils.) Here we possess, without scientific apparel, the sequence of events in the life of Our Lord obtained by arranging, comparing and blending the narrative of the Four Gospels. The Abbé de Solesmes has condensed the wealth of very traditional, very living and, at the same time, very personal teaching. Instead of offering souls the meagre pasture of dry exegesis, he makes them straightway taste the incomparable charm of the inspired word; he initiates them into the letter and spirit of the Gospel with the tact, distinction and solicitude for beauty characteristic of the great Benedictine training. Perhaps a future edition will be enriched with maps and an alphabetical index of contents, which would greatly facilitate the serviceableness of the work.

From P. Téqui, Paris: *Le Règne de la Conscience*, by Monsigneur Gibier (6 fr.), treats of the necessity of a well-formed conscience for the accomplishment of any lasting good, whether in the scientific, political or moral order. *L'Idéal Nouveau et la Religion*, by Monsignor Herscher (3 fr. 50), treats of the necessity of religion for the stabilization of society.

Les Penseurs d'Islam, by Baron Carra de Vaux (Paris: Paul Geuthner. 12 fr. 50), is a noteworthy attempt to popularize the literature and life of the Orient. *Sainte Gertrude. Sa Vie Intérieure*, by Dom Gilbert Dolan, O.S.B. (Paris: P. Lethielleux. 6 fr.) The nuns of the Abbey of St. Scholastica of Dourgne have given us a perfect translation of Dom Dolan's Life of St. Gertrude of Helfta, the well-known Benedictine mystic of the thirteenth century (1256-1302), consulting always the original Latin text of the saint, especially the difficult *Legatus Divinæ Pietatis*—*The Herald of Divine Love*—so often quoted in these pages. *Une Ame Forte*, by Urbain Croharé (Lesbordes, Tarbes. 3 fr.), is the life of rugged beauty and simplicity of the Venerable Michel Goricoïts, founder of the Fathers of the Sacred Heart of Jesus of Betharram, told with charm and spiritual appeal.

Le Récit du Pèlerin, by Eugène Thibaut, S.J. (Louvain, Belgium). This first French translation of the notes of Père Louis Gonzales, while by no means biographical, give us word for word those intimacies always so interesting, of the human side of a saint. The book will prove of greatest interest, however, to those already familiar with a Life of St. Ignatius. *Le Musée Saint Jean Berchmans, à Louvain* (8 fr.), contains a full description, with photographs of the many relics, pictures and documents relative to St. John Berchmans, which were gathered at Louvain from all parts of Europe. A concluding chapter contains a complete bibliography of the lives of the saint.

Recent Events.

France.

Despite its evident reluctance, the French Government finally decided to attend the Conference at The Hague, which held its opening session on June 15th. The meetings of the first two weeks were taken up with the formation of sub-committees and the formation of a general programme preliminary to the admission of the Russian delegation, who did not arrive till June 26th. The Russians from the outset took up the position held by them at Genoa as expressed in their memorandum of May 11th, namely, a demand for a loan or credit, raising the amount, however, from the \$1,000,000,000 demanded by Tchitcherin to \$1,600,000,000. To date, the Conference has revolved around this point without progress, the delegates of the Powers taking the stand that if, and only if, the Russians recognized their obligations, would they have any chance of obtaining credits, while the Russians hold that the Soviets would recognize their debts only on condition that they first received credits.

The latest development of the situation, one offering only a slight probability of escape from the impasse stated, is the suggestion of the Russian delegate, Krassin, that the discussion be put into hypothetical form, that is, the Russians to discuss what they could do provided credit was forthcoming, and the Powers to discuss what credits might be found provided a guarantee were given by the Russians.

The outlook for the success of the negotiations at this writing is extremely unfavorable, the general opinion being that the Russians are disclosing an absolute lack of good will. They proclaim openly that whatever they do, they will do as expedient, not because they think it right.

As forecast in these notes last month, the Committee of International Bankers, meeting at Paris, adjourned towards the middle of July after announcing that as the reparation situation stood, it was not feasible to float an international loan for Germany. This action was taken because of the French refusal to sanction discussion of changes in the reparation payments. M. Sergent, the French member of the Bankers' Committee, refused to sign the Committee's finding on the ground that it was an unfair reflection on the French point of view. The Committee

had originally planned to adjourn for three months, but at their final session the bankers announced that they would meet again at the call of the Reparations Commission when there had been any changes in the situation, which seemed to make a new discussion worth while. The bankers set forth that while they intended to undertake no discussion of Inter-Allied indebtedness, there existed the necessary connection between the claims of the Allied Governments and their debts.

On June 13th the French Senate voted an advance of 55,000,000 francs to Austria, after a sharp debate, in which some of the speakers severely criticized the Treaty of Versailles in respect to its mutilation of Austria. This action followed the declaration of Premier Poincaré that it was necessary to go to Austria's aid at this time to keep her from falling into the hands of Germany. He quoted from a report sent by the French Minister in Vienna and from a letter written by Baron Eichhoff, the Austrian Minister in Paris, showing that these diplomats agreed that anarchy or absorption by Germany threatened Austria if she were not immediately relieved.

On the day following this action by the French Senate, the Allies' Council of Ambassadors decided to request the few remaining Governments having claims against Austria which have not yet been renounced, to withhold these claims for a period of twenty years. By such a universal moratorium, it is hoped to apply the credit system which has been elaborated for the restoration of the former dual monarchy. Since then, the Austrian Government has sent the Reparations Commission a note asking the immediate release of her revenues, such as customs, State monopolies and other assets, including mines and forests, so that she may use these as collateral for a foreign loan.

At the end of June, the Council of Ambassadors decided to recognize Lithuania. No representative of the United States participated in this decision, nor in the discussion which preceded the action of the Council. Opinion was withheld on the part of the United States Government, leaving it to take whatever attitude it saw fit later.

Although the naval agreement and other treaties included at the Washington Conference have been ratified both by England and Japan, present indications are that these will not be laid before the French Parliament for ratification before the summer adjournment, which is due July 14th. This means that, at the earliest, ratification will not take place until late in the fall, and it may even then be delayed. The reason for the delay is the opposition to the naval treaty by certain members of the Chamber

of Deputies' Commission, whose task it is to prepare a report on it and lay it before the Chamber for guidance and discussion. Both M. Poincaré's Government and a majority in the Chamber are anxious for ratification as soon as possible, but in the face of the opposition which has developed in this Commission, they are powerless to speed action.

Considerable objection has been raised both by Christians and Moslems against the plan whereby, under a British mandate, Palestine will become the Jewish home land. The Holy See has sent communications both to the Government of Great Britain and to the League of Nations, in which, while readily agreeing that the Jews in Palestine must have equal civil rights with other nationalities, it cannot consent to the Jews enjoying a privileged, preponderant position over the other nationalities or faiths, or to the rights of Christians being insufficiently safeguarded. On June 21st the British House of Lords, by a vote of 60 to 29, practically endorsed the Papal objection, in spite of the eloquent contradiction made by the Earl of Balfour as Acting Foreign Minister. When the debate was raised in the House of Commons, however, on July 4th, though sharply attacked, the Government policy was sustained by a vote of 292 to 35. At present, the Holy See is making strenuous efforts to save for Christianity, if not all Palestine, at least the sanctuary of the "Cenaculum" in Jerusalem, where the Last Supper took place.

The French, Italian and United States Governments have accepted in principle the proposals of the British Government for an inquiry into the alleged atrocities in Asia Minor, but certain modifications suggested are under consideration. Meanwhile, fighting between the Turkish Nationalist forces and the Greeks has become largely a matter of petty skirmishes, and it is the opinion of Allied military observers in Constantinople that no serious military campaign is likely to be launched this summer by either the Greeks or the Turks. The Greeks have great numerical superiority on the front line, but the opinion is that this superiority is not sufficient to justify an offensive, in view of the difficulties of the terrain. The present Greek force is estimated at 110,000 men, while the Turks number 70,000.

The outstanding feature of the closing session of the League of Nations Disarmament Commission at Paris on July 7th was the announcement by Dr. Rivas Vicuña, Chilean Ambassador at Paris, that Chile would demand that the whole question of world disarmament, both naval and military, be included in the agenda of the Fifth Pan-American Conference, to be held next March in Santiago. The basis of discussion, he said, will be the Wash-

ington naval accords and the work of the Commission of the League, which has been gathering disarmament data for the last eight months. According to this data, which will be presented at the League general assembly next September, Europe is now spending more on armaments than in 1913, and this notwithstanding that Germany, Austria-Hungary and Bulgaria are practically disarmed, and despite the Washington Disarmament Conference. In League of Nations' circles at Genoa, it is alleged that America is the largest vendor of arms and ammunition, and sells these especially to countries where slavery still persists, thus making it impossible for civilized countries to abolish it. As for the lessening of European armaments, France is accused of persistently putting obstacles in the way of the League's Armaments Commission.

On June 29th the French Chamber of Deputies finally passed the Recruiting Bill, which fixes the period of active service in the army at eighteen months. The vote was 400 to 202. The bill now goes to the Senate. As passed by the Chamber, it provides that, in addition to eighteen month's active service, soldiers may be called back to the colors, if necessary, any time during two and a half years after the completion of their regular service, after which they are to remain sixteen years in reserve for service in France and ten years more in reserve for territorial service.

Subscription books were opened June 26th by the French Minister of Finance for another loan in the series being issued by the Government to obtain funds for reconstruction purposes. The new credit will total 3,200,000,000 francs and bear six per cent. interest. It will be issued at ninety-nine and three-fifths, and be payable at one hundred and three, with various optional maturities.

On June 30th the American Red Cross completed its active work in France and disbanded its organization. The forces which started operation in Paris in June, 1917, and rapidly grew into an organization of 7,500, has been gradually withdrawn during the last two years until at the last only eighty were left. Since 1917 the Red Cross has aided 1,700,000 French refugees, treated 250,000 French in hospitals and dispensaries, and succored 87,650 French families. They also have subsidized 847 tuberculosis hospitals. The work has been effected at a cost of \$140,000,000.

In Paris, there are 235,863 widows and 50,892 widowers. These figures, which have been extracted from the recent census returns, show more clearly than anything else what the War cost the French capital. Among the unwed, too, there is a majority of 100,000 women out of a total of both sexes of 1,200,000. Men

who have been divorced by their wives number 16,700, while divorced women living in the capital total the much bigger figure of 28,700.

Germany.

On the morning of June 23d, Dr. Walter Rathenau, German Foreign Minister and former Minister of Reconstruction, was shot and killed by two or more unknown assassins while on his way from his residence to the Foreign Office. Dr. Rathenau, regarded as probably the ablest man in the Wirth Cabinet, with a decisive influence in shaping the Government's policy with respect to reparations and other important questions affecting the outside world, was much disliked by the monarchist elements, and also by the Nationalist Party, which objected to his policies and were prejudiced against his Jewish extraction. Besides his political importance, Dr. Rathenau was also notable for his eminent position in the industrial world, being the head of the German General Electric Company and one of the wealthiest men in Germany. In addition, he had won distinction as a writer, one of his books, printed also in English, running into more than sixty-five editions. In politics, he was a Socialist. The police have definitely identified the assassins, three in number, but to date have apprehended only one. The accused are supposed to be members of the monarchist and anti-Semitic organization "Council," with ramifications throughout Germany, and former members of the brigade of Captain Ebrhardt, who last year planned the overthrow of the Ebert Government and whose name was mentioned in connection with the assassination of Mathias Erzberger.

On July 3d an attempt was made, apparently by members of the same organization, to assassinate Maximilian Harden, the well-known German publicist and editor of *Die Zukunft*, by stabbing and blackjacking. Though severely wounded, he was not killed.

As a result of the Rathenau murder, President Ebert promulgated a drastic supplementary ordinance whereby, under the emergency clause of the Republic's Constitution, "all persons who participate in meetings or associations of which they know the purpose to be to eliminate by death a member of the Government or a member of a former Republican Government, shall be punished by death or life imprisonment; likewise, persons who financially aid such associations or organizations." This marks another important advance in the Wirth Government's offensive against reaction under the slogan: "In Defence of the Republic."

For several days preceding, rumors were current that on July 4th there would be a massing of royalist elements in Berlin with a probability of clashes between them and the workers and radicals who were to hold a demonstration on that day. These rumors were greatly fostered by the Berlin newspaper strike, the striking printers permitting only the circulation of socialistic and communistic organs. As a matter of fact, the day passed without disorder, the reactionaries and monarchists being cowed by a monster demonstration, when more than 100,000 organized workers, radicals, Socialists and Communists paraded through the streets of Berlin "for the Republic."

On June 17th a Committee on Guarantees appointed by the Reparations Commission left Paris for Berlin to organize the control of the receipts and expenditures of Germany, to study questions connected with the abusive export of capital and examine statistics, as outlined by the Reparations Commission. The Committee is composed of the chiefs of the financial services of all the Allied delegations to the Reparations Commission. On July 6th they made their first report to the Reparations Commission, the gist of which was that Germany is on the verge of being engulfed by a social and economic catastrophe which will shake Europe to its very foundations. Marks have broken away from all control, falling on July 7th to 535 marks for a dollar, and according to the belief of the Commission, its final collapse will be the signal for the stoppage of reparation payments, disorder for the financial and commercial equilibrium of Europe and the confusion of German industry.

The present economic and financial crisis is largely due to the failure of the Bankers' Conference, for the success of which the Germans had been ardently hoping. According to latest advice, representatives of the German Government, on July 10th, informed the President of the Reparations Commission that the financial situation of Germany had reached such a desperate state that cash payments of the indemnity would soon become impossible.

Members of the Commission have indicated that they believe the immediate reason for the present German financial situation is the failure of Germany to end the wholesale printing of paper marks and the widespread exportation of capital from the country. In other circles, however, the opinion seems to be gaining ground daily that the fundamental reason for the German financial chaos lies in the total of the reparations required, 132,000,000,000 gold marks, which is regarded in many quarters as being impossibly high.

On the other hand, it has been made clear France will not consent to an adjustment of the total indemnity to what would be regarded as a reasonable figure, until there is a definite settlement of the whole question of the Inter-Allied debts, which either would result in cancellation or lead to indefinite postponement of payments. It is held in France that that country cannot possibly pay her debt to the United States under present conditions. France, it is declared, probably would agree to a material reduction of the German indemnity, if there were such a readjustment of the Inter-Allied obligations, and belief was expressed that, sooner or later, this idea would have to be laid before the American Government.

On June 21st the German authorities began taking over from the Inter-Allied Commission the second zone of Upper Silesia, retained by Germany under the partition treaty. On the preceding day, the Poles completed their occupation of the first zone, and on June 24th took over the third zone, also allotted to Poland. Flags on official buildings throughout Germany were flown at half-mast as a sign of mourning for Germany's lost territory. According to data in German newspapers, the division of the plebiscite region by the League of Nations transferred 196,005 industrial workers from German to Polish sovereignty, leaving only 73,152 under the German flag. Of the 173,859 anthracite coal miners, 43,232 remain German citizens, while 130,625 become Polish, and of the 63,134 iron smelter workers, 39,697 go to Poland. Both before and after the occupation, several clashes occurred at various points between civilians and French troops, in one of which fifteen people were killed and twenty-five wounded. As a result of these clashes, Chancellor Wirth, on July 6th, issued an appeal to the German population of Upper Silesia to refrain from molesting Inter-Allied troops during the evacuation of the province.

On June 16th the British Government officially asked Germany whether she would be willing to submit a request to join the League of Nations at the third League Assembly next September. Germany has replied that she is prepared to submit such a request, provided she is assured that no special conditions will be laid down concerning her joining and that she immediately receives a seat on the League Council. It is understood that France will raise no opposition to Germany's becoming a member of the League and attending its Assembly, but is opposed to her sitting on the Council. Germany, however, insists on having full League membership or equality with Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan; otherwise she declines to apply for membership.

On July 4th the Treaty of Rapallo, signed between Germany and Russia during the Genoa Conference and negotiated by the late Foreign Minister, Dr. Rathenau, was ratified by the Reichstag. There was no debate over the question of ratification.

The 150,000 freight cars and 5,000 locomotives delivered to France by Germany since the armistice have already been replaced by new material according to a Swiss delegate, who has recently been in attendance at a technical conference of railway men at Berlin. So extraordinary has been the progress in the construction of rolling stock in Germany, this expert says, that by August German railways will be as well equipped as they were at the outbreak of the War, so far as the quantity of rolling stock is concerned, while the quality will be superior.

Russia. On July 6th the Petrograd Revolutionary Tribunal, in session at Moscow, sentenced to death the Petrograd Metropolitan, Benjamin, Archbishop Sergius, Bishop Benedict, canons of three of the largest churches in Petrograd, and Professors Ognieff and Novitsky, for interfering with the seizure of church treasures. Fifty-three others had previously been sentenced to various terms of imprisonment on the same charge. Twenty-two who had been accused were acquitted. The trial lasted more than three weeks. The Tribunal decided to transfer to Petrograd the proceedings against the Patriarch Tikhon, in whose behalf the Holy See, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and various foreign religious bodies had pleaded.

Meanwhile, the trial of the thirty-four Social Revolutionists charged with sedition, which began on June 8th, is still proceeding. During the first week of the trial, the prisoners were defended by three foreign Socialist lawyers, Emile Vandervelde, former Minister of Justice of Belgium, and Theodore Liebknecht and Kurt Rosenfeld of Germany, but these quickly withdrew from the trial as a protest against what they considered the unfair conditions under which the proceedings were conducted. They were succeeded by Russian counsel, who in turn withdrew from the case, after a vain attempt to have new judges and a new prosecutor appointed. At present the accused are represented by one lawyer, a young woman. Messrs. Vandervelde, Liebknecht and Rosenfeld have issued a statement appealing to the workmen of all countries to protest against the punishment by death of the defendants. The Socialist Federation of Buenos Aires has sent a resolution to the Russian authorities and also to Arthur Henderson, British Member of Parliament and Secretary of the Second

International, saying, that the execution of the accused men would be contrary to the ideas of advanced civilization. The defendants are accused, among other things, of betraying the Russian revolution, of assisting Kolchak and Denikin and of conspiring to assassinate Lenine, Trotzky and other Bolshevik leaders.

Premier Lenine, about the nature of whose illness many and varied rumors have been in circulation for some time, is now reported to be out of danger. From an authoritative source, it seems that the basic trouble is weakness of the digestive and assimilative processes, with an accompanying nervous breakdown. His condition at present is described as one of slow improvement, but he is not expected to be able to resume work for several months. The Council of Commissars has granted him a leave of absence till autumn. Meanwhile, M. Rikoff and M. Tsurupoff have taken over the technical duties of the Premier's office, while Leon Trotzky, Minister of War, and Leo Kameneff, President of the Moscow Soviet, are reported to be acting as an advisory directorate.

On July 5th authoritative advices reached Washington to the effect that Trotzky had massed 350,000 troops on the Polish and Rumanian frontiers. The total strength of the Soviet armies is estimated at approximately 1,500,000 men, inclusive of 125,000 of the so-called Cheka, or Secret Service troops. About one-half of the 350,000 mentioned are concentrated on the Polish border, with 125,000 on the Rumanian border and the remainder in the Karkoff area. The best information available indicates that these concentration movements were begun originally as an implied threat toward Europe, at the time of the Genoa Conference, and have been continued with the intention of giving Soviet Russia a more impressive voice in the present exchanges at The Hague.

Despite the fact that military experts consider no extensive operations will be undertaken at this time by the Soviet Government, considerable alarm has been aroused in Poland and Rumania. On June 23d the Polish Government sent a vigorous protest against an invasion of Polish territory by bands of Bolshevik troops, and earlier in the month the Rumanian Government sent a formal communication to the Conference at The Hague, declaring that Soviet Russia had violated the non-aggression compact entered into at Genoa by sending propaganda into Rumania by airplane.

All this follows a proposal for a disarmament conference made early in June by the Russian Government to the Baltic States—Latvia, Esthonia and Finland—and to Poland, a proposal

which was rejected on June 30th, when the Polish, Finnish and Latvian Governments replied with a declaration that no agreement to reduce arms could be made until Russia fulfilled her obligations entered into by peace treaties with those countries.

According to the American Relief Administration, the Volga famine has been definitely brought under control. Taking Russia as a whole, Soviet estimates show that there will be a surplus of grain this year, and as soon as the new crops are harvested, Soviet officials say it is probable that Russia will be able to export some grain. It is officially estimated at present that Russia's 1922 grain crops will reach a minimum of 3,500,000,000 poods (63,000,000 tons), or 1,000,000,000 poods more than those of last year. However, some foreign relief, in the form of child feeding, aid to invalids and assistance in the rehabilitation of peasants stricken by the famine, is still necessary.

Official notification has been given the American Government by the Government of Japan of the latter's intention to withdraw its armed forces from the maritime provinces of Siberia by the end of next October. More than almost any other single act, this withdrawal from Siberia is expected to be conducive to establishing the belief among Americans that Japan had definitely abandoned aggressive policies and intends to fulfill its Washington pledges.

According to an announcement by the Soviet Government on June 28th, the Japanese Government, which last month broke off negotiations with the Chita Government at Dairen, has expressed a wish to re-open pourparlers with Russia. On the other hand, a cablegram has been received, by the special trade delegation of the Far Eastern Republic in Washington, that a German mission has arrived at Chita and been received by the Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Far Eastern Republic. The object of the German mission is stated to be the investigation of economic conditions in the Far Eastern Republic, and the effecting of a rapprochement between the Russian Far East and Germany.

President Merkulov, who, on June 2d, was deposed by the Constituent Assembly as President of the Priamur Government at Vladivostok, has resumed his place as head of the central Government. Trouble originally arose over the order of the Government for the dissolution of the Priamur Constituent Assembly, which refused to submit and made an effort to organize a new Government, supported by a part of the divided military forces. The Presidency was offered to General Diedricks, but he refused to accept the position and swung his influence to the reinstatement of Merkuloff.

Italy.

A great sensation was caused in Italian political circles on June 15th, when the Moderate Socialist deputies, numbering between eighty and one hundred, decided to adopt a policy of participation in the Government. The move was looked upon as entailing another disintegration of the parliamentary groups, since the Socialist group, which up to now has been the largest and the most compact, has finally succumbed to division. For some time, the Moderate Socialists have been favoring the Catholic Party, and it is now predicted in some quarters that these two groups will combine to overthrow the present Administration, which is looked upon as a Giolitti combination under Premier Facta, the Catholics being still disgruntled with former Premier Giolitti over the fall of the Bonomi Government, which desired officially to recognize the death of the late Pope Benedict.

What makes the decision of the Moderates particularly remarkable, is the fact that it is contrary to the official stand of the party's National Council, which has held to an intransigent policy of non-participation in Government. To settle the differences between the Deputies and the party's National Council, a special party convention will be called during the summer. Meanwhile, a significant step, and one perhaps forecasting the decision to be made by the Council, was the action of the Italian Socialist Party and the Confederation of Labor through their representatives at a joint meeting at Genoa on July 4th, whereby they voted in favor of the principle of collaboration with the Italian monarchy. The vote was 537,351 to 499,991. A resolution in favor of Communism was defeated.

From a recent statement by the Italian Finance Minister, it appears that during the last eighteen months Italy has reduced its paper circulation by 2,500,000,000 lire. It was also shown in banking statements that the Italian Government had for the three preceding months been able to dispense with the issue of Treasury bonds. The yield of the direct taxes, recently imposed in Italy, was estimated to be nine times the product of similar pre-war taxes.

On the other hand, Minister of the Treasury Peano, in a report to the Council of Ministers, on July 6th, announced that the deficit for 1921-22 would be at least 6,500,000,000 lire, and forecast that the deficit for 1922-23 would amount to 4,000,000,000 lire. The ministers considered it impossible to impose further taxes on a greatly burdened country, but decided that the present system of taxation should be revised to prevent anyone from escaping payment of the proper amount. It was also agreed to

effect drastic cuts in Government expenditures, in the hope of reducing next year's expected deficit.

In dispatches from Rome, on July 7th, it was announced that a new "Council for the General Work of the Propagation of the Faith" has been formed, this being a development of the century-old French Catholic mission centre at Lyons, which was transferred to Rome by Pope Pius XI. shortly after his election. All the nations are represented in the new council, the President of which is Monsignor Fumasoni Biondi. The representative of the United States is Monsignor O'Hern, rector of the American College in Rome; of South America, Monsignor Riera; England, Monsignor Prior, and Canada, Monsignor Lajoie.

The Fascisti still continue their activities. At Trieste, early in June, a number of Fascisti and Republicans seized the Italian steamer *Argentina* and prevented carabinieri and Royal Guards from boarding the liner. The steamer was due to sail, but this occurrence prevented her from putting to sea. The cause of this interference was the strike in progress among longshoremen, seamen and port workers because of a reduction in wages. Frequent clashes occurred between the Fascisti and the Communist workmen over the strike policy to be followed. On June 18th Fascisti set fire to the Labor Exchange at Reggio shortly after a visit of King Victor Emmanuel, and on July 4th another band occupied the town of Andria, near Bari, replacing the red flag by the national colors over the public buildings. Reports of Fascisti outbreaks, however, must be accepted with the caution that they are incidents out of the ordinary and may be no more representative of general conditions in Italy than reports of Ku Klux Klan outrages, cabled abroad, would give a true picture of conditions in America.

A Tripoli dispatch of June 14th says that Arab rebels in the Italian colony in Tripolitania met with a severe reverse at the hands of the Italian garrison when the latter captured the outpost of Giose. On June 29th a large force of Tripolitan rebels was defeated by Italian troops in a sanguinary battle near Azizian. The rebel casualties were given as several hundred killed or wounded, while the Italian forces lost seventeen native soldiers killed and one officer wounded. Large quantities of arms and ammunition were abandoned by the rebels.

July 13, 1922.

With Our Readers

IN an account of the recent Eucharistic Congress at Rome, given us by the *London Tablet*, the correspondent quotes this remark of a Jewish financier: "What is certain," he said, "is that what we have seen at Rome surpasses what we have seen elsewhere, at Paris, Washington, San Remo, Cannes, Spa or Genoa. For in those congresses of many nations of opposing views one had the impression of living in the ephemeral and contingent, one had to build more or less on sand, or at best on piles. But here we have the feeling of a work of enormous import, long prepared, with its foundations deep in the ages of the past and its cupola in the future." The thought here stated, inspiration of the wonderful religious gathering in the City of the Popes, is worthy of the attention of the many who look to the best interests of humanity. The contrast between the ephemeral and the lasting finds an almost universal application; and the understanding of their respective values at least suggests a solution to many problems or a guidance in the way of difficulties.

* * * *

A CONTRIBUTOR to one of our literary papers recently lamented the passing from our writings of the references to the Greek and Roman classics; he lamented likewise the disuse of Biblical references and Biblical terms and the evil effect of this cessation upon our language, spoken and written. The vigor, the simplicity, the beauty of Scriptural English were fast disappearing; the English of the Bible was becoming unknown because the Bible was not being read and studied as in the past. We had forgotten that the great classics of our language were born of our strong Biblical English. Do we not find that the literary productions of the day die while those of the sturdier past live on? Do we not find that in most of our modern writing there is a predominance of the ephemeral, and that we rarely find those elements that partake of the eternal and that give promise of lasting existence.

* * * *

OR, to glance in another direction, is not the same contrast drawn and the same characteristic lamented in regard to the field and the manner of our present-day education? Mr. Hughes, Secretary of State, speaking before the National Education Association, had this to say: "As the restraints we believe to be impor-

tant to our security and progress must be self-imposed, there is no reason why we should entertain the delusion that democracy will confer blessings except in so far as it represents the rule of an intelligent and cultured people.

"We cannot fail to be gratified by the evidence on every hand of an increased demand for educational opportunity, and it is most encouraging to observe the extraordinary efforts that are being made, especially in the field of higher education, to provide new facilities. Public funds are available to an unprecedented extent, while the outpourings of private benevolence have gone beyond anything that we have hitherto deemed to be possible. But it is also apparent that there is much confusion with respect to standards and aims, and that there will be little gain in considering the mechanism of education until we have reëxamined the more fundamental needs.

"It is not likely that there will be lack of opportunity for vocational education, for the sort of training which will fit men and women to earn a living. The exigencies of our complex life are too apparent and the rewards too obvious to admit of neglect: and we shall have whatever vocational or technical schools are required. But democracy cannot live on bread alone. It is not enough that one shall be able to earn a living, or a good living. This is the foundation, but not the structure. What is needed is to have life more abundantly.

"From the standpoint of the individual, the exclusively materialistic view is inadmissible, for the individual life should be enriched with the ampler resources of a wider culture."

The voice of Secretary Hughes is the voice of all too few, but it is the voice of the saner educators who realize that in the training of youth it is not the ephemeral that counts, but it is the lasting: it is the understanding of those fundamental principles of life and conduct that are as old as the human race. Ever old, yet ever new, these principles have their universal application, and are an absolute need to every mind no matter how specialized the form of its development. Every educator who needs to be convinced of this truth, would do well to familiarize himself with Cardinal Newman's classic, *The Idea of a University*.

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IN a very marked way, this contrast impresses itself upon us when we read the frequent lucubrations put forth today on the delicate and important subject of mysticism. Mysticism has become, in certain circles, the fashion. The fact has its good side. It also has its dangerous side. It is good to know that many souls crave a spirituality and an understanding of their soul's

relationship with God. It is not so good to be compelled to realize, as we must when we read much that is published on this subject, that a concomitant vagueness of treatment and a lack of definite and eternal principles constitute a real danger to the uninitiated. While many books on this topic are now being published, and while the more serious magazines devote many pages to it, the result to the general reader is bound to be confusing and disconcerting. This, no doubt, is largely due to the varying definitions of mysticism that are offered, but it is also in great measure due to the adaptation of the subject to the ideas and trends of thought that are peculiarly ephemeral, the products of one day, to die in the next. There is the failure to realize that mysticism, in the true and fundamental concept of it, must have existed in all those days in which there have been souls that sought God intensely and unselfishly. Any brand of mysticism that is offered becomes ephemeral when it is lacking in those fundamental elements which were the very rocks of foundation upon which the structure of the soul's mounting was built by the saints of old.

The attempts at explanation that ignore the fact of creation and the relationship thus established between the created soul and its Maker; that ignore the fact of the Incarnation and the consequent establishment of an intimate understanding between the redeemed and the Redeemer; that ignore the fact of the Kingdom of Christ established on earth and the resultant guidance of a divine nature, cannot but be ephemeral, to pass with the passing day. These great facts are the permanent and lasting elements that give meaning to the mystic way and safe certainty to those who walk in that way.

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FOR a long time, too, the same contrast between the ephemeral and the lasting has asserted itself in practically all the phases of religious thinking and religious preaching. The tendency in many Christian pulpits and in many so-called Christian writings, has been to deal with the topics and problems of the day not in the light of eternal principles, but with the deliberate disregard for such principles and with the employment of only the superficial and passing theories of the moment.

We must indeed have progress in thought and action. We must recognize that our own day has its own difficulties as well as its own life. We must be thoroughly alive to the necessity of meeting them in a modern way. This is all true, but at the same time we must realize that running through all the phases of life and conduct there are unchangeable elements, fundamental in

nature, that remain intact when all others are shattered; and that any solution or any teaching, whether it deal with theory or conduct, that ignores these permanencies, will fail.

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IS it too much to say that amid all changes there is just one Guardian of the permanent? The thought that was aroused in the mind of the onlooker as he witnessed the ceremonies of the Eucharistic Congress in Rome, almost forces itself upon anyone that considers seriously any matter of religious, moral or spiritual import today. When various persons or bodies seek to deal with them, there is something ephemeral in their conclusions and their attempts. When the Catholic Church speaks, there is aroused immediately the consciousness of definiteness, stability, certainty: the consciousness that through her one is linked with the everlasting truth; the consciousness that, amid all changes, she stands today as the spokesman of truth that reaches back into the eternity of the past and forward into the eternity of the future.

Her Master is Christ, and Christ dealt in the permanent. He is the great teacher of the world. He gave His teaching, not content that man should yield to them simply the perfunctory assent of the intellect, but that man might also find in them the formative principles of conduct and good living. Such teachings are the animating elements of the spiritual life. Since all men's souls are called equally to the divine destiny of life with God, since their relationship which exists between the soul and its Maker is fundamentally and essentially the same for all, it is natural to conclude that the principles of soul-life should have the quality of permanency.

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CHRIST came that "all may have life." That life is the life of grace, the gift of God; it is the life of friendship and union whose power takes us from the abode of earth's darkness into the regions of light. And grace is eternal.

That life is the life of heaven, a life that infuses us with the consciousness that our lasting home is not here, but in the country beyond whither, if we walk well, we are treading with all the forces within us. And heaven is eternal.

That life is the life of God, through which we are reborn into the inheritance of divinity itself; through which we receive the privilege and favor to be, in very truth, the sons of the Most High. And God is eternal.

It is for us and for the world to distinguish between the

ephemeral and the permanent and to trust to the latter rather than the former.

IT is good to learn that the Holy Father, Pope Pius XI., has recently conferred a special blessing upon the National Catholic Welfare Council; and has made void the untoward rumors in its regard which found their way into our daily press, and even into some of our Catholic papers. The important work of the Council under the Bishops of the country will continue. The defence of Catholic doctrine, the protection of Catholic interests, the spread of Catholic education, the inculcation of Catholic social and moral principles; together with a lively interest in the welfare of our whole country and of the citizens that go to make up our nation, will constitute, in the future as in the past, the purposes of this united body of Bishops laboring, under their Chief Shepherd, for the glory of God and the good of human souls. As we consider the various forces now working for the well-being of our land, the one that affords the strongest reason for hope is the National Catholic Welfare Council.

IT is interesting to note the following—the leading article in the Princeton *Theological Review* for July is an address delivered at the 110th Commencement of the Princeton Theological Seminary. In the course of that address, the speaker described how, on a recent Sunday, he listened to three sermons in three Protestant churches of New York. He asks the question: “Is it conceivable, by any stretch of the imagination, that the kind of preaching which these three New York ministers gave the people, and which I have heard today, could make any impression on the minds of that heathen world (the world just after the Resurrection of Christ) or gained the slightest foothold for Christianity in that pagan civilization? To such a question there can be but one answer—it could not.”

He continues: “That same day I visited the beautiful Roman Catholic chapel built for the devotions of Spanish people in New York. The church was empty. I saw no man there: I heard no hymn or prayer or sermon. Yet at the end of the day I felt that I had heard more of the Gospel of Jesus Christ in the Catholic chapel than in all three Protestant churches because along the walls of the chapel were the beautiful paintings of a Spanish artist, representing the ‘stations’ of the cross, and these paintings told of One Who was wounded for my transgressions and bruised for my iniquities, One Who loved me and gave Himself for me.”

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE MACMILLAN Co., New York:

The Little Corner Never Conquered—the Story of the American Red Cross Work for Belgium. By John Van Schaick, Jr. \$2.00. *The Catholic Spirit in Modern English Literature.* By Geo. N. Shuster. \$2.00. *The Boyhood Consciousness of Christ.* By Rev. P. J. Temple, S.T.L. \$3.50.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:

A Sister's Poems. Posthumous Verses of Sister Margaret Mary of the Sisters of Mercy. \$1.00. *A Short Memoir of Terence MacSwiney.* By P. S. O'Hegarty. \$1.00.

ALLYN & BACON, New York:

Pour Apprendre à Parler. Par François J. Kueny. \$1.20. *Brief Spanish Grammar.* By M. A. De Vitis. \$1.40.

J. FISCHER & BROTHER, New York (for the Author):

Rhythmic Sight-Singing. Part One—Diatonic. 50 cents.

D. APPLETON & Co., New York:

Abbé Pierre. By Jay William Hudson. \$2.00 net.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:

Italy Old and New. By Elizabeth Hazelton Haight. \$2.50.

HENRY HOLT & Co., New York:

William De Morgan and His Wife. By A. M. W. Stirling.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:

Behind the Mirrors. The Psychology of Disintegration at Washington. By the Author of *The Mirrors of Washington.* \$2.50.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:

Courage. By J. M. Barrie. The Rectorial Address delivered at St. Andrew's University, May 3, 1922. 60 cents.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN Co., Boston:

The Jews. By Hilaire Belloc. \$3.00.

THE STRATFORD Co., Boston:

The Women of the Gael. By James F. Cassidy. \$2.00.

THE HISTORY ASSOCIATES, Springfield, Mass.:

King's Complete History of the World War, 1914-1918. Edited by W. C. King, Litt.D. Introduction by Marshal F. Foch.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co., Philadelphia:

Man and Maid. By Elinor Glyn. \$2.00.

PETER RIELLY, Philadelphia:

Course of Christian Classical Literature: De Magistro-Sancti Aurelii Augustini; De Beata Vita Aurelii Augustini; Soliloquiorum Libri Duo Aurelii Augustini; De Immortalitate Animæ Aurelii Augustini. By Fr. Tourscher. 4 booklets.

G. C. GRIFFITHS & Co., London:

Moses and the Law—A Study of Pentateuch Problems, by Fathers of the Society of Jesus. Edited by Cuthbert Lattey, S.J.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London:

The Methods of a Fanatic. By the Rev. O. R. Vassal-Phillips, C.S.S.R. 2 d. *Why We Resist Divorce.* By Rev. Herbert Thurston, S.J. 2 d. *The True Church Visibly One.* By Rev. H. P. Russell. 2 d. *The Immaculate Conception.* By J. B. Jaggard, S.J. 2 d. *The Problem of Evil.* By M. C. O'Arcy, S.J., M.A. 2 d. Pamphlets.

ANGUS & ROBERTSON, Sydney, Australia:

The Life of Archpriest J. J. Therry, Founder of the Catholic Church in Australia. By Rev. Eris M. O'Brien. 25 s.

PLON-NOURRIT ET CIE, Paris:

Histoire Religieuse. Par Georges Goyau. Tome VI.—*L'Histoire de la Nation Française.* Edited by Gabriel Hanotaux.

LIBRAIRIE LECOFFRE, Paris:

L'Intelligence Catholique dans L'Italie du XXe Siècle. Par Maurice Vaussard. 7 fr. 50.

GABRIEL BEAUCHESNE, Paris:

Le Dogme Catholique dans les Pères de L'Eglise. Par Emile Amann. 7 fr. 50. *L'Hymne de la Vie.* Par Chan. M. de Baets. 4 fr. 25. *La Méthode d'Influence de Saint François de Sales, son Apologétique Conquérante.* Par E. Thamiroy. 6 fr.—*De l'Influence, Etude Psychologique, Métaphysique, Pédagogique.* Par E. Thamiroy. 17 fr. 50.

BLOUET & GAY, Paris:

Almanach Catholique Français pour 1922. *Les Œuvres Catholiques de France II. et III.* Par François Veulliot. *L'Effort Belge.* Par Louis Marin. *Notre Alsace et Notre Lorraine.* Par M. l'Ambassadeur Bompard, M. Chas. Andler et M. l'Abbé Wetterlé. *La Protéction des Peuples Martyrs, Arménie, Belgique, Pologne, Roumanie, Serbie, Syrie, Tchéco, Slovaques.* *L'Effort Moral de nos Pays Envahis.* Par Madame A. Reboux et M. Léon Pasqual. *La Pologne.* Par G. Leygues.

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A CENTURY OF BRAZILIAN INDEPENDENCE.

BY JOHN F. O'HARA, C.S.C.



INDEPENDENCE or Death," the cry of Dom Pedro Primeiro on the banks of the Ypiranga, was the Brazilian declaration of independence; and in commemoration of the centennial anniversary of this event, distinguished representatives of all the principal nations will meet in Rio de Janeiro on the seventh of September of this year to extend felicitations to Brazil, and to inaugurate an international exposition.

Napoleon was the "provoking cause" of independence throughout South America. His invasion of Spain broke the hereditary succession to the Spanish throne, and the American colonies, which were crown property, felt that rebellion, long cherished as a sweet, but wicked, thought, would be stripped of its sacrilegious character if directed against a usurper. The general movement for independence came of the protest of the *cabildos*, or local governments, against the recognition of Napoleonic rule.

In Brazil, by a strange set of circumstances, royalty led

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rebellion. Napoleon's invasion of Portugal sent the Prince-Regent, Dom João, with his family and court, fleeing across the seas to Brazil, the giant colony of the diminutive kingdom. Escorted by a British fleet, Dom João arrived at Rio de Janeiro, March 8, 1808, where he was welcomed with joy by his Brazilian subjects.

His new perspective gave Prince John a better idea of the needs of Brazil, and the country began to prosper accordingly. One of his first official acts was to throw open the ports to the commerce of the world. He next developed industry and agriculture in order to furnish the materials of commerce, and created the famous Botanical Garden in Rio de Janeiro for the adaptation of foreign plants to Brazilian soils and climatic conditions. With his own private collections he founded the museums of fine arts and of natural history, and he gave a great impetus to higher education by establishing the law schools of Pernambuco (Recife) and São Paulo, the engineering school of Rio de Janeiro, and the medical schools of Rio de Janeiro and Bahia.

In 1816 Brazil became, by royal charter, a kingdom co-equal with Portugal, with King John as ruler of both. The King soon found his new position difficult. His Portuguese subjects clamored for his presence in their midst, and he finally consented to their demands, setting sail from Brazil on April 21, 1821, leaving his son, Dom Pedro, then twenty-three years of age, as regent. His return to Portugal did not pacify the Cortes, or Portuguese parliament, which was distrustful of the progress made by Brazil under its new status. A popular outcry was raised to reduce Brazil again to the rank of a colony, cut off its new commercial privileges, and force the return of Dom Pedro to his native land.

Matters came to a climax when Dom Pedro, while on a journey from São Paulo to Minas Geraes, received a royal communication ordering him to Lisbon. He knew the needs and aspirations of Brazil, he saw the vital mistake in the Portuguese policy, and he resolved to make the most of his opportunity. He tore the Portuguese insignia from his hat and breast, and declared the country independent. Only the weakest resistance was offered by any of the Portuguese garrisons, and the royal squadron was driven back to the mouth of the Tagus by Admiral Cochrane. On October 12, 1822,

just thirty-five days after the declaration of independence, Dom Pedro was crowned as emperor.

Although the new ruler had wise and liberal designs for the welfare of his country, he soon found himself in conflict with various republican factions. Revolts broke out in several parts of the country and threatened to split up and destroy the vast infant nation, which comprised a territory larger than the present extent of the United States, over which were scattered only three millions of people. Personal animosities grew out of the banishment of obnoxious political leaders, and Brazilian pride was injured by Dom Pedro's preference for Portuguese for positions of importance. His reign had lasted only nine years when determined opposition caused his abdication in favor of his five-year-old son, Dom Pedro de Alcantara (April 7, 1831).

The regency established during the minority of the prince lasted nine years. It first consisted of three individuals, and then of one—Father Diogo Feijó. Discontent and revolt continued during the regency. One of the most interesting political disturbances was the secession of the southernmost State of Brazil, Rio Grande do Sul, which set itself up as an independent republic, and continued its opposition for five years after the regency was abolished. The leader of the republican army was Giuseppe Garibaldi, who later became a national Italian hero by waring on the Pope.¹

At the end of these nine turbulent years, in 1840, the magic of royalty was again invoked. Dom Pedro, then fourteen years of age, was declared of age at his own request, and was proclaimed emperor. He had the aid of wise counselors and assistants, who soon pacified the country, and there began a long reign of peaceful prosperity and progress.

Dom Pedro Segundo ruled Brazil wisely for forty-nine years. Two foreign wars occurred during this period: one against the Argentine tyrant, Rosas, and the other—in league with Argentina and Uruguay—against the most wicked of all the South American dictators, the tyrant, Lopez, of Paraguay. This latter war, which lasted seven years, bore heavily on Brazil's man-power and financial resources.

The Emperor visited the United States on the occasion of

¹ After the return of Rio Grande to the fold, Garibaldi removed to Montevideo, where, it is said, he followed the pious occupation of smuggler. A tablet now marks the house where he lived, and where his son was born.

the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition, and charmed our people by his genial democracy. He refused many official honors, and paid a delicate compliment to the founders of Philadelphia by his dress, which was of Quaker simplicity—a plain suit of broadcloth and a black, broad-brimmed hat.

Dom Pedro's simple trustfulness of his people proved his own political undoing. He was over-tolerant of republicanism, and an enemy to political scheming. During the last two decades of his reign, Positivism made great inroads into the religious fibre of the "intellectuals," and Freemasonry unified this group into an active party. The bloodless abolition of slavery (first, in 1870, by a decree declaring free all children born within the Empire, and later, in 1888, by universal emancipation) disturbed the economic régime of the great plantations and caused many of the large landholders to join the opposition to the Emperor. Some of Dom Pedro's closest associates and advisers were among the leaders of the movement, which, on November 15, 1889, declared a Republic and called upon the Emperor to resign. Out of love for Brazil, Dom Pedro offered no resistance, and with a prayer on his lips for the safety of the country, he accepted, with his family, the decree of exile. He sailed for Portugal on the day following his deposition, refusing a subsidy of \$2,500,000 voted by the new rulers.

The Republic has known many vicissitudes, but they have been economic rather than political. Three minor disturbances, popularly called revolutions, have threatened the constitutional Government, but they were lifeless movements. As late as July of this year, a hotly-contested presidential election caused an exchange of shots, but public apathy to what was looked upon as a personal quarrel, prevented this affair from becoming an "incident."

Economic troubles have been plentiful, because Brazil, not being an industrial country, depends for its prosperity upon a constant foreign outlet for a few staple products, mainly coffee and rubber. The rubber comes from the dense forests of the Amazon valley, where it is gathered from the wild rubber trees and prepared in crude fashion for shipment to Europe and the United States. In recent years, the superior product of the British plantations of Ceylon and East India has made great inroads into the Brazilian market.

Coffee is raised chiefly in the progressive State of São Paulo, south and west of Rio de Janeiro. Brazil, normally, produces three-fourths of the world's supply of coffee, and when this market is active the whole of southern Brazil prospers. The State of São Paulo has even been successful in overreaching the law of supply and demand, by holding over the surplus of a bumper crop to meet the demands of a lean year.

In addition to coffee and rubber, Brazil regularly exports great quantities of cacao, sugar, hides and skins, *yerba mate* (Paraguayan tea), beans, rice, tobacco, cotton and manganese ore. Diamonds and other precious stones are also exported in small quantities.

Brazil, after a hundred years of independence, occupies an honored place, not only among the American republics, but in the family of nations. In Europe, where South America is better known than in the United States, the Brazilian is looked upon as a man of refinement, a lover of the best in art, music and literature, and a suave diplomat. Brazil has set a noble example in the use of arbitration, by settling its numerous boundary disputes by arbitral award in every case where direct negotiation failed of its purpose. In such assemblies as the Hague Tribunal, the League of Nations and the Washington Conference, Brazil has stood for universal peace. In Pan-American affairs it has welcomed the friendship of the United States, from the first recognition of its independence down to the present time, and it can be said in all sincerity that Brazil is the most loyal friend we have in South America today.

In spite of its wonderful possibilities, Brazil has its handicaps. Its 22,000 miles of railroad serve a very limited territory, and while it has, for purposes of transportation, the largest navigable river system in the world, this is underdeveloped. The country lacks coal for industry, although its water-power resources seem limitless. Most of all it lacks man-power, in both quantity and quality. The present population of 31,000,000 is composed largely of Portuguese, of pure or of mixed strain. To my mind the mixture is Brazil's most serious drawback. Many wise Brazilian statesmen have declared that Brazil has no negro problem, since whites have, by miscegenation, absorbed the negro blood; but the weight

of authority has not been able to over-balance my personal judgment that the opposite is too often the case. There have been many fine intellectual products of the mixture of black and white in Brazil, but too often negro characteristics of temperament seem to predominate.²

Italian immigration has been a boon to the country. There are now nearly 2,000,000 Italians in Brazil, and they have been a large factor in the development of business. Germans and Spaniards in the country number about 400,000 each. My own observation has been that the German is not a complete success in Brazil. The climate has had, in general, an enervating influence, and the average Brazilian German is not as industrious or thrifty as his brother in the United States. Japanese immigration has been tried recently on a small scale.

Two American colonies were established in Brazil after the Civil War—by slave-holders who refused to be reconstructed—and the results have been so tragic that one shudders to speak of them. Once wealthy and proud families of the South, the survivors now live in miserable poverty, and few of them possess more than the rudiments of an education. One of the original colonists, a little old lady whose body was emaciated and whose spirit was broken by suffering, told me once that could she but get back to the country she had spurned in her pride, she would kneel and kiss the ground and then die of joy.

Religion in Brazil has prospered since the separation of Church and State under the Republic. Although practically the whole country is nominally Catholic, Freemasonry and "liberalism" have claimed a heavy toll, and an American is scandalized at the indifference of a great portion of the men, supposedly Catholics, to the obligation of the Sunday Mass. The intolerance of our rash judgment is exposed, however, when we learn that great numbers of these "careless Catholics" receive the grace of the last Sacraments. God, the "Searcher of Hearts," knows where there is faith.

A helpful reorganization of the Church in Brazil was begun under Pius X. At that time there were but two ecclesiastical provinces in the vast country, and one of these, Rio

² A splendid discussion of the negro problem in Brazil will be found in Zahm's *Through South America's Southland*, pp. 39-43.

de Janeiro, had been erected only ten years before. In 1905 Pope Pius named the Archbishop of Rio, Most Rev. Arcoverde de Albuquerque Cavalcanti, the first South American Cardinal. His Holiness sent various investigators to the country, and called to Rome for personal consultation some of the most prominent ecclesiastics of Brazil, and acting upon their advice undertook a new division of the territory.

The first division was made in 1906. Bahia, a bishopric since 1555, an archbishopric since 1676, and recognized by the Vatican Council as the primatial see of Brazil, was divided, and the immense Caribbean coast was made into a separate province, with its archiepiscopal seat at Para, at the mouth of the Amazon.³ The *hinterland* of Rio de Janeiro was separated from that province, and the bishopric of Marianna was elevated and made the seat of a new province with jurisdiction over the great interior States of Minas Geraes and Matto Grosso. The project for a third new province was not executed until two years later, when São Paulo was made an archdiocese, with suffragan sees in the southern States of Parana, Santa Catherina and Rio Grande do Sul.

Another division was made in 1910, and the provinces of Olinda, Porto Alegre and Cuyaba were added. The first of these lay between Bahia and Para, and included the jutting northeast corner of Brazil, which looks towards Africa. Porto Alegre is the capital of Rio Grande do Sul, and Cuyaba, which can be reached conveniently only by a river trip of 1,500 miles up from Buenos Aires, is the capital of the jungle State of Matto Grosso. Three more archbishoprics have been created since 1910: Parahyba (1914), Fortaleza (1915) and Diamantina (1917), re-dividing again, in the order named, the coastal regions of the south and north, and the interior State of Minas Geraes.

This wider distribution of ecclesiastical powers and division of responsibilities has brought new life to the Church in Brazil. The educational standards of seminaries and colleges have been raised, and the number of these institutions increased, although they are still quite inadequate to the needs of the country.

The Benedictines, Salesians, Jesuits and Brothers of Mary

³ Under the difficult conditions of transportation at that time, Para was more accessible to New York than to Bahia.

are the principal religious orders engaged in the education of boys. The foremost Catholic college of the country is the *Gymnasio São Bento*, of São Paulo, conducted by the Benedictine Fathers. Its president is a keen-minded and affable German. Realizing the importance attached to American education by Brazilians, he has adapted our system to the needs of Brazil, and has had the satisfaction of having credits from his school accepted by some of the leading American universities for entrance without examination.

Although the Jesuit Fathers were first in the field in Brazil, their expulsion under Pombal, in the eighteenth century, destroyed many of the institutions which they had built up. The first college in Brazil was their College of São Paulo, which was placed by Father Nobrega, the founder, under the care of a young scholastic, José de Anchieta, who was destined to become one of the shining lights of the Order. Father Anchieta lived among the Indians, and gave his life entirely for them. He composed a grammar of the *lingoa geral*, or "general language," of the Brazilian Indians, and numerous other works in both prose and verse. It is said that on one occasion, during a period of captivity among the Indians, he composed a poem of five thousand lines, which he preserved by committing it to memory, since he had no paper on which to write it down. The beautiful traditions of Anchieta and his confrères were lost during the period of expulsion, and since the return of the Jesuits to Brazil they have been engaged in the seminaries and parishes more than in the secular colleges. Thus their work has not attained the prominence which it enjoys in other parts of the world.

The peculiar duties of the Salesian Fathers are worthy of special mention. Although Italian in origin, and of comparatively recent introduction into South America, this community has attracted more native vocations than any of the older Orders operating there. Their principal work in the cities is to conduct colleges and trade schools, where poor boys can receive an education free or at a nominal cost. Cabinet-making, lathe-work, printing, baking—all sorts of useful trades are taught, the only limit to their activities being the resources at the command of each particular house. Priests and Brothers work with students at manual labor and instruct them in the classroom, and this Christ-like humility

gives to labor a new dignity, badly needed in Latin America, while it fosters a touching affection for the religion taught by the laborers.

In the wilderness these humble priests and Brothers, and their affiliated Sisterhood of *Maria Aussiliatrice*, labor for the conversion of savage Indian tribes. Like their predecessors of three or four centuries ago, they realize that little can be done with the adult Indian, and they pin their faith to the children, for whose instruction they labor, in season and out of season, in the palm-thatched bamboo huts where they have their schools. And God has blessed their work in these missions! Thousands of Indians have embraced the Faith and live the simple lives of pious Christians. The skill of the children of the forest would abash many a white child of the coast towns; for illiteracy still prevails among eighty per cent. of the Brazilian population.

There is great need for parochial schools in Brazil. The public education laws of the various states are liberal, and the state governments, generally friendly to the Church, would look with favor upon efforts made by the clergy and religious Orders to relieve the prevailing ignorance of the poorer classes. Tropical lassitude is largely to blame for the unfavorable condition of popular instruction, and until laws make elementary education compulsory, little relief can be expected. The means are not wanting: they want direction. The hundreds of well-kept orphanages, hospitals, hospices and homes for the aged, testify to the warm charity of the Brazilian in relieving bodily distress; but the relief of ignorance among the masses has not yet attracted the charity of any great number among the wealthier classes.

Brazil is one of the show-places of the western hemisphere, and is well worth a visit. Until a few years ago, the trip to Rio de Janeiro required eighteen days, but the United States Shipping Board has cut the time to twelve days, placing fast, luxurious steamers on the route. The exposition in Rio will undoubtedly draw many Americans to spend the winter months in the summer of Brazil, and as the country becomes better known to the travel-loving public, Rio and Santos will undoubtedly rival the Florida coast as a winter resort.

The country itself is a paradise. Three-fourths of its vast territory lie within the tropics, where nature is most lavish

with scenic decorations; and the elevation of the great central plateau, which runs back from the sea-girt *Serra do Mar*, modifies the intensity of the tropical heat.

Travelers generally say that Rio de Janeiro possesses the most beautiful harbor in the world. At the entrance to the bay, rising sheer from the water to a height of 1,300 feet, is the bare rock of *Pão de Assucar*, or Sugar Loaf, placed there by God, as one traveler puts it, as an exclamation point to draw attention to the marvels that lie within the bay. Beyond Sugar Loaf rise Gavea and Corcovado, a thousand feet higher than the sentinel at the gate. Again beyond Corcovado rises Tijuca, another thousand feet in the air; and in the distance, when the mist does not obscure the view, the fluted sides of *Os Orgãos*, the Organ Mountains, can be seen at the lordly height of six thousand feet. With the exception of Sugar Loaf, these mountains are all decked out in the verdure of the tropics, and if the ship makes the harbor at daybreak, the combination of dewy, glistening green, with the pink and gold of dawn, is indescribably beautiful.

Islands dot the bay and seem to play about its little coves and capes, as it recedes in the distance. Eighteen miles long and twelve miles wide, Guanabara Bay gives shipping at Rio de Janeiro as much accommodation as can be found at Seattle or San Francisco; but the loveliness of the setting makes one forget the commercial possibilities. These are recalled quickly, however, by the ships lying in the harbor, flying the flags of every maritime nation on earth.

The new city of Rio de Janeiro is fast becoming worthy of the matchless setting God has given it. Twenty years ago Rio was anything but fair to gaze upon, but a happy, artistic sense, backed up by courage, energy and capital, has wrought a transformation which makes the capital of Brazil rank far above the other beautiful cities of America.

As late as the early nineties, Rio was a pesthole. Yellow fever and malaria, cholera and smallpox, numbered their victims in thousands, and took turns in isolating the city from the world. Then a bold stroke brought health and beauty to the low-lying district near the wharves. A strip of land, a mile and a half long and six hundred and fifty feet wide, was condemned by the municipality, and although it ran through the most densely populated district of the city, every building in

it was leveled to the ground. Sections of the bay lay at either end of the strip, which now gave ventilation to the heart of the city. A broad and beautifully-decorated avenue was then laid out—the *Avenida Central*, now called Rio Branco in honor of a late Minister of Foreign Affairs—and the ground on both sides was sold, at greatly appreciated value, to compensate the previous owners of the condemned property. Buildings erected along this avenue had to have their plans approved by a municipal board of architects, to insure a high standard of artistic merit in construction.

Where the avenue met the bay on the east side, it was broadened into a boulevard—the Beira Mar—which now ranks without a peer among the world's panoramic drives. A white sea wall shuts off the bay on the left, and on the right a broad park, artistically strewn with tropical palms and flowers, gives fragrance and color and the effect of a rainbow to this crescent-shaped drive. A rock projecting to the water's edge breaks the sweep of Beira-Mar, and the boulevard is then continued along four similar bays which indent the coast.

Even the Canal do Mangue, a drainage canal built in 1906 to destroy the breeding places of the fever mosquitoes, has, by a combination of artistic sense with engineering skill, been made to serve its purpose in the decorative scheme.

The principal features to attract the tourist who has made the rounds of the boulevards will be the Monroe Palace, which was the Brazilian Building at the St. Louis Exposition, the National Library, the Municipal Theatre and the Botanical Garden. He will also want to ascend the peaks of Sugar Loaf—reached by an aërial tramway—Corcovado and Tijuca, and look out upon the natural splendors of Rio from these distinct points of vantage.

The visitor will also want to make the journey by train to São Paulo (a night's ride), and see this hustling, up-to-date, American city. Italians, Germans and Americans have all had their part in making São Paulo a lively city, but it still preserves its Brazilian caste in its tropical gardens and artistic buildings. Its most attractive show-place is the Museo de Ypiranga, but the tourist should not miss the Municipal Theatre, which is finer than any amusement place in the United States.

The journey from São Paulo to Santos is made over the

São Paulo Railway, eight miles of which, near Santos, present one of the most gorgeous mountain panoramas in the world. Santos itself, during the past ten years, has been transformed from an ugly business town into one of the prettiest spots on the coast. The business district is busier than New York, and the port offers cargo-handling facilities far surpassing anything our metropolis can boast. But the tourist will prefer to spend his time along the beaches, either on the land-locked island of Santos itself, or at Guarujá, on the northern arm of the mainland, which encircles the island. Everything is modern, and elegant with the profusion of the tropics. Santos, once the grave of white men and the bone-yard of ships, has become a very popular health resort.

Happily, Brazil is only in its infancy, and it has a fair start on the road to greatness. Brazil welcomes American coöperation in its work of progress, and American Catholics especially are received with favor. The spirit of Positivism which has animated its statesmen has been tempered more or less by a traditional reverence for the Church, and the Catholic spirit prevails. Eptacio Pessoa, the President, whose term is just expiring, made a visit to the Vatican while President-elect of Brazil. His interview with Pope Benedict was looked upon as foreshadowing still more cordial relations between Catholics and the indifferentists, and the present development of Catholic life in Brazil seems to justify a spirit of optimism.

COMPTON MACKENZIE.

BY MAY BATEMAN.



SUPPOSE that those of us to whom writing is the symbol of a vital force will look upon any collection of books with a certain secret reverence, quite removed from sentimentality, though sentiment has part in it. For, after all, very few books are written merely for the sake of commerce. Even in his most optimistic hour, no literary man can hope to achieve, at the cost of as little personal trouble, the quick returns of, say, a war-profiteer or a business magnate who conducts major operations. The writer may not have individually a very high motive in writing, but, like the spider, the web he spins comes from his inmost self. His books, for good or ill, are obviously the most complete form of self-expression; his choice of subjects, the shape and texture and quality of his work are all spontaneous revelations of "the real John," as he shows, not to the man he could conciliate, but to God. "This is . . . me: for the rest, I eat and drank, and slept, loved, hated like another; my life was as the vapor, and is not; but this I saw and knew."¹

Essential as it is, then, that the critic who seeks to find the soul of an author in his work, should set about his task in all due reverence, duly "respecting its dignity," as Marcus Aurelius bade men in the past, he may surely expect the writer himself equally to respect the dignity of the reader's soul. A maker of books should keep before him, as he writes, knowledge of the vital stretch of his own power, and its creative properties; remember that, if what he says is worth saying at all, it is worth "putting the whole strength of his spirit into the saying of it," and that the germinating quality of the printed word has an almost terrible significance for those who know that the geographical boundaries, which mark the limits of its distribution, cannot confine it.

¹ John Ruskin.

The new voice which was heard in the land at the close of the Victorian era, in rebellion against "mid-Victorian prudery and false sentiment," did not do full justice to, nor always ring with the clear note of those amongst its predecessors, who had spoken out without fear or favor, showing life as it was, and not as mere romance would have it. Undoubtedly, evils had flourished in the past; social evils, subtle evils, which conventionality had tried to hide out of sight. A hundred and one inconsistencies of the period lent themselves to ridicule by a later generation; a hundred and one poseurs could profitably be stripped of their halos; a hundred and one would-be philanthropists shown up in their true colors; a hundred and one glaring wrongs set right. But Thackeray, Dickens, Charles Kingsley, Reade, Meredith, Browning and a dozen others, to limit our view to novelists and poets, had, each in his own way, thrown the limelight on these pictures, and they were men whose sincerity, even if it were occasionally prejudiced as in Kingsley's case, was unquestionable. Neither Meredith nor Browning could be accused of "softness" in presenting a case, nor did either hesitate to tear off the veils under which the Victorian traditions hid its garbage. Consistently, they made war equally upon the supine and inept, and the shame and base.

The "mob-spirit" of clamor came to the fore in the new revolt, and running riot obscured, as it so often does, the main object of legitimate rebellion. In its unbridled onslaught everything that was Victorian was derided or swept aside, without judgment or selection. The mere fact that it was Victorian put it, apparently, beyond the pale. Men with "cranks;" women with wrongs, real or fancied; fanatics with axes to grind, shrilled their opinions deafeningly. "Progress and enlightenment" was the slogan of the movement, but "license and egotism" would have described it better. In the realm especially of sex-psychology, all barriers of restraint were recklessly overthrown. Plain speech was demanded on any and every subject. Why, cried the revolutionists, should there be any "taboo" on any topic which secretly concerned or interested humanity? Novelists pricked up their ears. Here were new fields to be exploited, or if not new fields, refuse heaps.

Why shouldn't their literary morality go threadbare in-

stead of, as now, their personal garments, if immorality paid better? argued the novelists and dramatists. Mrs. Grundy, with her absurd fears for the young person's morals, had dominated the consciences of libraries which catered for the general public far too long. Let the young person go hang, or, better still, enlighten and emancipate her until—as the prophetic saw—she would (as now) be able to discuss Dr. Marie Stopes' processes of Birth Control, or measures to cure diseases which at that epoch were never mentioned publicly—and only privately amongst members of the medical profession—unperturbed, and without turning a hair, with a complete stranger of the opposite sex.

Experimentalists in many directions naturally took greater advantage of the new openings as time wore on. The style of the modernists began by being more crisp and terse than their predecessors had been, and less hidebound. And now, when the ordinary means of expression failed them, they began, in self-defence, to coin new words for themselves. Violently, they threw the old laws of construction and balance and punctuation to the winds. Many authors were ruthless, stark, and even coarse, with impunity. The majority certainly used words which expressed the meaning they intended to convey, but others, intellectual magicians, increasingly chose, in preference, words which, like the conjuror, "deceived the eye" and bewildered the mind.

What is wrong with most modern writers is typical of what is wrong with modern life. There was never a time when the cult of self-sufficiency had more devotees. It is impossible to label the majority of the experimentalists of the Edwardian, and our present era, as followers exclusively of any particular School. Each marches under his own flag. What links them is their effort each to assert his own individualism in terms which cannot possibly be misinterpreted, and, as a rule, their lack, or their distorted forms, of faith.

Bold adventure into unknown countries for some fine end is one thing, braggart quests quite another; and while many of our modern writers are honest enough, mental myopes, merely, who mistakenly view morals and faith from the wrong angle, there are too many who, impelled by the restless spirit of the day, deliberately change the range of their glasses so as to travesty the object focused. Men like these, to change

the metaphor, throw stones at what is good and pure for no better reason than that they innately hate goodness and purity. They are "blind mouths,"² unable to croak any but the discords of perverted worship.

Mawkish, hypocritical and sentimental as the Victorian era shows to many of today's novelists ("the grave of our England was dug by the Victorians," says one of them),³ the writers of that day had, as a rule, some definite constructive ethical standard of how life should be lived, to go by; some root principle or moral code by which to regulate desire. Meredith and Browning were not, after all, alone amongst their contemporaries in showing that the soul's welfare needs as much training and discipline as any athlete's body does, if it is to endure a test. Victorian literature, as a whole, was not out to show, as so much modern literature is, that material pleasures, and material objects, are so essential to man that he cannot conceive even of a future existence where he is independent of them.⁴ Home-life, in the time of the Victorians, was still held sacred, and women would have suffered almost any private indignity rather than face the publicity of the Divorce Court. The cult of beauty as an absolute end was followed only by a few exotics of a School whose degradation was to be presently complete, and the worship of the body was still thought to be pagan. "Eminently respectable," the be-whiskered or bearded writer's views may have been in the days of our great-grandfathers or grandfathers, but with what almost passionate desire, at times, today, does one crave for the sight of that moribund quality!

At all events, in those days, man in general still openly or interiorly cherished the now next-door-to extinct belief that, great as he himself undoubtedly was, God, or whatever he chose to call the Supreme Power which had originally caused human life to be, was conceivably greater. The writer sensed his (occasional) limitations; was known to acknowledge that even he might grow. The recognition of spiritual values tinged his work, consciously or unconsciously, as the case might be. It was a background against which his little work, his little life stood in perspective.

² John Milton.

³ *Sylvia and Michael*, by Compton Mackenzie.

⁴ *Raymond*, by Sir Oliver Lodge; Mr. Vale-Owen's articles in the *Weekly Dispatch*, etc.

Nowadays, "in a company of revolutionary souls, only the Sinn Feiner had religious associations with the name of Jesus Christ. . . . People's religions were so different when they had any," says our great satirist, Rose Macaulay.⁵ Whatever he is not, the modern novelist, out-Heroding even the band of Herods, who used the pen as a sword to slay Victorian tradition, is supremely self-assured; as infallible upon questions of this world and the next as the Holy Father is only when he speaks *ex cathedra* as to faith and morals. . . . Who can know more than H. G. Wells? thinks H. G. Wells, complacently, having strayed far from that mood of temporary abnegation when he could pray "save me from little sins and small successes and the life that passes as the shadow of a dream." Most writers of today seem to have over-eaten of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge. Secure in their omnipotence, they feel quite able, with Noel in *The Saint's Progress*,⁶ to instruct God.

I.

The Dutch are not alone in rating Compton Mackenzie's talents high, and placing him in the front rank of contemporary novelists. The action taken by certain libraries in connection with *Sinister Street* gave its author widespread publicity, and few writers are better known to the average man than Compton Mackenzie.

His brilliancy has many facets. One critic goes so far as to compare him with Thackeray as a creator of character: " Sylvia Scarlett is one of the few really great women in fiction—can indeed hold her own with Beatrix Esmond and Becky Sharp."⁷ Another calls him "glittering. . . . All his fountains of fancy have colored lights at the back of them. . . . He is the Kiralfy of the younger novelists."⁸ His work is spoken of as "possessing the permanency of a classic for all who value form in a chaotic era,"⁹ and "his future" as being "bound up with what is most considerable in English fiction."¹⁰

Ever since the publication of *Sinister Street*, he has counted as a force in the literary world. Before that he had

⁵ *Dangerous Ages*.⁶ John Galsworthy.⁷ *Pall Mall Gazette*.⁸ Ellis Roberts.⁹ *Athenæum*.¹⁰ *Punch*.

swayed a certain small section. He first tested his powers of influence, of leadership, at St. Paul's School, as a boy. (Boy-psychology, at root, is much the same everywhere; at Eton or Harrow, as at Charterhouse or Winchester.) In later life, his area of influence was sensibly extended, that was all. What in embryo had intrigued and excited boys of a certain type would, when developed, be likely to intrigue and excite the larger world of men and women of a certain type, too? It would emphatically "pay" to use that medium, when the type prevailed. And the young writer had, in his favor, a personality likely to captivate and capture an audience. The successful author must, like the successful dramatist, possess that indefinable quality which makes his work "get over" the footlights; confidence in his power to grip you, to keep you enthralled. Yet he must never lose himself so entirely in his work as to be unaware of the effect he is making. He has to be in it and outside it at the same time; never, merely because he knows what he wants to say and the exact grade of impression he wants to make, to think he is "getting home" when he is not.

Receptive, up to a point; sensitive, up to a point; mentally alert and brilliant; knowing somewhat, at least, of the claims art makes upon the artist—"everything has its drudgery: love produces household cares; art, endless work," he writes¹¹—there were all manner of useful, marketable possessions stored up in that magic knapsack of Compton Mackenzie's when he set out in quest of fortune. He could note, with meticulous care and accuracy, not only precisely what another person was sensing in an emotional crisis, but the exact effect which that emotion was likely to have upon himself. He could, without strain, manage to be quite easily both in the picture and out. He could give, for instance, as much of himself as was necessary to make it appear that he gave all, while retaining intact the critical, detached, sardonic view of an experienced observer. This academic detachment gives him certain unique and often sardonic powers of observation, "as peculiarly his own as a voice or a laugh,"¹² "in a style which is that of no other writer."

If, as a game, excerpts from his work were read aloud anonymously, I think his caustic or innately dramatic style

¹¹ *Sylvia and Michael*.

¹² *Athenæum*.

would be recognized, even if no clue were given to the identity of his subject:

The embarrassment of death's presence hung heavily over the household. The various members sat down to supper with apologetic glances . . . and nobody took a second helping of any dish. The children were only corrected in whispers for their manners; but they were given to understand that for a child to put his elbows on the table, or to crumble his bread or drink with his mouth full, was at such a time a cruel exhibition of levity. . . .

"Think of dear Grandmama looking down at you from Heaven, and don't kick the table-leg, my precious," said Edith in tremulous accents. . . .¹³

Dorothy possessed a selfishness that almost attained to the dignity of ambition, though never quite, because her conceit would not allow her to state an object in her career for fear of failure; her method was invariably to seize the best of any situation that came along, whether it was a bed, a chair, a potato or a man: this method, with ordinary good luck, should ensure success through life.¹⁴

Since you must be decadent, it is better to decay from a good source.¹⁵

Had she been a poet, [she] would have sung of London, of the thunder and grayness, of the lamps and rain, of long, irresistible rides on the top of swaying tramcars, of wild roars through the depths of the earth past the green lamps flashing to red. She danced instead about the sea-girt orchard-close all that her heart had found in London. She danced the hopes of the many children of Apollo who work so long for so little. . . . She danced old age and the breathing night of London and the sparrow-haunted dawn. She danced the silly little shillings which the children of Apollo earn. Fifteen pirouettes for fifteen shillings, fifteen pirouettes for long rehearsals and long performances . . . fifteen pirouettes for no fame, fifteen pirouettes for fifteen shillings, and one high beat for the funeral of a marionette.¹⁶

Versatile as he is, and with the saving grace of humor, it is harder to condone in Compton Mackenzie, that "pre-

¹³ *Poor Relations*.

¹⁵ *Sinister Street*, vol. 1.

¹⁴ *The Adventures of Sylvia Scarlett*.

¹⁶ *Carnival*.

ciousness" which makes him choose, at times, lengthy, archaic words when simpler ones would serve his purpose better. To come upon "noctambulatory cat" and "crenelated horizon" and "pianos tintabulating" in the space of twenty-one lines, is to throw limelight on a clearer picture of Compton Mackenzie's real image than the photograph of his clean-cut intellectual features can conjure. "Style," is not "disembodied. . . ." ¹⁷ For the "task of illumination, the works of a writer are all that is required. . . . To the critic, the names of Mr. Shaw and Mr. Conrad should call up, not the image of two men with differently shaped beards, but two differentiated minds." "By their works ye shall know them" might well, without blasphemy, be applied here to the style, the subject-matter, the conceptions of an artist.

Worthy means tell best in the end. Pose denotes weakness, and lost sincerity means ultimate loss of grip. Imagine Thackeray filling in the gaps of his own incompetency by taking refuge in the hysterical asterisks, ".," so greatly beloved by H. G. Wells and his disciples? Or the Brontës, or George Eliot or Henry Kingsley or Mrs. Gaskell, to cite a random list of writers with different temperaments and aims, deliberately making use of such words as "inquiline" or "reasty," ¹⁸ because, presumably, as neither of them can be found in the *Concise Oxford Dictionary*, the reader is supposed to be proportionately impressed? Or again of writing "perdurable for ever," when, the meaning of "perdurable" being "permanent or eternal," ¹⁹ the "for ever" is superfluous?

Verbal gymnastics are totally unworthy of a writer who can call Oxford, unforgettably, the city of "Dreaming Spires." All lovers of Oxford are Compton Mackenzie's debtors for that phrase. He knows its immortality: is moved profoundly, or he could not write with such simplicity of the "*ecstasy of submission to this austere beneficence of stone that sheltered even*" a Michael Fane, "*the worshipper of one day, with the power of immortal pride.*"

¹⁷ Edward Moore.

¹⁸ *Sinister Street*.

¹⁹ Vol. II., *Sinister Street*, Author's note—Mr. Mackenzie's explanation is as follows: "*Inquiline*" . . . has not yet been sentimentalized like "*pilgrim*," and "*Reasty*" . . . seems exactly to describe the London air at certain seasons.

St. Mary's tower against the sky opening like a bloom seemed to express for him a sudden aspiration of all life towards immortal beauty. One May morning, when the choir boys of St. Mary's hymned the rising sun, Michael . . . was granted on that occasion to hold the city, as it were, imprisoned in a crystal globe, and by the intensity of his evocation to recognize perfectly that uncapturable quintessence of human desire and human vision so supremely displayed through the merely outward glory of a repository. . . . Slowly, the sky lightened: slowly, the cold hues and blushes of the sun's youth, that stood as symbol for so much here in St. Mary's, made of the east one great shell of lucent color. The gray stones of the college lost the mysterious outlines of dawn and sharpened slowly to a rose-warmed vitality. The choir boys gathered like twittering birds at the base of the tower. . . . The moment of waiting was almost too poignant during the hush of expectancy that preceded the declaration of worship. Then flashed a silver beam in the east; the massed choir boys with one accord opened their mouths and sang . . . like the morning stars. . . . The bells, incredibly loud here on the tower's top, crashed out so ardently that every stone seemed to nod in time as the tower trembled and swayed backwards and forwards while the sun mounted into the day. . . . Michael, through all the length of that May day, dreamed himself into the heart of England.²⁰

The description, too, of Venner's, and what Venner's stands for, and of Venner's rebuke to the "young gentlemen" when rebuke is necessary, is perfect in its way.²¹

Nobody can doubt Compton Mackenzie's brilliancy or dexterity. But he will only be the great novelist which some call him now, when he eschews unworthy lures. "Deep down," as the children say, he actually is a far more natural and sincere character than, as yet, still to use a childish phrase, he is "big" enough to let us see. The twist in his nature, which makes him deliberately exploit one minute section of the kaleidoscopic world in its alternating florid and scarlet, or squalid and drab phases, limits his observation and irretrievably restricts interest in his work. How is it that a writer who has traveled so widely and has, withal, such sensitive perceptions, can become thrall to an obsession, and

²⁰ *Statler Street*, vol. II.

²¹ *Ibid.*

write and re-write part of the same story so continually? Over and over again in his different books, we find allusions to the same thing which happened to the same people—Michael and Sylvia, Michael Avery and Jenny, Guy and Pauline, Dorothy Lonsdale and Lily Haden, as the case may be, until he ends by provincializing the half-world itself. With hawk-like eyes that can see in many directions, he deliberately puts on blinkers; with the winged spirit of youth to carry him far, he lurks in the incredibly narrow ways of one small area of teeming life. How account for this limitation of power except by an unworthy explanation? The man who sells his birthright for a mess of pottage is neither true man nor true artist.

II.

Take Compton Mackenzie's books, less as ends in themselves than as "starting-points for an inquiry into the human spirit,"²² and where do they lead us or him? Mr. Ellis Roberts tells us that Mackenzie's actual "interest in a dirty pond is purely confined to the glitter made by the scum if you turn the right light on it."²³ A story of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps²⁴ tells how the heroine, whose poor drab youth was suddenly transformed by love and happiness, caught up her grubby small brother in her arms and cried, ecstatically: "Just see how the mud-puddles shine, Moppets!" But I question if the light on the little American girl's mud-puddles and the light on Compton Mackenzie's "dirty ponds" spring from the same channel.

For his work as it stands gives a half-view of English character, which is more false than a lie. The half-world is not the main interest of the average decent young Englishman's human education, although it may play a tremendous part in it. There are other absorbing interests; making a career; sport; responsibilities. The phases of erotic quest, which Compton Mackenzie describes so realistically, become, after a surfeit, inconceivably dull.

The life-stories of ladies of pleasure have a fatal similarity even if they are described with Compton Mackenzie's sympathy and insight, even when they record a struggle such as

²² *Athenæum*.

²³ *Bookman*.

²⁴ A story in *Men, Women and Ghosts*.

Sylvia Scarlett had before her innately gallant soul won through. Indeed, only the magical color of her surroundings: in France, England, Brazil, São Paulo, Spain, Morocco and the East, save Sylvia's incorrigible egotism, from becoming as wearisome as the repetition of Mr. Dick's famous "King Charles' head." It is almost impossible to believe that a Catholic who had ever practised his religion could have seriously set down Sylvia's confession in *Sylvia and Michael*, and imagined that any priest would have allowed an egoist to dwell with such supreme self-interest, if remarkable candor, on that prolonged revelation of herself. Not humility, but intense interest in the affairs of a past in which, extremely cleverly, she manages, in spite of her plain speaking, to appear as the victim of circumstance throughout, was behind her self-analysis, although it was a development in her spiritual growth. But a non-Catholic, not knowing that Penance is a Sacrament, is likely to believe that this kind of confession is true to life because a Catholic wrote it. Artificiality like this is actually the more amazing in view of what, from time to time, Compton Mackenzie has written of kindred subjects:

When the priest held the monstrance aloft and gave the Benediction, it seemed that the wind had died away: upon her soul the company of God was shed like a gentle rain which left behind it faith blossoming like a flower and hope singing like a bird, and above them both, love shining like the sun.²⁵

And again:

"I've been pitching my ideals at a blank wall like so many empty bottles and—"

"Were they empty? . . . Are you sure they were empty? May they not have been cruses of ointment the more precious for being broken?"

Catholicism is God's method of throwing bottles at a blank wall—but not empty bottles.²⁶

Rich Relatives, Compton Mackenzie's last published novel, acts in a way as a pendant to *Poor Relations*. But it is a

²⁵ *Sylvia and Michael*.

²⁶ *Sinister Street*, vol. 1.

satiric study of life from the opposite angle, the view of a girl who, left suddenly bereaved by the death of her artist father, with whom she has spent a happy-go-lucky existence abroad, finds herself, penniless, at the mercy of the cold "charity" offered by wealthy uncles and aunts in England. It deals with a number of unpleasant characters, and however caustic the wit which depicts such characters, too prolonged intimacy with them becomes tedious.

The full humor of the book will probably only be sensed by those who, from one cause or another, the depreciation of stock investments, or a bank failure, have found themselves in a similar position—dependent upon the fluctuating whims or fantasies of rich relations or friends. A world seen suddenly in the light of poverty instead of comfort certainly has uncommon features. If you have been accustomed, for instance, to be a prominent figure in the foreground of a picture, it is rather amazing to discover that you may be either instantly eliminated from it by a sweep of the artist's brush, or relegated to a position from which you can only occasionally be recognized with the help of exceptionally strong magnifying glasses. Only a very precise sense of proportion will make you realize that in the eyes of the "world," what was looked upon as "poise" or "finish" when you had a comfortable income, automatically becomes "unpleasant self-confidence" without a bank balance behind it. The spiritual view of our rocking world is not immediately apparent to the fainting soul that is trying to find foothold; and it takes time and insight to discover that what was taken away was not worth a tithe of what was, later, to be given in such overwhelming fullness.

But "to see" in this way is to pre-suppose a vision of "that without which life is a sucked orange," and Jasmine Grant, Catholic though she was by label, certainly did not apply any Catholic principles to the problem of her singularly disconcerting rich relations. It would be hard to find, in the whole realms of prosaic misadventure, a set of more "cranky" or annoying personages than her unknown "family" formed. Prevented from earning, as she wished, a "living" in Sirene, in sympathetic conditions, she finds the cup of "charity" a very acid drink.

Admirable as each separate piece of characterization is

in its own way, there is no reason this book, any more than ninety-nine out of a hundred other modern novels, should ever have been written at all.

III.

The subjects of fiction; the mere "story" which a novelist gives us, are of course only illuminating in so far as they reveal the habit of his mind, and show the nature of the power he is sending out upon the world. "To the psychological critic commonplace trivialities and meannesses," do not matter in themselves, but the author's attitude towards them counts.

Compton Mackenzie, with the great art of capturing youth, has used it often to unworthy ends. The spirit of individual books with their infinite possibilities is not a static, but dynamic force. The choice of the right books is every bit as important as is the choice of the right friends. This is why a writer with the power not only to "see true" himself, but to make others see it, acts culpably when he narrows his vision and looks too long on what is perverted and artificial.

But because I like to believe that the one fairy who was so unaccountably forgotten when the invitations to Compton Mackenzie's christening party went out, was a good fairy and not a bad one, I think that though she emphatically withheld her gift, as any self-respecting fairy would in such a case, she did so for a time, and not "for ever." Fairies surely possess, like politicians, the magical art of eating their own words—and that special fairy will, I think, see that to condemn a human being to go through life weighted with gaudy attributes and decorations when all he really needs is more simplicity and a child's heart, is punishment out of proportion to the original offence. Nobody, more than Compton Mackenzie himself, knows better how far short his little skiff fails of reaching the haven where it would be, nor how much personal ballast he has yet to overthrow before he wins there.

THOMISTIC AND AMERICAN RIGHTS AND LIBERTIES.

BY EDWARD F. MURPHY, S.S.J., PH.D.



HE politics of Aquinas could be epitomized in his doctrine on rights. Incidentally, such a synopsis would evince how modern this mediæval mind really was.

If we trail our eye over such a representative bill of American rights as Virginia's, which ranks so important in the story of our nascent days, and if we then turn to Thomistic pages, an eloquent harmony of ideas is discovered. If we consider the Declaration of Independence, and then mull over Thomistic texts, we discover that five centuries before Thomas Jefferson, Thomas Aquinas was just as true an apostle of liberty—and sanity.

The Angelic Doctor strikes the American keynote perfectly when he declares: "Nature made all men equal in liberty;"¹ "Men are not superior to each other according to the order of nature,"² and "All men are equal by nature."³ That men, on entering a state of society, cannot by any compact commit the injustice of depriving or divesting themselves, let alone their posterity, of their inherent rights, is instinct in his principle: "If a measure is opposed to justice, human will cannot make it just."⁴ And so Aquinas seems to stand with Hobbes and Spinoza no more than did the Colonists.

His contention: "It is the property of the whole people or of the public person who has care of them, to make law," etc.,⁵ so strongly indicates his belief in the popular source of civil power that any other interpretation of that text seems weak. In his *Contra Gentiles*, Book III., chapter 31, he criticizes power thus: the greater it is, the greater the number of those on whom it depends; and that which depends on many may be destroyed by many. Thus he suggests that the greater power in the State originally resides not in any individual or indi-

¹ II. *Sententiæ*, d.44, qu.i. a.iii.

³ *Summa Theologica*, 2a 2æ., qu.civ. a.v.

⁵ *Ibid.*, 1a 2æ., qu.xc. a.iii.

² *Ibid.*, d.6, qu.i. a.d, ad.5

⁴ *Ibid.*

viduals, but in the greatest number, *i. e.*, the people. And he warns the possessors of power of their relation to the source of it. In the *De Eruditione Principum*, a book of Thomistic influence,⁶ we read: "If the head is higher than the human body, nevertheless, the body is greater. . . . Thus the ruler has power from the subjects and eminence. . . ."

The Doctor teaches as clearly as Virginia insists, that the object of government is the benefit, the protection and the security of the people, and that rulers must take these purposes to mind and heart.⁷ He lays stress on the interior foes of social and civil life; for he considers these even more ominous than enemies from without. A united nation can weather a storm like an iron-clad ship. He takes care to unfold what he means by the good living which he deems it essential for the State to secure for its citizens; declaring that it entails whatever benefits are procurable by human effort, *e. g.*, wealth, profit, health, education.⁸ And so, by the good life which must be the aim of governor for the governed, St. Thomas certainly signifies bodily, mental, economic and moral well-being for everybody—education and opportunity for all.

It is clear that the Angelic Doctor was as duly concerned with "the danger of maladministration," and security against it, as the Virginian sires of our Republic; for he teaches that government should be so disposed that occasion of corruption is removed, and that authority should be so circumscribed or curtailed that it cannot readily turn into tyranny.⁹

There can be little doubt that Aquinas holds that a pernicious or inadequate polity is justly at the mercy of the people, and that theirs is the right "to reform, alter or abolish it." If it is the right of a people to provide themselves a ruler, he sees no reason why they should not have the correlative right of deposition in the event that their appointed leader abuses his trust.¹⁰ But his doctrine does not canonize Brutus, Cromwell or Charlotte Corday. Not by private presumption, but by public authority, must the procedure against abusive government be made; and even then only with great circumspection, for the cure of an excessive ruler or government may be worse than the malady. Further, St. Thomas maintains that, if a government be unjust, or usurped,

⁶ I., ch. 6.⁷ *De Regimine*, I., 2.⁸ *Ibid.*, I., 15.⁹ *Ibid.*, I., 6.¹⁰ *Ibid.*

or if the rulers decree unjustly, the subjects are not held to obedience, save accidentally to avoid scandal or peril.¹¹ Here his politics is in notable accord with the Virginia Assembly and the Boston Tea Party.

Aquinas believes with America, not only that "no man, or set of men, are entitled to separate or exclusive emoluments or privileges from the community" apart from merits and deserts; but he positively teaches that to grant them such honors is sinful.¹² He is one with Aristotle, Virginia and Columbia in the idea that honors should not be descendible when work and worth are not, and that the key to civil office should be kept in the public hand.¹³

It appears that the Angelic Doctor, under the spirit of Aristotle, would go even further than the Virginia demand with regard to the separation of the powers of government, and would have not only the judiciary "separate" and "distinct" from the legislative and executive departments, but the latter two also divided from each other.¹⁴ He was aware, too, of the value of the limited tenure of office, so necessary to the preservation of democratic ideals, and introduced the idea fairly from Aristotle.

St. Thomas esteems the democratic form of government most highly. He adjudges it vital that the governed have some share in their own government. And he places the right of suffrage beyond doubt by tracing the kind of polity which must recognize it, to the divine plan.¹⁵

As for taxation and other such demands on the possessions of the people, Aquinas insists that the common good must always be consulted; and this means popular consent, for the people cannot rationally be unwilling to be benefited. But, ordinarily, on Thomistic principle, they are not to be deprived of their money or property in any way.¹⁶

That the people are the practical basis of just law, in themselves or in their representatives, is as indubitable in Thomistic politics as in the Virginia Bill of Rights. Every civil enactment must in some way come from them to be binding on them.¹⁷ But while legislative power resides in the people or their representatives, Aquinas believes that the

11 *Summa Theologica*, 2a 2æ., qu.civ. a.vi.

12 *Com. Polit.*, III., 14.

13 *Summa Theologica*, 1a 2æ., qu.cv. a.i.

17 *Summa Theologica*, 1a 2æ., qu.xc. a.iii.

12 *Ibid.*, 2a 2æ., qu.lxiii.

14 *Ibid.*, II., 1, and IV., 12.

16 *De Regimine Judeorum*.

power of withholding legal force is in the hands of the ruler of the community, for obvious reasons. However, the ruler has no right to exercise the power always and at will, but only when the law falls short and ever for the good of the people. Moreover, only in the case of a law which "rests on his authority" is he privileged to dispense; and he is always the vicegerent of the people. If he represents them in making the law, equally he must represent them in suspending it or the particular application of it. The Angelic Doctor is explicit that the authority-wielder must not act arbitrarily in the matter.¹⁸

He proclaims the unlawful character of all civil measures against a man beyond those which strict justice requires. In this the right of a speedy trial is implied, and is further suggested in his sensible remark that, fettering a man, we hinder him "from doing not only evil, but also good."¹⁹ The need of promptitude and facility in the administration of justice is referred to as self-evident in the *Summa Theologica*, 1a 2æ., qu.cv. a.ii.: "Since the necessity of judgments frequently obtains, access to a judge should be ready."²⁰ St. Thomas' contention that "good is to be presumed of everyone unless the contrary appears,"²¹ unmistakably suggests the right of the accused to be treated humanely and considerably prior to trial.

There are Thomistic texts²² from which our modern idea of trial by jury is not far removed. The thought that the people should in some wise judge the people was Aristotle's, and passed through the Angelic Doctor's *Commentary* into mediæval influence. When Thomas teaches that a man may judge none others than his subjects, he is not counter to the jury idea; for the accused is always, in a manner, inferior to those who are appointed to pass a verdict on him.

Aquinas sets his doctrine rigidly against cruel and unusual punishments.²³

It indirectly follows from his teaching that the home is a distinct institution, prior to the State, possessive of its own character and hence, we must conclude, of its own rights,²⁴

¹⁸ *Ibid.*, 1a 2æ., qu.xcvii. a.iv.

¹⁹ *Ibid.*, 2a 2æ., qu.lxv. a.iii.

²⁰ *Præterea*, VII.

²¹ *Summa Theologica*, 2a 2æ., qu.lxx. a.iii.

²² *Vide Com. Polit.*, IV., 15, and III., 1.

²³ *Summa Theologica*, 2a 2æ., qu.cix. a.i., ad.1, and a.ii., ad.1.

²⁴ *Com. Polit.*, I., 1.

that an undue invasion of it, even with civil sanction, is unjust. He deems the home the civil unit and a moral person.²⁵ Hence he would have the inviolability of the home, as well as of the individual, truly acknowledged. Under the name "home," it would seem, Aquinas includes private houses and places.

To be sure, the Angelic Doctor preceding Gutenberg and Faust in history by nearly two centuries, is silent about the liberty of the press. But he is eloquent on the right of liberty of conscience and speech. His thoughts on these subjects, conceived in a peculiarly religious age, are naturally bound up in the topic of non-Christians and recusants from the Faith. Here, particularly, his principle must be distinguished from its historical application. And his principle, democratically, is this: "Those who have never accepted the Faith are in no wise to be forced into it; for to believe is an act of the will."²⁶ His advocacy of freedom of conscience is not weakened in principle by his additional teaching, that those who have freely accepted the Faith are bound to fulfill its obligations.

Of speech, he plainly admits the right;²⁷ but he speaks rather on the abuse and misapplication of it, the better to keep it from brimming over into a license and into the vulgarity which once caused Lord Morely to describe the press as "a perpetual engine for keeping discussion on a low level." He urges that constructive criticism should be the aim of free discussion, and that disputants have no right to disrespect authorities greater than themselves. He offers monitions on the proper use and purpose of free thought and speech, thus assuming the right of them,²⁸ and raising it beyond cavil.

The Angelic Doctor views the State as a whole which should never be severed, and hence should be administered by a single legislature. In fact, whatever favor he manifests for monarchy springs from a defence of this very Virginian right itself: uniform government.²⁹

The Virginian cry for justice seems but a reverberation of a deep Thomistic note. Obviously, justice, in St. Thomas' doctrine, is in causal relation to the common good.³⁰ He ob-

²⁵ *Summa Theologica*, 2a 2æ., qu.1. a.iii.

²⁶ *Ibid.*, 2a 2æ., qu.x. a.viii.

²⁷ *Ibid.*, 2a 2æ., qu.x. a.1., ad.1,2.

²⁸ *Ibid.*, 2a 2æ., qu.x. a.vii., ad.3.

²⁹ *De Regimine*, I., 1.

³⁰ *Summa Theologica*, 2a 2æ., qu.lviii. a.v.

serves that there can be no harmony, security or consistency in human society unless each individual be granted his due. More than this, democracy could not ask nor a free government promise; and no less than this is the Thomistic demand and pledge. His stand for the virtue of temperance is as vivid as Virginia's.³¹ According to him, intemperance renders the individual a slave. A man must be master of himself to be a fitting citizen in a democracy, which is really at the mercy of the individual. For in such a form of government every citizen has a hand.

As for the "frequent recurrence to fundamental principle," on which the Virginia Bill insists, the politics of Aquinas in its totality is a corroborative doctrine. Not once does he snap connection with ethics to indulge a dizzy, spectacular flight. His majestic concept of the natural law is the beginning, the guide and the end of his political thought. It is the consistent and immutable basis of rights, as well as the vindication of duties. It perpetually prescribes reason and approves all reasonable ideas of State. It teaches not only liberty, but law; not only culture, but service; not only peace, but prudence. So earnestly does Aquinas cling to its principles that he may be accused of impracticality. But such a judgment would be as unjust to him as to the patriots of Virginia, who set for their own State and our young Republic such noble political ideals.

Finally, like Virginia, Aquinas maintains that one's Christian attitude must not be limited by one's social sphere. The helping hand should not be exclusive, but warm with democracy.³² The individual is to think and feel in large terms, breaking the husks of pusillanimity and recognizing that humanity is bigger than self. Here is not only democracy, but also the assurance and protection of it.

The Massachusetts Declaration of Rights (1780), as aggressively American as the Virginian, is lengthier but substantially the same. The original third article of this Bill mingles civics and religion in a manner to make the anti-mediæval American wince; for right here in a document couched by the very goddess of Liberty, we see an admission of the moral in-

³¹ *Ibid.*, 2a 2æ., qu.cxlii. a.iv.

³² *Ibid.*, 2a 2æ., qu.civ. a.v.; qu.xxvi. a.iv., ad.3; qu.xxxi. a.ii., ad.1, and a.iii., ad.2.

fluence of Church on State, and an admiration for it. We instantly feel all the more certain that the rôle which Thomas Aquinas assigns religion in the State does not limit his appreciation of liberty in the least. A comparison between the Bay State Article and St. Thomas' doctrine on the place and service of religion in the State³³ would indicate that the former is the stronger and bolder, though written in the very heyday of the spirit of American freedom. It was later toned down and became Article XI. of the amendments. Governmental attention to expenses and coercion in the matter of religious instruction are not mentioned in the new version. In its softer notes, the article sounds even more Thomistic than before.

Massachusetts guarantees protection to the individual. Thomistic politics does as much and more. Not only protection, but subsistence, is the Angelic Doctor's insistence. The Bay State proclaims the necessity of religion in a republic if morality is to prevail. Aquinas says as much and more. He believes and teaches that virtue may be vitally conditioned by temporalities, and that government should, therefore, seek to assure every worthy citizen of a sufficiency of bodily goods. "Two things," he asserts in his treatise on rulership, "are required for a good life: the principal one is working according to virtue (for it is virtue by which we live well); the other is secondary, and in a way instrumental, viz., a sufficiency of bodily goods, the use of which is necessary to an act of virtue."³⁴ Aquinas apparently would no more have a hungry man in the State than a wronged one. His teaching would make the Massachusetts declaration sound tame.

Massachusetts vindicates for the people the right of assembly and discussion. Aquinas, too, holds the right of public assertion against civil wrongs, and hence implies the further right of the people to meet for such purpose.³⁵ In the case where a civil body is the buffer between the multitude and the chief official, Aquinas would have him dealt with through the agency of that body. But the important fact is that he teaches a practical relation of the people to their own welfare and their legislature, which is the essence of the Massachusetts demand.

The Angelic Doctor realizes both the stability and the in-

³³ *Ibid.*, 2a 2æ., qu.xcix. a.iil.

³⁴ *De Regimine*, I., 15.

³⁵ *Ibid.* I., 6.

adequacy of law, and teaches the necessity of remedying and perfecting it.³⁶ This, of course, includes the necessity for the legislative body to meet as frequently as the duties of making new laws and the amelioration, abrogation or confirmation of old ones require.

The Colonial stand against "taxation without representation" is forfeit in such texts of St. Thomas as: "To ordain anything for the common good is the prerogative of the whole people or of their representative;"³⁷ and "Rulers of the earth are established by God not to seek their own advantage, but the common good of the people."³⁸ Thus the substance of the shibboleth which blazed the way to the American Revolution had lain in Thomistic pages for five centuries before the Boston Tea Party.

These cursory observations sufficiently show that the Master Mind of the Middle Ages may not have been altogether remote from the birth of the American Republic. The seed of his politics sprouted in the centuries. He taught men what they could not forget. Besides, all the Popes, from Urban IV., his contemporary, down to Pius XI., used their sincerest sanctions to keep his voice, so eloquent of true democracy, a living thing in world thought; Catholic and non-Catholic writers, consciously or unconsciously, developed his ideas; so that the final political harvest was a foregone conclusion.

One has but to turn to the Declaration of Independence and compare it with Thomistic doctrine to be further convinced of the intellectual relationship of Aquinas to the liberty we enjoy. All "the self-evident truths" in this great American document are points of his politics.³⁹ We cannot but conclude from such a comparison that the mind of Aquinas was not far behind that of Thomas Jefferson when the bit of literature, powerful enough to free America, was couched. The Declaration already lay Latinized in the books of the ablest general scholar in the history of the Catholic Church and the best representative of its spirit and traditions: a satisfying proof that the thought of Roman Catholicism is

³⁶ *Summa Theologica*, 1a 2æ., qu.xcvii. a.ii.

³⁷ *Ibid.*, 1a 2æ., qu.xc. a.iii.

³⁸ *De Regimine Judæorum*.

³⁹ *Vide* II. *Sententiæ*, d.xliv., qu.i. a.iii.; *De Regimine*, I., 1, 6; *Summa Theologica*, 1a 2æ., qu.xc. a.iii.

inimical to tyranny and indeed friendly to the people, their rights and the rational reign of liberty.

We may even extend the parallel between American and Thomistic tenets to show that the Angel of the Schools taught the very principles which projected the existing Constitution of the United States, and which Peletiah Webster embodied in his "epoch-making tract" of February 16, 1783. Mr. Webster's principle that the supreme authority ought to be sufficiently powerful is advanced in St. Thomas' *De Regimine*, I., 13. His second principle (that the supreme authority should be limited) is to be found in the same work (I., 3 and 6). As for his third principle (that a number of sovereign states uniting into one commonwealth must hand over to the supreme power as much of their own sovereignty as is necessary to render the ends of the union effectual), St. Thomas has a number of texts which clearly show the relation of the less to the greater and the necessity of the less becoming even lesser in the greater in order to preserve itself the better.⁴⁰

It is clear that Aquinas would have disapproved of a national condition which wrung from George Washington the complaint: "We are one nation today and thirteen tomorrow." His propositions made for the civil synthesis which, without destroying the individuality of the States any more than that of the individuals composing them, would "form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare and secure the blessing of liberty." In a word, he was the advocate of "the perfect community," which Peletiah Webster envisaged and our Constitution secured.

Two centuries before Columbus discovered America geographically, it would seem that a son of St. Dominic had located it politically. In Thomistic politics, our country is in embryo. The Angelic Doctor differs from the founders of our Republic and their achievement only as summer from springtime, or the full-blown blossom from the humble seed. To admit the democracy and merit of the United States is to concede the same of the presaging Thomistic thought. In the right-bills of our sovereign States, in the document of our

⁴⁰ *Summa Theologica*, 1a 2æ., qu.lxiv. a.ii.; qu.xxix. a.ii., ad.2; *Quæstiones Disputæ*, *De Caritate*, qu.1. a.iv., ad.2; *Com. Polit.*, I., 1.

Declaration of Independence, in the *rationale* of our Constitution, his finger appears. An invisible guest, he was present at the founding of our nation; as he is also present through its preservation. So long as she is true to justice and reason, the spirits in which she was conceived, our country cannot die. Justice and reason express the political apostolate of Aquinas, and are the very substance of his message. Ideally and practically, they are his theory of State. In justice the people must find their due, which is democracy. In reason, they must accept duty and claim right, which is the salvation of democracy.

ON A BIRTHDAY.

BY MICHAEL EARLS, S.J.

ALL on a fair morning
At an altar place,
It was Our Lady's birthday
Spoke for thee a grace.

High above the altar
Lovely eyes looked down
All meek in white marble
And a blue window gown.

Brighter than dawn sounds
On a desert coast,
Bells in the Mass hour
Hailed the white Host.

Christ lit the silence
Like a still white Flame,
His Heart was a hid rose
Eager for thy name.

All on a fair morning,
Our Lady knows the place,
Thy name won a welcome
And thy heart a grace.

FETTERS OF GOLD.

BY MARY A. CARNE.

I.



FIRST met him in a Colorado canyon.

I was out there for my health, a T. B. suspect; one of those damaged, human cogwheels the great business machines of the East are continually sending back to God's Nature-factory to be mended, in the one place where it is still allowed free operation, the mountains and prairies of the wonderful West. I was progressing finely; the factory worked magic, and that day I had ventured a little longer tramp than usual—through one of the canyons I most admired.

A wild storm of wind and rain and thunder—one of the frequent house-cleanings with which Mother Nature succeeds in keeping Colorado air refreshing—drove me to seek shelter. I found it in the shape of a little shack, nestled deep in one of the gorges—just a shack, only one room and a little lean-to.

Its owner, a young man, was inside when I entered, bringing a wild dash of weather with me. I was welcomed, of course; it was a Western home if it was a shack. While the thunder growled, we talked.

Of the weather, first, and the Japanese immigration question, of course, and of politics in general—finally, of ourselves. I told him who I was and why I came, and was congratulated warmly on my improved health. Then I glanced at him, curiously, for he was surely no T. B. suspect; his healthy tan and broad shoulders mocking my newly-acquired color and freshly gained few pounds.

"Why are you out here?" for from some chance remark I knew he was not a Westerner. "You are not T. B.?"

He smiled and shook his head, then the smile faded into seriousness.

"I'm worse."

My curiosity grew. Worse? I glanced at his face again.

Even in the gloom of the cabin the occasional lightning flashes showed it plainly. It was clean, honest and manly, yet boyish. No crime, surely, lurked behind those honest eyes. The place was an ideal setting for a desperado, but he wasn't. I laughed as I made my next suggestion.

"Bandit?"

The gloom on his face did not lift.

"It looks worse to me sometimes," he said.

A sudden gust of wind and thunder shook the cabin, darkening it still more. Losing sight for a moment of the honest, boyish face, I felt a distrust steal over me. Who, and what, was this fellow? But I am no coward, and I spoke out sharply:

"What are you then, anyhow?"

The darkness seemed to deepen further; I could see nothing of his face—only the red light of his cigar. Then he spoke slowly, remorsefully:

"Darn it all, I'm a millionaire!"

Laugh! I don't think I ever laughed harder. The lightning lit up the cabin just then, showing the rude furnishings, the pine walls and the boy, in khaki shirt and corduroy trousers, beside me who said so remorsefully: "I'm a millionaire." But he didn't laugh. He was in earnest; I saw that at once, for I could see his face better now. The storm seemed to have lessened somewhat.

"You can laugh if you want to," he said, grimly, "but, tell me honestly, how many millionaires do you know?"

I couldn't truthfully say that I knew any. I was book-keeper for a big lumber concern back home; my acquaintance with millionaires was confined, as I told him, to reading about them in the newspapers.

"I know," he said, moodily, "sepia pictures in Sunday supplements, their country homes, wives and children, prize dogs, golfing on the links and all that; full description of their philanthropy in another section—hospital endowments and that sort of things; political connections on the first page—oh, yes, that's the way you know millionaires. It sounds good on paper, but they're slaves, I tell you, they're slaves!"

He had risen from his chair now, and was pacing the little room with long strides that nearly reached the wall at either turn; they did not quite do it, and he had to give a quick, short

step to complete the walk. As I watched him, it gave the effect of a bar of jerky music, a long note followed by a quaver; he jerked out his sentences, too, now. He was in dead earnest and was unburdening his soul to a stranger, perhaps with greater confidence because he was a stranger; maybe, the semi-gloom made it easier for him.

"You know," he went on, "you *can* own other things. Your people and your friends—you can live in them and with them—your horse and your dog are part of you—you can own a house, and its yours—you can add to it—a window here, a porch there—and it can express you. You can do that with a yacht," he continued, "or a car, or anything like that—you can make them serve you, but not money. Not much money, I mean; you can own a little, but *much* owns you."

I ventured to remind him, as he paused for a moment, that with money he could buy the other things by which he could "express himself," as he called it.

"No, you can't," he answered. "I know what I mean. If you have a little money, yes, but too great an amount dominates you. I have lived among men of money, and I know. It is not you who buy the house, or the yacht, or the car. It is your money, and your money owns it. Tell me, when you look at Rockefeller's home, or Gould's, in the Sunday supplement, do you think of him or his money? When you see his car, you do not notice what make *he* prefers. You wonder with that much money what he will buy. When you see their wives and children you wonder what a millionaire's family looks like; even they don't represent *him* to the world, only his money. It grows so," he continued, and the quick, nervous pacing, which had stopped for a moment, began again. "It increases so horribly! You can't stop it—once it begins! Compound interest piled on compound interest—and stocks and bonds that just can't help making money. They drink it in! Other things seem hard to make money out of—but start *money* making money, and it goes on forever!"

I stared at him. The storm had ceased now; it was quite light, and I could see him plainly. The boyish look was all gone, or if there, it was rather the gaze of a terrified boy; his eyes were full of fear and depression, almost dilated; there were drawn lines about his mouth. I felt an intense pity as I watched him, and yet there seemed something ludi-

crous about it all to the hard business sense which the world had bred in me. Yet it was no stage-play; he was really facing a nightmare.

I asked a question; partly to break the look of tension on his face:

"Is that why you are out here, then; you are taking a vacation from stocks and bonds?"

A sudden smile lit up his face, sending the happy, boyish look again to it.

"Yes," he said, "this is my vacation; maybe my last. You see I am not a millionaire yet, not quite. I am only a prospective one; my grandfather brought me up, and he is on his last legs, poor old chap. The doctors only give him months now, and I know when he is gone the noose will descend on my neck. So I am out here—all by myself. Nobody knows me, and I haven't a thing around me but stuff like this," he waved his hand around him, "things that a tramp might own. There isn't a person within miles of me. I meet none but passersby like yourself. There is nothing between me and the sky. I sleep under the stars. I never come in except for rains, and not always then. I am going ere long into the chains that wealth will put on me, but for this time, at least, I am absolutely free."

His face lighted as he said the words into a radiance that was real beauty. My worldliness melted under it; for the moment the stocks and bonds—my own poor share of which I had always tenderly cherished—suddenly seemed to me really chains for this ardent young spirit.

"Why don't you chuck it all?" I asked. "After the old man dies, I mean. Can't you refuse it, or something?"

He looked at me seriously.

"I *have* thought of it," he said, "but you know I can't. We've been millionaires so long; it's in the family, you know, and I—I expect Grandad was afraid I might, and he made me promise to accept the money and not do anything foolish with it. So I am bound by it; the poor old man, you see! I am the last of the name, and I couldn't refuse him, but that is my big temptation. No, I've got to take it some day," and his eyes looked drearily ahead as if at a gray future, but the mouth never lost its firmness.

I could have laughed again at the bizarreness of it all

but for the pathos; the lad so heroically resolving, for the honor of the family, to accept the arduous portion of becoming a millionaire.

As I looked a sudden beam of light fell over him, lighting the sad, stern, young face with a sort of unearthly glory.

"By Jingo!" he cried. "Great Scott! Look, what a sunset," and, bursting open the crazy door, was outside.

I followed him, but to tell the truth, though a sunset is glorious seen from a Colorado canyon, I saw most of it in his face. He looked like a young demigod; he seemed to me the very incarnation of the whole scene; the wild freedom of the canyon, the blue sky framed above, the sunset glory, all seemed alive in this superb specimen of young manhood with the radiant face and the glowing eyes. Then all the splendor faded; he turned to me, his eyes still shining.

"Glory!" he said, "that was fine! It's grand to be alive here, isn't it?" and he threw out his arms and inhaled a long, deep breath of the sweet, free air.

I grew pitiful again as I watched him; he seemed so made for freedom; after all, it was cruel to put him in fetters of gold.

A sudden chill in the air that followed the sunset warned me. The doctor had cautioned me not to stay out after sundown. I must go home. I asked a few directions, and then bade him good-bye.

"It's not entirely good-bye, though," he said, "I am coming to see you. It will do you good to come up here, and I must not hide entirely from my kind. It will come harder when I put on my fetters of gold."

He had used my own words, but I tried to laugh at him.

"Come, now," I said, "don't be an absolute jackass. Most men would be only too happy to be in your place."

"Most men, perhaps," he answered, smilingly, "but I prefer it here if I am an absolute jackass. I am a millionaire here already—a millionaire of freedom."

When I reached the turn, I looked back. He was smiling still and waving, his splendid figure outlined against the sky some feet above me; a millionaire of freedom in his solitude, indeed. Then I turned and left him.

He had warned me of dangerous spots on the path, but my mind was preoccupied, and I stumbled a little, once, and

had just resolved to be more careful when—it happened. One moment I was on safe ground, just realizing it was a little crumbly there; the next, I was caught, mercifully, caught on an overhanging bush which alone saved me from dashing to death on the rocks of the river that foamed in the gorge below.

I could not remain there long; I knew it. I felt benumbed with fear; I dared not move. My faculties of prayer were a little rusty from disuse, perhaps, but I used them. I murmured something, the "Hail Mary," I think it was, and suddenly felt an agonizing pain in my shoulders as someone seized me in a grasp that was overpowering, and I was lifted—dragged—to the path again.

I think I must have lost consciousness, for when I opened my eyes I felt dirt and stones under my head and saw the blue sky above me. I was flat on my back in the path, and fumbling at my shirt collar to open it was my "absolute jackass."

"Are you better now?" he asked. Don't try to stand up yet. I hated to let you lie there in the dirt, but the path is too risky to carry you. You had a close shave. I just could reach you. No, don't get up."

But I was already on my feet, although I clung to him for a moment. I could see it all so plainly. There was the very spot where my feet had slid, for the earth showed it, and there was the gorge so many feet below and the kindly bush that had caught me, but, thanks to my rescuer, I was here. I think my hand grasp spoke for me. I couldn't. Americans are not demonstrative usually, and I was no exception to the rule.

"How did you ever do it?" I believe that was all I said in words. "Where did you stand?"

"Just there," he answered, laconically, "there was just room enough, and no more."

It was a fact; he must have put one foot on the path and the other on a place that could just be held by a resolute mind in a strong body. It was dangerous at that; one misstep, and there would have been two instead of one in the gorge below. I shuddered—

"You were in an ace of death yourself," I said, "and I am a stranger."

"Nonsense," he answered with a lordly air that was yet friendly, "there are no strangers here. Rather, we are all strangers, that is it. Don't these canyons and mountains and big spaces give you a constant reminder that you are a stranger and a pilgrim, as my old grandmother used to say the Good Book said? The very vastness makes friends of strangers here. We feel our insignificance. As for death, I suppose I was near it, but what could I do? I could not stay here and let you go. After all, though," he went on, a touch of boyishness replacing his lordly air again, "I am glad it didn't happen. Think of it! One minute living, rejoicing, exulting; the next, gone, annihilated, nothing but a broken body down on those rocks. Great Scott! I'm glad it didn't happen!"

I stared at him, astounded again. I was a Catholic, although not a very strict one; one of the "shortest Mass on Sundays" and "Sacraments at Christmas and Easter" sort, but I was a Catholic. My young god of freedom was evidently a splendid pagan; for him death was annihilation. I would have liked to say something, but you cannot well enter into a religious argument standing by the side of a precipice with the man who has just rescued you. Besides, as I was aware, my religion was not very fervent, and I felt that I was not at all fitted for arguing with this mind which I recognized as superior to my own. But in spite of myself the words left my lips:

"You annihilated? Never!"

He did not seem to hear me, however, for just then he gave a sudden exclamation:

"There's just the man I want," and forming a trumpet with his hands, he began to shout: "Doc—tor Dal—ton . . . Doc—tor . . . Dal—ton . . . hey—there—" and a carriage just entering a path below was stopped, and Doctor Dalton, who happened to be my physician, speedily reached us.

I received a tremendous scolding and was ordered to drive home with him.

"You must come and see me, though," I pleaded with my young rescuer. "You saved my life, remember."

"Yes," he answered, "I told you I was coming, and maybe I shall ask a favor of you some day. I did save your life even if you do consider me an absolute jackass."

"Now," said the Doctor as we drove off, "I like that

young fellow. He is fond of doing good turns. Why in thunder did you call him an absolute jackass?"

But I did not answer. I was looking back to where my absolute jackass tramped back to his mountain home, alone.

He did come to see me, but I was not at home. He left a bunch of mountain flowers, however, and his card, and I discovered that his name was Richard Saunders. My own, by the way, is Jack Graham—I had forgotten to introduce myself—this is his story, not mine.

I had no second chance to see him, for the next day I received a summons from the East. My father was ill, and I must return. It was thought safe, as I was so much improved in health, and I left the West without meeting him again. He was in my mind, however, in spite of my own anxiety, and I wondered what would become of him.

As I rode East, I saw him a thousand times in fancy. As a young demigod with the sunset glory around him, then as a haunted man with the shadow of his dread of his wealth in his eyes; above all, with that stern look of renunciation on his face as the sunlight fell upon him like a young martyr, but, alas, a pagan martyr. What would befall him? Would his golden fetters enslave the nobility that dwelt in him, or would his paganism force him to burst them. What lay before my young pagan martyr with his longing for freedom? I could not answer, for only God knew.

II.

Only God knew, but nine months later He made me a sharer in that knowledge.

For the interest suddenly born, more suddenly and strongly cemented, met, to my surprise, an equally sudden revival, and one May afternoon I again sat smoking and talking with my young millionaire. Millionaire of wealth this time, for we were seated on the veranda of his Hudson River home, his own property now. Before and around us stretched the park-like beauty of his well-cared-for acres, and through the long French window behind me I could see the elegant appointments of the study we had just left. The whole house, and I had seen most of it, was the sort of palace I had often seen pictured but never entered before.

Astonishment at doing it now was still rife within me.

I had scarcely gotten over the surprise of the letter I had received two days previous from "your true friend, Richard Saunders," dated from Monksford-on-Hudson. It told me of his grandfather's death some time before, and reminded me that he had told me on the day on which he had saved my life that, in virtue of this, he might some day ask a favor.

"I want it now, old fellow," the letter ran, "I am very much alone. Somehow, it seems easy to confide in you. I told you a whole lot about this absolute jackass in a Colorado canyon one day. Will you come to a New York millionaire's home and hear the sequel? A fellow must confide in some one, and you know I saved your life. That gives me a claim on you, doesn't it? And now I have another, which I will tell you when we meet. You *will* come, won't you?"

Of course I would, and I did.

So here we sat, smoking and talking, in the May sunshine amidst the costly appurtenances of wealth, as once we had smoked and talked in a Western cabin during a Colorado thunderstorm nine months before. Of many things again; of politics once more, and of my father's health and my own—both now restored—and again, finally, of himself.

I had noticed him from the first moment, keenly, and I had seen some things that pleased and some that puzzled me. He was no longer the young Westerner in khaki, but the faultlessly dressed New Yorker in his spotless flannels, and he was at home in this environment, too. He was to the manner born, and his wealth fitted him like a glove. He seemed to ennoble it; it had certainly not lowered him; there was no hint of its mastering him, as he had so dreaded; it seemed, rather, only a background to his personality. I noticed another thing, too, and while the other pleased, this puzzled me. His wealth seemed a fitting background, yet it was only a background. He was detached from it and stood away from it, and his air and manner perplexed me, too. He was not less virile, less earnest than before, rather more so, but there was another air to his virility—a repression of strength that seemed to render it stronger. He was changed, slightly, in looks, too: he had lost his tan and his face was slightly thinner, and he had at times an expression which I could not understand.

This impression lessened somewhat as we sat talking of

the world and its affairs, and I fell under the spell of the potent influences around me. The atmosphere delighted me. I began to revel in this sense of luxury, and he seemed to become its type to me.

"Say, Dick, old fellow," I broke out at last, "do you remember the nonsense you talked out in Colorado? I was blunt with you then, but it was the Western air, I believe. I called you an absolute jackass. When you realize what all this means to you," and I waved my hand around comprehensively, "don't you think you were?"

His face grew serious at once. Not with gloom; this was a gentle seriousness, tinged with another look—peaceful and pleasant to see.

"Yes, old chap," he said, slowly, "I think I was—not exactly as you mean, though—an *absolute* jackass."

A sudden smile lit up his face as he said the words.

"That's what I wanted you for," he said. "That's the story. I'll begin," and tossing away the butt of his costly Havana, he picked out another from his heavily-carved silver case and passed the handsome affair over to me. "Oh, you've finished yours, too. Smoke another, do."

I accepted gladly. Cigars like these I had never smoked in my life before. The blue haze of their smoke rose between us as he spoke again:

"So you think this life suits me, do you?"

"Admirably," I said. "Why, it fits you to perfection. A millionaire! It is what you were made for!"

He laughed.

"You like the place, do you? Had a good time? I'm glad, for I can't ask you again. You see, I leave myself tomorrow."

"Leave? You are going traveling for a while?"

"I'm not leaving for a while, but for good. I'm going to chuck it all, as you once advised."

"But your promise to your grandfather," I gasped, "how about that? And this represents power . . . You shouldn't lightly—"

"It is not done lightly," he interrupted. "That promise no longer binds me. I did accept it, and I leave it in good hands. It will have power still, strong power, for good. And I will be free."

Free! So his paganism had not stood the test of renunciation. After all, how could it? But he was speaking:

"You know I have always longed for freedom. It has been almost a passion with me, and I am going to have it now. I shall be freer than I ever dreamed a man could be. I am going to break every human tie, cast aside fetters of gold and all fetters, and in a solitude, deeper than Colorado's mountains, find freedom absolute."

The second stage of his paganism. His liberty would be license, and he was going to resort to savagery in the extreme of his nature-worship, but no man has a right to cast all human bonds aside. I was not pious, but once more I had to speak:

"But, after all, is that right? We are not entirely our own. We owe something to man—and God."

A sudden radiance lit up his face, reminding me of an alabaster lamp that I had seen illuminated in an old museum. He echoed the word softly, "God!"

"Can't you guess?" he cried. "The glorious liberty"—then he broke off suddenly and took my hand. "Jack, I said a new tie bound us. I have known you were a Catholic ever since I unfastened your collar and saw your scapular that day in the canyon. I am one, too, now. I was received into the Church in Kentucky two months ago."

Again I didn't say anything, but my hand-grasp did. He returned it and went on:

"You understand, then, don't you about my being free?"

I only stared.

"Of course," I said, "there is no freedom broader than Catholicism, but I don't understand you exactly."

"Oh, I thought you would," he said, boyishly and seemed disappointed. He got up from his chair and took two or three quick, nervous turns up and down the veranda, tossing his half-smoked cigar away. He watched its spark glow among the grass for a minute, then came back and stood with one hand resting on the back of his chair. He reminded me of when I had seen him out in Colorado, only the haunting dread and the pained air of renunciation were both alike gone; there was a look of exaltation on his face.

"I thought you would know," he said. "You're a Catholic. I am going to seek the real freedom. I want freedom

from the cares of both poverty and wealth, from joy as well as pain, freedom not only from others, but from myself; freedom absolute, 'the glorious liberty of the children of God,' so I leave tomorrow for the Abbey of Gethsemane, in Kentucky. I am going to be a Trappist monk."

III.

A Trappist monk! My head whirled.

I was a Catholic, and a slightly better one than formerly, but—a Trappist monk! I never had seen much use in monks. I regarded them, with my twentieth-century wisdom, as a venerable antiquity which the Church did not well know how to get rid of, as a bit of mediævalism rather curiously retained. I could appreciate the active orders; I had been nursed by Sisters of Charity and admired the Christian Brothers very much, for I had been taught by them once for a while. But monks—I had always thought a monastery a resort for the feeble-minded, or perhaps a good place for a man with some terrible sin on his conscience. I had sometimes wondered, half unconsciously, why the Church did not suppress them as suited to other times, but utterly out of date. Indeed, I had heard that novices were few in American monasteries, and it seemed reasonable; they didn't fit in with our free institutions and modern business ideas at all.

And now, here in New York State, in a place which was the essence of modern civilization in every appointment, to hear a man who owned millions and smoked cigars that cost more than my lunches, calmly informing me that he was going to be a Trappist monk. He was going to give up all this for a narrow cell, for bread and water, for everlasting silence and prayer. I knew that men had done it; I had read of it, but the fact had never touched me before. One thing about it was stranger still. His craving for freedom had been his passion. Now he was going to put on fetters, not of gold, but of iron; he who had loved freedom so madly was going to pass his days in confinement that made a prison seem almost free. And he said he was seeking freedom. Was he mad?

I looked at him. One thing struck me at once, hit me between the eyes. It was the absolute calmness of his look,

the serene sanity of his gaze. Whatever else might be true or not true, he was not mad, and he was not moved by a whim of fancy; he was calmly and resolutely going to do something which he believed would give him what he sought. In the face of such facts, what could I say? I surrendered entirely.

"Dick," I said, slowly, "I see you want me to congratulate you, and I do. I don't know why and I don't know what for. My experience tells me that you are more of an absolute jackass than ever, but when I look at you I know you're not. I'll tell you truly that I always thought—I suppose my Catholicism isn't exactly what it should be—I always thought that Trappist monks were fools or repentant criminals, but you seem to have grasped something that I haven't."

He smiled as I went on and drew his chair close to mine and laid his hand in boyish fashion on my knee.

"Old fellow," I said, "I've been a Catholic for twenty-eight years and you've been one for two months, but you're in the highest class. I'm coming to you for instruction. Tell me what it means to be a Trappist monk and how it can make you free. To me it looks as though you were resigning freedom, putting on fetters for the rest of your life."

"Putting on fetters!" He spoke slowly—half painfully—to my surprise and a sudden look of restraint crossed his face. "Yes, you're right, Jack. I am—putting on fetters, but"—he leaned over, suddenly, and took a small volume from a carved table beside him. Turning the pages, he read slowly:

"Upon his will he binds a radiant chain;
For Freedom's sake he is no longer free.
It is his task, the slave of Liberty
With his own blood to wipe away a stain.
That pain may cease he yields himself to pain
To banish war he must a warrior be.
He dwells in night eternal dawn to see
And gladly dies abundant life to gain."

"Jack," he had laid the book down now, "Joyce Kilmer wrote of a man who put on war's chains to gain peace's freedom; I put on fetters that I may myself be free. I'll have to tell you the whole story, but not here—not now. After din-

ner I'll take you to my den, for you shan't leave until the last minute. I'll send you home in my car."

I could hardly wait; dinner seemed a farce, although it was a sumptuous repast, and afterwards I entered his den. It was a cheerful little room, with a narrow iron bed, a bookshelf, a prie-dieu, some chairs and an ancient crucifix, a masterpiece of carving, above the mantel. The night had turned chilly, and there was a grate in which a fire had been lighted.

Seated before it, he told me all I longed to know. I'll let him tell it in his own way. The very words seem to linger in my memory.

"My meeting with you was the first link in the chain. Yes, even in the chain I mean to wear. You know you were not home when I came, so I came again. You were gone then, but I fell in with a young lad at my second visit, whom I pitied. You were a T. B. suspect, Jack, but he was a certainty, and a dead certainty, pretty near. He knew it, and he was nearly mad. Not at dying, not that—but he wanted to go home. The very vastness I loved overpowered him, and the mountains seemed to hem him in; the strange rocks, those freaks of nature, tortured him. He wanted the rolling hills of his own Kentucky, her smiling meadows and his little country home. He couldn't go back, for he had no one to go with him. His mother was a widow, and old, and she couldn't come, and, finally, one night someone played 'My Old Kentucky Home' on a violin as I sat with him on the porch of the boarding-house, and the lad laid his head on my arm and sobbed. 'My Old Kentucky Home!' That finished him, and me, too, pretty near.

"I fought the devil like a wildcat that night. I knew I was giving up, maybe, the last of my freedom, but I couldn't let that boy die homesick like that. So I got him and came East. I never took such a journey; you know how the mountains look when the sun goes down, that absolute grayness—and have you ever been in a sandstorm and felt the grit in your mouth? That was my life just then. He didn't even know it. I was glad of that. I must have kept up, because when I got him home, he told me I was an awfully jolly fellow and that he'd had a lovely trip. The little mother, too—gee, she was glad!

"The sun came out for me then, and I left that cottage happy, but when I got back to my hotel a telegram awaited me—my grandfather was dying. I had only a few days more. I knew I ought to go back, but I couldn't make connections at once, and I was glad of it. I had one day still. It sounds heartless, but we had never hit it off and he had been paralyzed for months and just lying there helpless, so I couldn't grieve. I would have to leave the next day, however, and the thought tightened like a noose about my neck, but—I had one day more.

"I walked like a madman, I think, up the Kentucky hills, losing myself, finding myself again, tramping on, first up, then down, trying by drinking in what I could of the sweet intoxication of the day to drown the memory of what the morrow must bring. Nature brought me healing. I felt better after my first mad tramping was over; there was a promise of hope in the sunny sky, the sweet-scented grass and the fragrant winds. Life could not be all barren, else these would not have breathed of joy.

"I was just beginning to feel comforted when, suddenly, I tripped and stumbled on some loosened stones lying by the roadside. My foot twisted oddly; I was conscious of a cruel pain in my ankle, and I fell, face downward on the little path. I don't think I fainted, for I was aware all the time of the pain in my ankle; it was caught, and I must wrench it free. I did it at the cost of agony. It must have been trapped in some of the loose stones. I had to set my teeth and pull hard to free myself, and I expect I did faint then.

"When I opened my eyes again, I had evidently, in my struggles, dragged myself from the path and I was lying on my back in the sweet clover. I tried to rise. It was no go. I couldn't, for my ankle would not bear me. There was no one within call, I felt sure of that, for I must have walked far from any human dwelling, and there I lay with my face turned upwards towards the sunny sky, so glaring and pitiless now.

"A myriad of little insects buzzed around and tormented me. I was in agony, too, with my foot, and I had never known much pain before. My outdoor life had kept me healthy, and now this feverish throbbing in my ankle, the glaring heat on my unprotected face and those stinging insects

formed a torturing combination. It is said, Jack, that, 'Nature never did betray a heart that loved her,' but she betrayed me then. She was a friend no longer, rather my worst enemy. I felt it, too, almost personally. I had practically made an idol of nature; was this my goddess?

"Then there was the humiliation of my utter helplessness—I had always been so vigorous and free. It seemed as if a voice was taunting me, too. 'Free!' it said. 'Yes, you're free, aren't you? You couldn't even stay free on your last day!'

"My last day! Yes, this was my last day, and I had lost it. A sudden bitterness rose in my mind. If I only hadn't brought that lad back home! He was going to die so soon anyway; it was a darn fool trick, and by it I had lost all the days of freedom I might have had and put myself here. I had never been a cursing man. Perhaps—it sounds ironic, and, well it is—because I was not a Christian. No, Jack, don't blush. Say never again, old man. At that moment, however, one of the blackest of oaths leaped to my lips. I longed heartily to curse the dying lad, pity for whom had put me where I was. Thank God, I didn't. It was physical force, I think, that kept it back. I grabbed a handful of that sweet clover and chewed hard, forcing the words back on my lips. 'I did it myself,' I thought, 'Poor lad! I'll not harm him now even in fancy.' God is wonderful in the greatness of His rewards to slight efforts. I was still chewing the clover when the glaring sun above was refreshingly shut out; someone was leaning over me. A kind face met my gaze, a thin face with close-shorn hair and pitying, almost tender, eyes.

"'Poor lad!' the accent was slightly foreign. 'Poor boy! You're hurt, maybe.'

"I explained the situation, briefly. With his help, and clinging to him, I managed to rise, despite the cruel pain. I experienced a slight shock as, standing upright, I realized that the sleeve which I clasped belonged to a monk's habit. He did not notice my surprise.

"'This way, son,' he said, gently, 'our Abbey of Gethsemane lies just below. I must take you there. 'Tis the nearest place.'

"I was too wearied out with pain to protest, no matter where he took me. I was led down the narrow path. I don't remember many details of that journey. The air seemed

sweet again, then, suddenly, tall buildings and iron gratings loomed before me. I was helped into a small, sparsely furnished room, of which spotless cleanliness and bare simplicity were the chief features. I noticed no more, for my kindly guide, after seating me, began to take off my shoe.

"I fainted without doubt, then. It was an agony, sure. I had broken some small ankle bones, and Jack, old fellow, if you value comfort, break your neck if you want to, but leave your ankle bones alone. I came to and then went off again. I know they gave me ether, finally, or else chloroform, while the monk, who was a surgeon, set those bones. I lived through torture, and I am not sure, but I think it was about forty-eight hours later when the world began to revolve again.

"And such a world! Did it revolve, or did it stand still? Perhaps it was, partly, the anæsthetic—I had never taken one before—and the shock of physical weakness to one usually so strong, combined with the dread I felt of the future, but I felt benumbed. I had tasted desolation in my journey East, agony there among the clover, now I seemed frozen. The monk-surgeon had told me I would be forced to stay three weeks with them, as my nervous system seemed so upset and any journey, even by automobile, would be bad for the healing of my ankle. So I stayed. As I said, I was bewildered; it didn't matter. The whole thing seemed a gigantic mockery of me.

"To be free, that had been my one craving, and now my chains were being forged about me in this place, the home of men who lived in iron fetters. I couldn't bear to look at them at first, for the very sight of them filled me with dread. I used to lie awake and look at the moon through my little window. It showed the plain, severe furniture, the crucifix on the wall—I never dared look at that either—and the bare floor. That moon—I used to wonder if it was the same, flaming, glorious lamp that had lighted my mountain passes. Everything seemed dead; when I got better and could go about on crutches I saw the monastery itself, with its noiseless footed monks, the refectory where all ate in silence, and the long, quiet corridors; it seemed like an abode of the dead, a kingdom of slaves.

"I grew sullen, presently; I don't know why I didn't protest and force them to send me home. Perhaps, I realized

that my strength was not fit for it; maybe I was becoming a slave to my own fears; anyway, I stayed. I had had no news from the outside world, and had been in no state of mind to seek any. Finally, one night, the crisis came. I was feverish and the little room seemed alive with mocking voices. Every laughing breeze, every rippling brook, every wild bird I had ever heard seemed to join the chorus.

"'You wanted to be free, you wanted to be free! Free! Free! And these are your last days, your last days, and you're spending them in a prison—among slaves!' A sudden, sick disgust swept over me; my own weak helplessness mocked me. Just then a young monk passed the door, a lantern in his hand. The flaring light shone plainly on his coarse habit; what a splendid figure of a man he was, tall, straight, vigorous, just what I had been. I stared after him in bewilderment. 'You had what I had and you *made* yourself a slave!'

"With the thought a glow rushed over me. After all, my fetters of gold were kingly chains; alongside of this man's folly they looked like freedom. Did not wealth mean freedom, and even sovereignty? A sudden thrill of power swept through me. Oh, for morning to come, for morning to come, that I might taste the first fruits of my power.

"I would send to the nearest city for other doctors. They would take me from here, and if poor old Grandad was dead my freedom was complete and my reign would begin. Nature had betrayed me, my goddess was no real one; I would serve gold now, or rather it would serve me. Flushed with the thought, I waited triumphantly for morning.

"When it came, I greeted my old friend, Father Anselm, with a smile, a lordly smile. I could afford to feel a contemptuous pity for these slaves of poverty—I was a millionaire. He was more than willing to send by messenger to the city for me. 'None of the brethren can leave,' he told me, 'but there is a little lad from the hills, Ben Davis, here on an errand. I will send him to you, son.'

"Ben Davis proved to be a typical mountaineer, ragged of clothing and slow and drawling of speech. I gave him my message, accompanying it by a lavish gift of the money that now seemed the key to my freedom. 'And hurry, sharp now,' I bade him. 'No fooling.' Ben promised, and slowly strolled off.

"My satisfaction increased as, newly released from crutches, I crossed out into the monastery courtyard. Below the monks, poor slaves, crept to their daily toil; while I—I squared my shoulders. The sun seemed made to warm me today, the air to fan me. Before I had worshipped at nature's shrine, now she seemed to bow before me, for I was a king.

"A sudden and unpleasant end came to my glorified musings. Ben Davis had not even left the neighborhood. In the road, outside the gates, he calmly played at marbles with another lad. I was wild to get away, and I felt that I was losing precious time. Striding out with a step that sent the marbles in all directions, I demanded:

"'Hey there, when are you going on that errand?'

"He lifted a smiling face.

"'Oh, afteh while, when Pap hitches up, Mistah. We-alls don't hurry much up heah.'

"'We-alls don't hurry,' and this to me—a millionaire. Not hurry on my errand, and *he* was a member of the po' whites without a shoe even to his foot and *I* was one of the largest of stockholders in banks and railroads which he had never even heard of. An oath sprang from my lips this time; my temper sprang, too, to my eyes and hands, for I struck him a blow that sent him reeling in the dust and stones.

"'You young hound, you,' I cried, 'I'll teach you—' I stopped, stunned.

"*I was* a millionaire, but down in the dust a little lad, with a bleeding cut on his forehead, shrank from me, hiding his face with frightened sobs. I had wounded a fellow-creature, who shrank from me in terror.

"I had him in my arms in one moment, wiping the blood from the slight cut on his brow. I hushed his sobs; I believe I kissed the chubby, dirty face. I gathered up his marbles and filled his hands with flowers. I couldn't bear to touch that *awful* money to offer him that. I was in no hurry, I assured him, so Pap needn't bother; tomorrow even would be time enough and, finally, I left little Ben Davis smiling and turned towards the gates once more.

"Slunk rather; I felt eager for them to rise around me and shut me in. I longed for a cell even to hide me from the world and myself. I had thought myself a monarch and

the first act of my reign had been to strike a little child. A terror of myself possessed me.

"As I entered, slunk rather, as I say, within the gates, I came face to face with a monk. I looked full in his face, and one thing struck me. Not his coloring or features, or anything like that, but his air of freedom, of detachment; it was the face of a king. I, who had so longed for freedom, was looking at someone who *was free*.

"I stopped him; I threw out my hands in my agony.

"*'Father,'* I cried, *'tell me, for I believe you know. Is this a place where a man can hide from himself?'*

"The smile that lit up the calm, strong face was like sunlight as he spoke:

"*'Man is so great,'* he said, slowly, *'he has been made so great that there is only one place where he can hide himself, and that is in God. But in this house, thank God, He lets you hide in Him.'*

"I grasped his arm still tighter.

"*'Father,'* I said, *'I want to be a Trappist monk.'*

"*'You!'* and the smile deepened. I knew now it was the guest-master, the one who had found me and brought me there, but I had scarcely looked at him since. *'You? Why son, you are not even a Catholic!'*

"*'I'll be one, then,'* I said, stubbornly, *'tell me what to do. I'll be anything you like, but, Father, listen, I have loved freedom, and I want to be free. I have tried every way earth offers and they are all failures, and just now I have found out that I never can be free until I lose myself. I do not understand what you mean, but I am afraid of myself, and if to be free I must hide in God then ask Him to let me hide. Let me live here in your chains and find freedom.'*

"Jack, there isn't much more to tell. He found out I was in earnest, but it seemed odd to him at first. He had known men to become Trappist monks after they were Catholics, he said, but never one that became a Catholic in order to be a Trappist monk. Of course, I had lots to learn and unlearn before I finally made my profession of faith, but it worked out all right. Then I came East and divided my patrimony among many sources of good, and tomorrow I leave to become really free.

"And I shall be. The narrowness of my cell will be the

encircling Arms of Him, Who is wider than the universe; the scanty fare will be sustaining, for I will receive it from His Hand, Who is all-bountiful; the long hours of prayer and labor will be short, for they will be one with the prayers and labors of Him, Who once trod the earth He made. I own all things now, really. Nature speaks again in love to me, now that I know she is a servant and not a mistress, and I find friends in that sun and moon, those winds and streams, which are His ministers and serve and gladden us for His sake. Even wealth is blessed when you break it, like the alabaster box of ointment, on His feet, in the person of His poor.

"Jack, you're the heir of all the ages in owning the wonder of the Church's sacred gifts; don't misuse them. And, old fellow, remember, I saved your life, so—pray for me. It is a hard life if it is a happy one. Losing self is a hard matter even in a cell, so—pray for me. Fetters, yes, I am going to put them on, but they are not fetters of iron; they are love's fetters of gold."

The words lingered with me after I bade him a final farewell, for once in his monastery I would hear his voice no more. "Fetters of gold." It echoed through the night; that was God's answer. That was His path to freedom, the wearing of the two great chains—His love and His fear. And He had not made this soul to crave freedom so strongly without meaning it to be free. My pagan martyr was fast becoming a Christian saint.

I vowed sternly to myself to use my wealth of Catholic privilege with greater joy and care. Not in hiding as deep as he, but, after all, we must all seek some cell of the soul. The monk was right:

"Man is so great; he has been made so great that there is only one place where he can hide himself, and that is in God."

Aye, and putting on fetters, find his freedom.

A DIALOGUE OF DEVOTION.

BY HELEN PARRY EDEN.



It came to pass on Sunday morn
When the Parish Mass was done,
Then men of Woodstock all went home,
And the women every one,
But Hugh the Glover set out north
By the banks of Glyme alone.

The sun shone hot on stem and stone,
The robin sang on the thorn,
The last mist lifted off the grass
Was tree-top high that morn,
When he doffed his shoes by Wootton Church
That stands high on a rocky perch,
Where the Glyme runs into the Dorne.

And barefoot still, by vale and hill,
He took his pilgrim's way,
For the King's Glover of Woodstock
Sought a great grace that day—
To learn of the Anker of Dornford
Wherein Devotion lay.

Now Hugh the Glover was a rich burgess of Woodstock, high in the favor of King John and his peers. He had a fair, cheerful wife; six sons and two daughters; and a large two-storied house with an arched door and a gabled roof. But for all this he had been ill at ease for a long time, because he did not know the meaning of the word "Devotion." I do not say he could not hazard a guess at it—most of us could do as much—but he did not think that was the right way to ap-

proach so noble a word. And every time he heard Mass—which was almost every day of his life—and the priest prayed for Hugh the Glover and all the other bystanders, "*quorum tibi fides cognita est, et nota devotio*"—whose faith is known to Thee and known their devotion," it troubled the good burgess not a little, that he who held the Faith so clearly should have so dim a grasp of Devotion. So he set out to speak to the anchorite (or anker, as he called him), who having given up more to God, he thought, than anybody else in the neighborhood, was sure to know more about such high matters than those less dedicated to Perfection. And herein the Glover of Woodstock judged wisely; for, all things being equal, the solitary's life is (as St. Thomas says) the most perfect life of all.

The abode of the Anker of Dornford was a square stone cell, with windows in the front and flanks, and a walled orchard in the rear. The north window was covered with horn, and let in a dim but constant light. The east window was heavily shuttered and barred, and curtained with leather, and let in what speech the Anker had with the outside world and what food was bestowed on him by the faithful. And the south window was quaintlier shuttered and lightlier barred, and curtained with an old banner of the Holy Face; and this let in the Light and Food of his soul whenever the Anker received Our Blessed Lord at the hands of the Curate of Wootton. The Glover knocked at the shutter of the east window; and as soon as it was unlatched, which was not for some little while, for the Anker within was busied with his psalms and orisons, he knelt on the worn earth under the window and asked the holy man's blessing. Then, without more ado, he began as follows:

HUGO.

"O Blesséd Recluse, I would know
What thing Devotion is?
Much of the matter I have heard,
All twisted and amiss;
Then how beholden should I be,
Wouldst thou but show me this."

Cor sapientis quærit doctrinam.

ANCHORITA.

"Devotion standeth in man's soul
 With shoes of swiftness shod,
 'Tis thy prompt will to yield thyself
 To the high hests of God,
 'Tis the surrender of desire
 To serve His lightest nod."

*Devotio nihil esse videtur, quam voluntas
 quædam promptè tradendi se ad ea quæ pertinent
 ad Dei famulatum.*

HUGO.

"'Yield' is a word I know of old
 And plainly understand,
 I yield me to the touch of Love
 As the first curves of a shapely glove
 Yield to a gentle hand;
 'Surrender' hath a craven sound!
 To hand me over gagged and bound!
 How may so base a doom be found
 With a man's pride to stand?"

Non trades servum domino suo.

ANCHORITA.

"No true Devotion can there be
 If will is overborne,
 Thou must surrender like a bride
 Upon her wedding-morn,
 Like a city opening wide its gates
 At the sound of a king's horn."

*Attollite portas principes vestras, et elevamini
 portæ æternales; et introibit rex gloriæ.*

"Thy will is all the wealth thou hast
 To give or to withhold
 For He Who takes, as thou may'st see,
 This thing or that away from thee,
 Leaves thee thy soul's full liberty
 Secure and uncontrolled.

Devotion keeps not back one grain;
 She is God's loving-cup to drain,
 His managed steed to spur or rein;
 His purse to spend (if He but deign)
 To the last piece of gold."

*Tua sunt omnia, et quæ de manu tua accepimus,
 dedimus tibi.*

HUGO.

"Aye, that is plain, beyond a doubt,
 But how to bring this will about,
 Which is so rare to find?
 Is it God's work or man's own wit?
 Hath man no part but to submit?
 Or may he help or hinder it,
 According to his mind?"

Oblatus est quia ipse voluit.

ANCHORITA.

"Two causes give Devotion birth,
 Both God and man take part:
 The Spirit bloweth where He will,
 And man may greet or grudge Him still,
 Welcome or shun the dart:
 But blest are they that hear the Word
 And keep the message they have heard,
 Pondering it in their heart."

*At ille dixit: Quinimo beati, qui audiunt verbum
 Dei et custodiunt illud.*

"'Tis Meditation, then, shall wing
 Devotion for her flight—
 For every willful deed doth spring
 Out of some sort of pondering
 On what is wrong and right.
 Thy thought of God shall lay the fire
 His Grace shall set alight
 Devotion clap her hands for mirth
 And bring more wood to keep the hearth
 Kindled both day and night."

In meditatione mea exardescet ignis.

HUGO.

"The thought of God lay in my mind,
A seed too small to see,
(Lost in my towering lust and pride
And greed for mastery)
Which now hath thrust such branches forth
And grown so great a tree."

*Quod minimum quidem est omnibus seminibus;
cum autem creverit maius est omnibus oleribus.*

"Like a vast cedar in my soul
It holds the ground alone,
And all my wishes haunt its shade,
This carols like a thrush in glade,
This hath a ring-dove's moan;
Now sorry is my soul, now glad,
Two notes my heart hath, gay and sad—
Which is Devotion's own?"

*Lætamini cum Jerusalem, et exultate in ea
omnes, qui diligitis eam: gaudete cum ea gaudis
universi, qui lugetis super eam.*

ANCHORITA.

"Chiefly Devotion causeth joy,
But grief thou can'st not miss;
Thoughts of God's goodness first awake
Thy will to put thy life at stake,
And all thou hast for His sweet sake,
There is great joy in this.
But sorrow follows hard apace,
Because thou hast so long a race
To run before thou see'st His Face
Who is thy Only Bliss."

*Nam et in hoc ingescimus, habitationem nos-
tram, quæ de cælo est, superindui cupientes.*

"And if thy failings and thyself
Be first and foremost shown,
Then nought but sorrow seems in sight,
So hard and hopeless is thy plight
To strive for such a crown;

But joy unbounded shall succeed,
 For God is greater than thy need,
 And Adam's sin, O blithe misdeed!
 Hath brought thy Saviour down."

*O felix culpa, quæ talem ac tantum meruit
 habere redemptorem!*

HUGO.

"Here, too, a mist unscattered clings—
 For if in thought of holy things
 Devotion hath most skill,
 The wisest wit, the theme most high,
 The sage that writes his ink-pot dry
 Upon the Blessed Trinity
 Should sweetliest yield his will,
 Yet know I many a simple dame,
 Or crack-brained beggar, old and lame,
 That scarce can lisp the Holy Name
 Loves Our Lord better still."

*. . . quia abscondisti hæc a sapientibus et prudentibus,
 et revelasti ea parvulis.*

ANCHORITA.

"Two answers hast thou here besought—
 What kind of thinker and what thought
 Best find Devotion's clue?
 The greatest thought is God above,
 And He, Almighty Truth and Love,
 Has most of all our mind to move,
 If He were clear to view;
 But we for weakness cannot see
 Without Our Lord's Humanity,
 Who taught us "Whoso seeth Me
 Seeth the Father, too."

*Et qui videt me, videt eum qui misit me . . .
 nemo venit ad Patrem, nisi per me.*

"The thought is strong, the thinker weak,
 Yet if a man can keep him meek,
 All mortal wit and wisdom eke
 Devotion's wide estate;

Thou see'st the witless serf adore,
Thou see'st the learned vaunt their store,
Thou think'st they therefore love God more
Whom nothing can elate.
Yet saint on shining saint has shown
That by each gift a man may own,
Sought, held and used for God alone,
Devotion grows more great."

*Ait illi Jesus: Diliges Dominum Deum tuum ex
toto corde tuo, et in tota tua, et in anima tota
mente tua.*

HUGO.

"Aye, there again—I hear men pray
And with Devotion, as they say,
To that saint or to this;
Is it Devotion we bestow
On God's high favorites here below
And in the courts of bliss?"

Non habebis deos alienos coram me.

ANCHORITA.

"Men are devout, as thou hast said,
To all God's friends alive and dead,
For love of Him Whose love and dread
Have filled them to the brim:
He is the virtue of each gem,
His saints are but His vesture's hem,
Devotion does not end in them
But passes on to Him."

*. . . et tetigit fimbriam vestimenti ejus . . . et
ait Jesus: Quis est qui me tetigit.*

"For He thy God, the Lord of lords,
Himself hath taught by deeds and words
Devotion to mankind,
Who gave the world up to our will
With all its wealth to save or spill
As each man had a mind."

Tradidit nobis terram lacte et melle.

"Then as a man who far doth fare
Leaves treasure in his servants' care
To squander or control,
He added to our mortal dower
All mortal beauty, wit and power,
And an immortal soul."

Vocavit servos suos et tradidit illis bona sua.

"And when the world and we therein
Were brought to nought by willful sin,
He yielded up His Son to win
Our souls and set us free;
Who sought in all things to fullfil
Our welfare and His Father's will,
From Bethlehem's stable to the hill
Of bitter Calvary."

Qui dilexit me et tradidit semetipsum pro me.

"And He before that worst of ends,
As one who from a world of friends
Unwillingly departs,
Yielded Himself to dwell in bands
The captive of His own commands,
Surrendered to anointed hands
And to adoring hearts."

Hoc est corpus meum quod pro nobis tradetur.

When the anchorite had said this he had said everything:
and Hugh the Glover knew he had heard the last word on
Devotion. So he asked and received another benediction,
and with a light heart betook himself home.

O. HENRY: AN APPRECIATION.

BY P. A. SILLARD.



THE great American novel, the novel of American life and manners, so long expected, so eagerly looked for, has not yet been written. Indeed, it never will be written. Life is too composite an affair, too complex, to be expressed within the compass of a novel. Even Balzac with his *Comédie Humaine* has hardly expressed all of French life. While human nature is fundamentally the same from China to Peru, its expression varies with different nations; its manifestations have the racial characteristics of each country. America is too vast, its people too heterogeneous for even a great American novel, could it be written, to comprehend it.

The writer known to literary fame as O. Henry never attempted the long novel: he concentrated on the short story. He studied and portrayed New York life as it never had been done before. What Bret Harte did for the pioneer life of the West and the mining camp, O. Henry has done for New York. With the vividness and the compression of a Kipling ballad, he presents in a short story a picture so true to life, so realistic, so simple that its art seems almost artless. In limiting his area of adventure to the city on the Hudson, as with some exceptions he did, he by no means narrowed his mind or the scope of his vision. The universality of his genius had that truth to nature that made it kin with the whole world, and warrants comparison with de Maupassant and other masters of world fiction.

Unlike Edgar Allan Poe, America's other great short story writer, O. Henry deals with the realities of life. His pages are almost photographic in their realism. He does not, after the manner of Poe, seek to raise our hair, or to make our flesh creep. Instead, he gives us the humor, the pathos, or, mayhap, the tragedy of everyday life as his genius sees it. His laughter is often the laughter with tears in it, as when he tells of the young wife who cut off and sold her beautiful hair

to have money enough to buy a long-planned Christmas gift for her husband. The secret of his wonderful success is his sympathy. He looks on human nature with a kindly eye, unlike Thomas Hardy who, in his masterly short stories, *Life's Little Ironies*, makes of Destiny a mocking devil delighting in the misfortunes of his victims.

O. Henry served no apprenticeship to his craft. He played the sedulous ape to no literary model. For him the ready word sufficed. An observing eye, a nimble wit and a facile pen, with abundant knowledge of human nature and extreme sophistication made him a master of his art. With a few illuminating touches the sordid tragedies of ignoble lives and the unselfish devotion and patient heroism of everyday people are revealed to us. Stevenson's story of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* owes as much to the weirdness of its subject as to its laborious perfection of style. With O. Henry, style and matter are inseparably interwoven. The manner is exactly adapted to the particular kind of story he is telling. Whether it is an episode in the day of a *Chevalier d'Industrie*, or merely the narrative of a new dress that a poor shopgirl has pinched and scraped to buy with her meagre salary; or a pathetic little love story like "The Skylight Room"—there is nothing otiose, nothing out of the picture. His stories are the fruit of close study of life. He has no cut and dried formula. Man is not always selfish, nor woman always false. He makes no new discoveries of old truths. The eternal verities are unchangeable.

After all, there are really no new stories. All that a writer can do is to tell the old stories in a new way if he has the genius; and that O. Henry had genius, no discriminating critic can deny. His stories may be grouped, in the language of the theatre, into tragedy, comedy, farce and burlesque. Life, as Horace Walpole said, is often a tragedy for those who feel, and a comedy for those who think. Sometimes, indeed, it seems to be a jest, as the poet, Gay, professed to have found it. Puck and his frolic elves still wanton merrily, and the game of cross purposes has always new players. Mariana still waits in the moated grange, and untold love pales the ruddy cheek.

It is not to be supposed or expected that all of the two hundred or more stories that O. Henry wrote are of unvarying

excellence. Very many are unworthy of his reputation; and only a complete collection justifies their preservation.

Measured by the span of years, O. Henry's life was a short one. But, as Sir Walter Scott so eloquently says:

One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

William Sydney Porter, to give him his real name, was born in Greensborough, North Carolina, in 1862, and he died in New York in June, 1911. Between these dates, he was successively a druggist's assistant, a rancher in Texas, a bank clerk, an editor and a cartoonist. If he did not amass wealth, he acquired a fund of experience; and he achieved that freedom from restraint which either makes a man a vagrant or gives him poise and *savoir-faire*. As soon as he began to write stories he discovered his true *métier*. He had the "story sense" and the trick of telling them well. Besides a marvelous fecundity of invention, seemingly inexhaustible, he had the art of leading up to a wholly unexpected *dénouement* which even the blasé reader hardly could anticipate. This is most strikingly manifested in the tragic story, "The Furnished Room," which has an inevitability and fatefulness that mark it as a masterpiece. Its motto might have been "*Magna civitas, magna solitudo*," for none knew better than O. Henry its desperate truth. This story of a young man, who searches vainly and long for the girl he believes lost in New York, and who meets his death in the same room in which she met hers a week previous, and by the same means, impresses itself ineffaceably on the reader's mind. The note of impending doom echoes through it from the beginning. The cumulative effect of each minute detail, from the renting of the room to the tragic climax, is to picture a scene and a situation of utter hopelessness and despair.

In a wholly different vein, humorously tragic, if the collocation may be allowed, is "The Gift of the Magi," a story of a young wife and a young husband who parted with their greatest treasure to give each other a joyful surprise at Christmas, and found their gifts rendered useless by the very sacrifice that procured them.

"A Service of Love," while idealizing mutual affection

and self-sacrifice, shows how two young aspirants to Art were brought to earth, and found their fate there.

Several phases of New York life are epitomized with amazing vividness and acumen in "Dougherty's Eye-Opener," which, had it not been so aptly named, might have called a lesson to husbands.

Without attempting to traverse the entire field of O. Henry's achievement, it may be remarked that the sly humor and delightful comedy of the stories named, pervade many others, such as "The Third Ingredient," "Confessions of a Humorist," "The Song and the Sergeant," "Transients in Arcadia" and "Lost on Dress Parade." But, perhaps, his artistry is nowhere better shown than in "A Retrieved Redemption," which is worthy of the art of Guy de Maupassant. In technique, it is almost perfect. There is hardly a superfluous word. It develops naturally to an unexpected climax. Nowhere does the author obtrude himself. It shows the ultimate triumph of good in a man when he is responsive to the prompting of his better nature. Stories such as these prove O. Henry a master of his craft. They show him at the apex of his achievement. In them he is the equal of the greatest—*primus inter pares*.

Like a true artist, O. Henry respects the intelligence of his readers. He postulates their imagination. There is much more in his stories than appears on the printed page. For instance, "Hearts and Hands," one of the shortest among them, reveals between the lines, with consummate skill, the social tragedy of a young man's blighted career and a woman's unspoken love. He can arrange as pretty a complication, and untangle it as deftly as Dumas, *père*, or the author of "Sherlock Holmes." His wit, humor and drollery were irrepressible. To the rogue's gallery in fiction, he has added a few delectable characters, whose adventures in getting possession of other people's money make delightfully amusing reading. Montague Tigg might not have disdained acquaintance with such resourceful rascals as Andy Tucker and Jeff Peters. His stories, depicting consular and other phases of life in South American Republics, if not absolutely veracious, have, at least, verisimilitude; the languorous and lotos-eating existence south of the equator, as he describes it, has the seductive charm of reality.

Comparisons of O. Henry with Guy de Maupassant are not always to the advantage of the author of "*Boule de Sœuf*," and "*Mademoiselle Fifi*." O. Henry made no effort to acquire the Martian point of view—the detachment of de Maupassant. His wise sympathy and kindly tolerance for weak human nature forbade.

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman,

sings Robert Burns; and, like the wayward Scot, O. Henry was slow to condemn; for

To step aside is human.

O. Henry was keenly observant of sociological conditions, and the inequalities of fortune which give to misused wealth a maleficent power. In stories like "*Elsie in New York*," "*An Unfinished Story*" and "*The Trimmed Lamp*," we glimpse the perils that beset the lone dweller in a great city: the struggles for rectitude that so often seem predestined to defeat: the quicksands that abound on every side, engulfing the unwary. But our author was no propagandist. He was not obsessed with any notion that he had a mission or a message. He was a man of letters, who found in fiction his fitting form of expression. As his day's work, he wrote his story, sometimes humorous, sometimes tragic, often seemingly a page torn from life; but always clean and void of offence. While so many writers of fiction misuse their talents, debase the currency and poison the wells, it is O. Henry's distinction that, for all his marvelous fecundity and variety, his work is wholly free from any trace of vitiosity.

THE INCIDENT OF SALOME AND HER SONS.¹

BY J. SIMON, O.S.M.



MATTHEW'S version of this incident is that of an eyewitness. This Evangelist, writing for the Palestinian Jews, brings in Salome, known by his countrymen to be a near relative of Christ. He does not mention the names of the two disciples, Salome's children, as they were familiar to the Jews as the "Sons of Zebedee." He repeats the very words of the conversation between Christ, Salome and her children, employing the apocalyptic, "Thy kingdom," instead of Mark's more Hellenistic, "Thy glory."

Mark, according to his custom, relates summarily the account he had heard probably from St. Peter. Salome, as having no special interest for his Roman readers, and perhaps also to avoid drawing attention to the human relationships of the Incarnate Word, is not mentioned: her words are laid in the mouth of her sons, from whose ambition they had originated. This may be concluded from the plural of Matthew xx. 22: "*Nescitis quid petatis.*" Mark, moreover, supplies the opening sentence of Salome's petition, indicated by Matthew's, "asking something of Him." Though, in plural form, its characteristically feminine whimsicality is unmistakable: "Rabbi, I want you to do for me whatever I am going to ask for."²

James and John had never forgotten the ravishing glories of Christ's Transfiguration which, with Peter, they had been privileged to witness about a year previously. They had noted then that the Transfiguration had directly followed upon and been connected with Christ's prediction of His Passion, and this, in turn, they had been taught to consider as the necessary preliminary to His glorification. Hence, when Christ once again, with even greater clearness of detail, spoke to His Apostles of His proximate Passion,³ before the eyes of the brothers, James and John, rose up the vision of the Transfiguration. And what then had been but a transitory glimpse,

¹ A Commentary on Matthew xx. 20-23; Mark x. 35-40.

² Mark x. 35.

³ Mark x. 33, 34; Matthew xx. 18, 19.

though ravishing even unto ecstasy, they concluded would now soon become a permanent reality in which all Christ's disciples should share. Did they, perhaps, even emulate the positions of Moses and Elias?

Moreover, the sons of Zebedee had not forgotten Christ's words to Peter when that Apostle had asked what the disciples' reward for following the Messiah would be: "To you I say indeed; that you who have followed me, when the time of the re-creation of the world comes (ἐν τῇ παλιγγενεσίᾳ) and the Son of Man shall sit upon the throne of His glory, you too shall sit upon twelve thrones, to judge the Twelve Tribes of Israel."⁴ It would seem that even now, in this last year of their following of Christ, the disciples' comprehension of the Messias' mission and function was still at times clouded by foolish apocalyptic Jewish preconceptions. Their principles were still too often "of the earth, earthy" carnal, "according to the will of the flesh,"⁵ "of blood"—that is, they made much of blood-relationship to the Messias, as was the mind of the Jews: "We are the seed of Abraham."⁶

Basing themselves upon such considerations, James and John had apparently some justification for their petition to occupy posts of honor in the Jewishly conceived Messianic Kingdom. For, it is probable that by their mother, Salome, through St. Ann, they were the only disciples related to Christ. Besides that, they together with Peter had been selected as witnesses to the raising from the dead of the little daughter of Jāirus,⁷ and also had been present at the Transfiguration. These same two Apostles previously had manifested fiery zeal in the service of their Master by willing to call down fire from heaven upon certain inhospitable Samaritans.⁸ Them also Christ Himself had distinctively named "Sons of Thunder," *i. e.*, The Thunderers, probably for the brilliancy and power of their preaching. Then also John, possibly the youngest of the Apostles, had always been treated with special affection by Christ; he was indeed the favorite of the Master, "the disciple . . . whom Jesus loved."⁹

But James and John were not going to base their petition for primacy upon their own personal standing alone. They had not forgotten the exemplary rebuke administered when

⁴ Matthew xix. 28.

⁵ John i. 13.

⁶ John viii. 33; Matthew iii. 9; Luke v. 8.

⁷ Mark v. 37.

⁸ Luke ix. 54.

⁹ John xix. 26; xxi. 7.

once before Christ had been directly appealed to in a contention for the honors of His Kingdom.¹⁰ Hence astutely, as became the sons of Zebedee, they would employ as mediator a person to whom Christ was deeply obligated in temporal matters, and who was at the same time their own mother, namely, Salome. In the Gospels she is ever given a prominent place among the benefactresses of Christ and His Apostles, to whom she ministered of her substance.¹¹ This lady, who had given her two sons to Our Lord, because of her husband's comparatively well-to-do position (he hired men in his fishing business) could afford, with other women of means, to follow Christ in His missionary travels, and to contribute toward His living. Salome, the mother, then, was made a party to the ambitious schemes of James the Elder and John the Favorite,

MATTHEW XX. 20-23.

20. Then came to Him the mother of the sons of Zebedee with her sons, adoring and asking something of Him.

21. Who said to her: What wilt thou? She said to Him: Say that these my two sons may sit, the one on Thy right hand, and the other on Thy left, in Thy kingdom.

22. And Jesus answering said: You know not what you ask. Can you drink the chalice that I shall drink? They say to Him: We can.

23. He saith to them: My chalice indeed you shall drink; but to sit on My right or left hand is not Mine to give to you, but to them for whom it is prepared by My Father.

MARK X. 35-40.

35. And James and John, the sons of Zebedee, come to Him, saying: Master, we desire that whatsoever we shall ask, Thou wouldst do it for us:

36. But He said to them: What would you that I should do for you?

37. And they said: Grant to us, that we may sit, one on Thy right hand, and the other on Thy left hand, in Thy glory.

38. And Jesus said to them: You know not what you ask. Can you drink of the chalice that I drink of: or be baptized with the baptism wherewith I am baptized?

39. But they said to Him: We can. And Jesus saith to them: You shall indeed drink of the chalice that I drink of: and with the baptism wherewith I am baptized, you shall be baptized.

40. But to sit on My right hand, or on My left, is not Mine to give to you, but to them for whom it is prepared.

Christ's little party was approaching Jericho on the last

¹⁰ Matthew xviii. 1; Mark ix. 33; Luke ix. 46.

¹¹ Luke viii. 3.

annual trip to Jerusalem for the celebration of the Pasch. An air of gloomy foreboding hung over the devoted men and women following the Master Who, according to His habit, walked somewhat ahead in solitary communion with His Father.¹² The Saviour halts upon the way,¹³ calls the Twelve about Him, and with greater detail than upon the two previous occasions announces to them His proximate Passion: "Lo, we are going up to Jerusalem, and all things which have been written through the Prophets concerning the Son of Man, shall be fulfilled. He shall be betrayed to the chiefs of the hierarchy, and to the Scribes, and they shall have Him sentenced to death. And they shall hand Him over to the Gentiles, by whom He shall be mocked and scourged and spit upon and crucified and put to death—but on the third day thereafter He shall rise again."¹⁴

Then the Master walked on ahead once more in solitary contemplation of the horrors awaiting Him, whilst the Apostles dropped back a respectful distance to discuss among themselves this doleful prophecy and to communicate it to the others of the party. There was much shaking of heads and wagging of beards, but all to no purpose. They believed, indeed, what the Master had told them, but could see no reason therefor: the Passion pages of the Prophets were sealed to their understanding until after the Resurrection.¹⁵ "And they grasped none of these things, and this matter remained obscure to them, and they did not understand the things said."¹⁶

As for the two Sons of Thunder, though their understanding of the Passion-phase in the economy of the Messianic Kingdom was probably no less defective than that of the others of Christ's followers, nevertheless, their nimbler wit seized upon the outstanding fact of some imminent change—and of the Resurrection. Moreover, from their previous experience, Passion prophecy on the part of the Master was intimately associated with Transfiguration glory. Now, therefore (τὸτε), to their minds it appeared high time to make secure the fulfillment of their ambitious desires. They consult with their pious mother. Thereupon Salome, accompanied by her two stalwart sons, leaves the rest of the disciples and hastens

¹² Luke ix. 55; x. 23; Matthew ix. 22.

¹⁴ Matthew xx. 18, 19; Mark x. 33, 34; Luke xviii. 31-33.

¹⁵ Luke xxiv. 25-27.

¹³ Matthew xx. 17—Greek.

¹⁶ Luke xviii. 34.

forward toward the Master still walking alone ahead. He stops on noticing her approach. She falls to her knees, whilst her sons stand shamefacedly by. Then she opens their plea in wily feminine form:

"Master, I desire that Thou wouldst grant what I am about to ask of Thee!"¹⁷

How great the simplicity of heart of this fond mother striving to assure a signal favor to her sons! What familiar confidence toward Christ, to attempt to catch Him in her artless, feminine trap of a blind blanket promise!

The Master looks upon her kneeling before Him, but does not, perhaps, glance at her sons. He asks her gravely and kindly:

"What dost thou desire?"¹⁸

Christ would not scold His favorite warm-hearted followers, much less cause the least grief to their good mother. Salome bursts forth with her plea:

"Promise that these two sons of mine be enthroned, the one on Thy right hand, the other on Thy left, in the coming Kingdom of Thy glory!"¹⁹

Then the Master's glance passes to His two brave Thunderers, standing timorously by whilst their mother pleads their ambitious desire. But Christ's face is not stern; its gravity is even illumined by a quiet smile, as He addresses the two youthful Apostles, letting them know by the plural of His language that He was quite aware of their so carefully arranged scheme:

"You do not understand what you are requesting." But He will likewise take advantage of the occasion to put their enthusiasm for Himself to the test and to draw from them a meritorious pledge of their faithfulness. Therefore, He continues:

"Can you drink the bitter chalice of humiliation which I am about to drink, or be baptized with the fiery ordeal of suffering wherein I am about to be plunged?"

The Thunderers' enthusiastic loyalty to their beloved Master flashes forth in one quick word:

"We can!"

The eyes of the Master light up in pleased appreciation of their faithfulness, even though He knows that its source is as

¹⁷ Mark x. 35c.

¹⁸ Matthew xx. 21a.

¹⁹ Mark x. 37; Matthew xx. 21.

yet, for the most part, but blind personal enthusiasm. There remains much still to be purified and perfected by the Holy Spirit, Who "will teach them all things." But Christ's vision also looks ahead far into future years, and there beholds the generous carrying out of the challenge, so bravely accepted, on the road to Jericho. He sees James slain as the first martyr of the apostolic band by the sword of Herod Agrippa I.;²⁰ He sees John apprehended at Rome, cast into the cauldron of boiling oil and, miraculously saved, laboring as an exile in the mines of the isle of Patmos. With this vision before Him, the Master could indeed prophetically announce:

"The chalice which I shall drink, you indeed also shall drink, and with the baptism wherewith I am to be baptized you also shall be baptized."²¹

But, though the unhesitating acceptance of Christ's challenge to suffering with Himself deserved His appreciation, the spirit and the principles which had actuated the sons of Zebedee in precipitating this scene was none the less worthy of censure—or rather, it demanded an exposition of the correct principle of God's distribution of supernatural rewards. Therefore, the Master went on:

"But the honor of sitting on My right hand or on My left it is not for Me to give except unto those for whom this has been prepared by My Father."²² The meaning of the last clause might more definitely, though less literally, be expressed: ". . . except unto those whom My Father has prepared for this."

Our Lord informs James and John that He as Man has to act within the scope of His own providential decrees as God. It is a basic axiom of theology that all the divine *opera ad extra* are wrought by the three Persons of the Trinity acting together, or, perhaps better stated, they are wrought through the one divine Nature. Nevertheless, by certain analogies of fitness, divers external operations are specially ascribed to certain of the divine Persons: thus creation, providence, predestination are more particularly referred to the Father, as redemption is to the Son and sanctification or perfection to the Holy Ghost. In this sense, likewise, the Son cannot assign heavenly honors except as their recipients have already been designated by the Father's predestination. From the

²⁰ Acts xii. 2.

²¹ Mark x. 39c.

²² Matthew xx. 23c; Mark x. 40.

closing texts of this incident the difficulty has been raised that Christ seems to deny having power to confer the dignities of His glorious reign upon whomsoever He pleased. A contrast seems to be drawn between the power of the Father and that of the Son, apparently in favor of the former.

This apparent contrast between the dispositive powers of the Father and the Son seems to be indicated by the Vulgate reading "*vobis*," but quite disappears when the Greek text is considered, where the best MSS. and many of the Fathers omit "to you." But the Vulgate "*vobis*" serves to draw attention to the real contrast which is implicitly drawn between the sons of Zebedee, straightforwardly petitioning for certain Messianic honors without even a suggestion of qualification therefor, and the destinatories of heavenly dignities receiving them through predestination, which is ever "*in prævisis meritis*."

For the "preparation" of honors in heaven, so frequently mentioned in Scripture, is surely to be taken with St. Augustine rather in the sense that Christ "*parat . . . modo mansiones, mansionibus præparando mansores*." ²³ The free predestinational decreeing of certain supernal honors for any individual includes at the same time the decree of their being correspondingly merited by that individual, just as it includes the giving of the necessary graces by God. From man's standpoint, then, an individual's degree of honor in heaven is not derived from the *Willkür*, arbitrary decision, of God, but inextricably bound up with his own merits. And merit consists not in mere empty desire, but in good works according to capacity. For "not every one that saith to me: 'Lord! Lord!' shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, but he that doth the will of My Father;" ²⁴ and only "he that shall conquer, shall thus be clothed in white garments," ²⁵ and "he that shall conquer, I will make him a pillar in the temple of My God," ²⁶ and again only "to him that shall conquer I will give to sit with Me on My throne, as I also have overcome, and am set down with My Father on His throne." ²⁷ When penning those lines, a generation later, did the Seer of Patmos recall that incident of his youth and express the basic lesson it had inculcated?

²³ Tract. 68 in Ioan.

²⁴ Matthew vii. 21.

²⁵ Apocalypse iii. 5.

²⁶ *Ibid.* iii. 12.

²⁷ *Ibid.* iii. 21.

In the Gospel incident Christ ascribes the conferring of supernal honors to His Father, by predestination inclusive of merits to be earned; in the Apocalypse He vindicates the conferring of these same honors as His own proper function as judge of the merits acquired in life's battle, according as He had said in His lifetime: "Neither doth the Father judge any man, but hath given all judgment to the Son."²⁸

²⁸ John v. 22.

LE MOMENT INFINI.

BY ARMEL O'CONNOR.

WHITE swans were sailing down the stream
Slowly. Deep silence was preferred
By all things here; and in this dream,
Music was realized unheard.

Music was made of open skies,
Of russet hedges, mellow fields,
And those untroubled memories
The unsuspected moment yields.

Through autumn colors, immanent
The couchant sun was, golden-hued.
Over the water, great trees bent
Blessing the perfect solitude.

The Lord was holding up His earth,
Loving, watching immortally
Death, transmutations, life at birth—
River and trees, white swans and me.

AMERICAN RECOGNITION OF ALBANIA AND THE BALTIC STATES.

BY HERBERT F. WRIGHT, PH.D.



THE World War brought into being many new States, but the road which a new State must travel before it is welcomed into the family of nations is not always an easy one, in fact, it is frequently fraught with many difficulties and delays. It took Portugal nearly thirty years to secure the recognition of her neighbor, Spain, from whom she had been separated since 1640. And to come nearer home, it was only in 1782 that Great Britain recognized our own United States.

The United States, however, is ever in the van in the recognition of the aspirations of other peoples for sovereign and independent existence. The case of Hungary in the late forties is an instance in point. In March, 1850, President Taylor in a special message declared:

My purpose . . . was to have acknowledged the independence of Hungary had she succeeded in establishing a government *de facto* on a basis sufficiently permanent in its character to have justified me in doing so, according to the usages and settled principles of this Government; and although she is now fallen, and many of her gallant patriots are in exile or in chains, I am free still to declare that had she been successful in the maintenance of such a government as we could have recognized, we should have been the first to welcome her into the family of nations.

Consequently, the student of diplomatic affairs was not much surprised by the announcement in the morning papers of July 28th of this year that the Department of State, in two separate statements, had recognized the Governments of Albania, on the one hand, and of Esthonia, Latvia and Lithuania on the other. Finland and all the so-called "Succession States"—the States which succeeded to the German Empire and the Austro-Hungarian Dual Monarchy—had already been recognized, and there remained but the logical step of according the other Baltic States and Albania a similar favor.

The importance of recognition by a foreign State is not to be lightly considered. As Secretary of State Seward wrote to the United States Minister to England in April, 1861: "To recognize the independence of a new State, and so favor, possibly determine, its admission into the family of nations, is the highest possible exercise of sovereign power, because it affects in any case the welfare of two nations, and often the peace of the world." But in just what does recognition consist? Alphonse Rivier, in his *Principes du Droit des Gens*, makes the statement that recognition is the assurance given to a new State that it will be permitted to hold its place and rank, in the character of an independent political organization, in the society of nations. Of course, the rights and attributions of sovereignty belong to the State independently of all recognition, but it is only after it has been recognized that it is assured of exercising them. And since regular political relations exist only between States that reciprocally recognize them, recognition is useful and even necessary to the new State.

In the present instance, the recognition of the Department of State was announced, in the case of Albania, by the following statement:

The Government of Albania has been recognized by the principal Governments of Europe, including its immediate neighbors, and in extending recognition on its part, the Government of the United States takes cognizance of the successful maintenance of a national Albanian Government.

The same statement contained the announcement that "Mr. Maxwell Blake will continue to act as Commissioner of the United States in Albania, with the rank of Minister."

It may be remarked, however, that perhaps the World War is not to be credited with the creation of this State, because the independence of Albania, a former province of Turkey, was proclaimed at Avlona, on November 28, 1912, and a provisional government was then formed under the leadership of Ismail Kemal Bey. On December 20, 1912, the London Conference of Ambassadors agreed that there should be an autonomous Albania, and later approximately defined the frontiers of the new country on the Adriatic Coast. This Conference also appointed Prince William of Wied as sov-

ereign (*m'pret*), to be supported and advised by an International Commission of Control of six members. Prince William, having accepted the crown of the new country from an Albanian delegation, which offered it to him at Neuwied, February 21, 1914, six months before the beginning of the World War, arrived at Durazzo on March 7th of the same year, but after the outbreak of the War fled from the country with most of the members of the Commission.

An attempt made by Essad Pasha to set up a military form of government failed (October 5, 1914), and Albania fell into a state of anarchy. In 1915 and 1916 the Austrians overran Albania, and it was only on June 3, 1917, that the Italian general in charge proclaimed Albania an independent country, and a provisional government was set up. On December 17, 1920, Albania was admitted to membership in the League of Nations, and at the present time is ruled by a Council of Regents, composed of a representative of each of the religious bodies in the country (Bektashi Moslem, Sunni Moslem, Catholic, Orthodox Greek), together with a Diet, although it has been reported that the Albanians desire an American as their sovereign.

Durazzo is the provisional capital and Scutari the principal town. The predominant religion is Mohammedanism, about one-third of the population being divided between the Catholic and the Orthodox Greek Churches. There are few schools, no railways, no roads, no banks and no currency. The country is generally rugged, wild and mountainous, and, for the most part, uncultivated. So much for Albania.

In recognizing the three Baltic States of Esthonia, Latvia and Lithuania, the Department of State issued the following statement:

The Governments of Esthonia, Latvia and Lithuania have been recognized either *de jure* or *de facto* by the principal Governments of Europe and have entered into treaty relations with their neighbors.

In extending to them recognition on its part, the Government of the United States takes cognizance of the actual existence of these Governments during a considerable period of time and of the successful maintenance within their borders of political and economic stability.

The United States has consistently maintained that the

disturbed condition of Russian affairs may not be made the occasion for the alienation of Russian territory, and this principle is not deemed to be infringed by the recognition at this time of the Governments of Esthonia, Latvia and Lithuania, which have been set up and maintained by an indigenous population.

Accompanying this statement was the announcement that "Mr. Evan E. Young will continue to act as Commissioner of the United States in these countries, with the rank of Minister."

A few remarks, therefore, about these infant States may be in order. After the Bolshevik *coup d'état* in Russia, Esthonia, which comprises the former Russian Government of Estland, the northern part of Livland, the northwestern portion of the Pskoff Government, and the Islands Saaremaa (Oesel), Hiiumaa (Dago), and Mahumaa in the Baltic Sea, on February 24, 1918, declared her independence, and in the same year, in rapid succession, was accorded recognition as a *de facto* independent State by Great Britain, France and Italy. The following year *de facto* recognition was granted by Japan, Sweden and Poland, and in 1920 *de jure* by Russia and Finland. It was not long, therefore, before the Supreme Council of the League of Nations followed suit (January 26, 1921).

For a time, pending the elaboration of a permanent Constitution, Esthonia was governed according to a Provisional Constitution adopted by the Constituent Assembly on June 4, 1919. But on June 15, 1920, a permanent Constitution was adopted, which has been in force since December 20, 1920. By the terms of this document, the sovereign power is assured to the people by means of the elections to the Legislative Assembly, the referendum and the initiative, while the executive power is exercised by the State Head and the ministers.

The area of Esthonia is about 23,000 square miles. Its eastern and southern boundaries have been settled by treaties with Russia and Latvia, respectively. The population is approximately 1,750,000, predominantly Lutheran, although there is no State religion. Its capital is Reval, at the mouth of the Gulf of Finland, and one of its chief cities is Dorpat, the seat of the University. Primary education is compulsory and free, while there are the usual secondary and technical schools. The chief industry is agriculture.

Just south of Esthonia, as one descends the Baltic littoral, is Latvia, consisting of three districts, known at various times under the names of Livonia, Latgale and Courland, respectively. The inhabitants are called Letts, and the country has recently considered the advisability of changing its name to Lettonia. Lettish public opinion in favor of the separate existence of Latvia was expressed as early as 1917, and was officially announced in the Russian Constituent Assembly in the following January. A provisional government was formed, and the independence of Latvia was proclaimed on November 18, 1918. Recognition by many of the Powers was not slow in following, and admission to membership in the League of Nations was granted on September 22, 1921. The Constitution, adopted in the following month, provides for a republic, with a president and a unicameral legislative body.

The area of Latvia comprises about 25,000 square miles, with a population of approximately 1,500,000, about fifty-eight per cent. Protestant, with the rest distributed among the Catholics, the Orthodox Greeks and the Jews (the latter, about five per cent.). Riga, the capital, is situated on the Gulf of Riga, and is the seat of the Riga Polytechnic, recently raised to the status of a University, where the University of Dorpat, which had formerly served all of the Baltic provinces of Russia, became an Esthonian institution. Among its chief cities are Libau, on the coast, and Dvinsk, in the interior. The up-to-dateness of this little Republic is shown by the fact that the metric system has been established there by law.

Next along the Baltic Coast comes Lithuania, a country still comparatively little known, despite its preservation of its ethnical unity and unique language, which is neither Slav nor Teutonic. For a long time, the history of Lithuania is linked with that of its neighbor, Poland, and, like the latter, it fell under a foreign foe, Russia. In 1917 a Lithuanian Conference of two hundred representatives at Vilna elected a Lithuanian State Council and demanded the complete independence of Lithuania, which was proclaimed on February 16, 1918. Recognition was subsequently accorded by many of the Powers, including Soviet Russia, and on September 21, 1921, admission to membership in the League of Nations was granted.

A provisional constitution was adopted on June 2, 1920,

providing for a democratic republic with a president as executive head, and a permanent constitution is about to undergo its third reading. The area of Lithuania, according to the claim of the Lithuanian Government, is about 60,000 square miles, embracing the whole of the former Russian Province of Kovno, most of the Province of Vilna and a part of the Provinces of Grodno, Suvalki and Courland. The boundaries on the north and east are regulated by treaties with Latvia and Russia respectively, while the southern boundaries are still in dispute with Poland. The inhabitants number about 4,800,000, seventy-five per cent. being Catholics. The capital is Vilna, and among the chief towns are Grodno, Kovno and Memel. There are the usual primary and secondary schools, while early this year the University of Kovno was opened. Like its two Baltic sisters, it is preponderantly an agricultural country.

No statement concerning the Baltic countries would be quite complete without some mention of the northernmost one, Finland. This country was disjoined from Sweden and united to the Russian Empire in 1809. It continued under Russian control as an autonomous grand duchy, with some constitutional reforms, until the dissolution of the Russian Empire during the World War. On December 6, 1917, the Lantdag, a unicameral legislative body, unanimously proclaimed Finland an independent and sovereign State, and recognition as such by many of the Powers was not slow in following, not the last of which was the United States, which has exchanged diplomatic representatives with Finland for some time. Shortly after the Armistice, the Constitutional Committee completed its labors, and a permanent constitution was ratified on June 21, 1919. A feature of this document is the provision for two national languages, Finnish and Swedish, which is worked out to such an extent that conscripts, as far as possible and unless they desire otherwise, are to be assigned to troops speaking their language, although Finnish is the language of command.

The area of this Republic is approximately 150,000 square miles and the population is estimated at about 3,500,000, of which the vast majority are Lutherans. There is an established church, but freedom of conscience is guaranteed. There are two universities, one Finnish, at the capital, Hel-

singfors (Helsinki), and one Swedish, at Turku. The educational system seems to be very highly developed. Agriculture forms the chief occupation, although there are over 4,000 factories. The system of internal communication is remarkable, consisting in lakes (joined by canals), roads, railways, post-offices, telegraph and telephone—almost all State owned.

The apparent slowness of the United States in recognizing all of the Baltic States (except Finland) is perhaps due to their early leaning toward Sovietism, but their steadfastness in democratic ideals in the face of Russian inducements has finally been rewarded, so that, with Poland and Czechoslovakia (which have already been discussed in the pages of THE CATHOLIC WORLD), they form an unbroken bar against the entrance of Sovietism into the rest of Europe.

POTTERY.

BY ETHEL KING.

"No other arts with potter's art compare,
We make our pots of what we potters are."

—*Inscription on an Old Jug.*

WELL, jug, then so you and I they say
Are fashioned out of the self-same clay.
The potter has shaped you true and fine.
The Master wrought me in a mold divine.

But break we must both at last some day,
And come once more to be common clay.
The potter must needs be skillful then,
To build from your ashes as well again.

The Master *my* shattered bits can take,
And out of *my* dust a wonder make.
For such is the grandeur of *His* art,
His touch can make me of Heaven a part.

THE IRISH IN IPSWICH (1630-1700).

BY GEORGE F. O'DWYER.



LONG the Massachusetts coast in the latter part of the seventeenth century were scattered probably twelve settlements, inhabited mostly by English, Irish and Scotch (many of the Irish under the disguise of English names), and comprising about 20,000 men, women and children, not including Indians. North from Boston, and some distance to the South, stretched the Puritan or Congregational church settlements; south from the limit of the Massachusetts Bay Colony stretched the Plymouth Colony with its exclusive settlement of Pilgrims. Beyond this still lay the Roger Williams settlement in Rhode Island.

The majority of these people emigrated mainly to get away from the hated oath of allegiance to the English Church; their main desire was to go to a country where they would have freedom of speech and a chance to practise their own ideas of religion. But on arrival here, the very principles of intolerance from which they fled, were put into effect by the elders and officers of the congregations. After subjugating the various hordes of Indians, killing a certain number of wild animals and taming the forces of nature to suit the purposes of the settlements, they proceeded to subjugate anyone who professed to follow a different religious belief than their own. Various little bands of well-meaning Quakers, Episcopalians, Catholics and others were forced to join the Congregational church or leave. In 1651 this church amalgamated with the government. An oath of allegiance to this government and the forces of the church, forswearing all previous religious ties and habits, was necessary to become a freeman or citizen of the settlements. Palfrey's *History of New England* states:

Persons were received into the several churches in the Massachusetts Bay Colony by the consent of the officers and the members, on a relation of their previous religious experience or other satisfactory evidence of their Christian character. They were then admitted to the Lord's Supper and their children to baptism. Thus, it belonged to the several churches to confer the franchises of the State, for no person could be a freeman without being a church member. In point of fact, it would very rarely happen that a communicant in a church would fail to be a freeman of the company.

On the records of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, bearing the date, the seventh of March, 1643, is this statement:

It is ordered that the lands and the estates of all men, wherever they dwell, are lyable to be rated [taxed] for all town charges where the lands and the estates lye; their persons to be rated *to church and commonwealth* in the places where they dwell; but, in case they remove out of jurisdiction, then their estates to be rated to all charges.

At the session of the Massachusetts Legislature, on the tenth of May, the same year:

It is ordered; concerning members that refuse to take their freedom; the churches shall be writ unto, to deale w'th them.

Accordingly, the Irish men and women who were deported to the settlements of the Massachusetts Bay Colony in the latter part of the seventeenth century by order of Cromwell and his co-conspirators, were admitted as freemen or owners only in recognition of the above conditions—a complete subservience to the established church. Now the majority of these first Irish emigrants were experienced husbandmen, weavers and fishermen. They arrived in the Colonies at a time when labor was scarce, and workmen in the above trades were generally received with open arms. As the first manufactures and commerce of the Massachusetts and Ipswich Colonies were centred in Boston and Ipswich, both places appealed immediately to hundreds of the above deported emigrants, and, hence, we find that in the latter part of the seven-

teenth century there was a distinctive proportion of Irish names among the freemen and owners of the towns named. In Ipswich and around the shores of Cape Ann, there were more names on the vital records than any town north of Boston. It is very probable that the officers and the members of the church there were less intolerant and had more sympathy for the oppressed Irish exiles. Whether this was because of the material aid given by these exiles to the towns, or whether their well-springs of kindness were opened, is a matter of conjecture. At any rate, as the years went by, and the settlements along the North shore grew into dignified towns and cities, it was easily evident that this confidence was not misplaced. But, as a sort of compensation for living in the settlements, the early Irish settlers were also asked to join the Congregational church in the towns—there was no other to go to! Accordingly, we find that a certain proportion of the Irish exiles were enrolled on the church books. In pledging this allegiance, they practically foreswore their religious birthright, whether they were Protestants or Catholics. This strict intolerance in church allegiance seems to have been ingrained into the very consciousness of the Puritan forefathers. Every officer of the established church constituted himself a court of last resort in religious matters, and appointed himself a sort of keeper of his brother's conscience. Ipswich had its quota of these "scriptural theorists," as an impartial writer has stated.

The result was that the early Irish men and women who drifted into the settlements by boat or by land, were forced either to absolutely conform to the established church or to get out into the wildernesses beyond the Colony.

When the younger John Winthrop was casting about to induce desirable people to start his settlement at Ipswich, he thought of his friends in Ireland and England, and even went to Scotland for likely farmers and tradesmen and—above all—pliable young people and children. The methods of seducing these young people from their parents and relatives, and the men whom Winthrop employed in his recruiting enterprises, makes interesting reading for the student of history at this momentous period. The main reason given to the parents, guardians and relatives of these young people was the vital necessity of propagating the infant Colony for

the cause of God and Congregationalism. In his recruiting travels through Ireland—and Winthrop and his agents had a warm spot in their hearts for the people of that country—the younger Winthrop ran across his old friend, Sir John Clotworthy, one of the most wily, astute religious politicians of that degenerate period. As evidence of what was running in the mind of that Scotchman, we give the following reprint of a letter written June 5, 1634, to John Winthrop, Jr., regarding the transport of young Irish children to the Ipswich and Massachusetts Bay Colonies. The letter was dated Antrim. Evidently Clotworthy had been working up interest in Winthrop's Ipswich Colony in Antrim and the northern towns of Ireland. Clotworthy wrote to Winthrop:

Whatt course yu & y'r freinds together can ppose [propose] for ye transmission of younge children vppon tearmes of aprentishipp on ye conditions I haue spoken to y'r selfe off. Or any other way as y'r Lo: [Lordship] shall dyrect.

Further, Mr. Francis Allin, jeweller, who dwells against St. Dunstan's church or Mr. Emmett, who dwells in Lumberte Streete will geiue ye notice of some Irish merchants yt [that] may be bound for Dublin by these be pleased to dyrect y'r l'rs [letters] &c to Mr. Lake, merchant, in Dublin, in ye Castle Streete.

JOHN CLOTWORTHY.

One notes that Clotworthy states in his letter, "younge children." The wily Puritan pioneers inaugurated their proselyting campaigns well. And, as history indicates, the Clotworthy-Winthrop combination, assisted by exhorters, who were well compensated later, were successful in inveigling hundreds of young people at impressionable ages. Thus new blood was added from time to time during the early years of the Ipswich and Massachusetts Bay settlements. And the discerning student can see why the Celtic influence tended to vitalize and stabilize the coast towns of the infant Colony.

From time to time, at this period of the infant Ipswich Colony, meetings, at which Clotworthy was the principal exhorter and promoter, were held in Antrim and the towns surrounding. As a result, when John Winthrop, Jr., the original promoter of the Ipswich settlements, reached Antrim, in the course of a recruiting campaign through Ireland in 1635,

he found the path pretty well cleared by his hustling agent, Clotworthy. It would be enlightening, and of more than ordinary interest, to know who were the persons that composed that gathering in Clotworthy's house in Antrim when Winthrop arrived. For their decisions and their actions must have had more than a passing influence on the migrations of the men, women and children three years later, when a little bark left the port of Carrickfergus in the north of Ireland for New England.

From the sailing of this little shipload in 1637 dates, it is safe to say, the continued influxes of Irish into the Ipswich and Massachusetts Bay Colonies. From 1640 onward, one reading the names on the vital records of the old Colony at the mouth of the Merrimac and around the shores of Cape Ann sees, on page after page, surnames of Celtic origin; one, looking over the land and court records, discerns the strong influence of the early Irish influxes into the settlement. And the same holds true of the Massachusetts Bay settlements. Indeed, of all the settlements of the Atlantic Coast. Thus the honest reader can note that the Irish race exerted, and has since exerted, more than a passing influence. Of the number of Irish in the towns along the North shore in the vicinity of Ipswich, Salisbury and Newbury, there is no certain authority. But, in an affidavit, made in 1654 by one Major Samuel Symonds of Ipswich, in a court case in Boston which concerned the buying of Philip Welch and William Downing, Irish servants from one George Dell, a shipmaster, Symonds made this statement, in the course of his testimony:

That there has come over many Irish before that tyme (1654) and the plaintiff p'ceived that some questions were stirring in ye Court whether it were not best to make some stop (in reference to people of that nation) [Ireland] which occasioned the plaintiff [Symonds] to make a p'viso for good assurance as it is, in the first part of ye said writing [the contract with Dell for bringing over Welch and Downing in his vessel].

In the appendix to Mr. Felt's *History of Ipswich* is the following account of the kidnapping of Downing and Welch in 1654, who were brought over in the ship *Goodfellow* [Dell's vessel]:

Among the crying wrongs to some of our race was that of stealing young people, transporting them to America, and selling them into servitude. Two of such sufferers were sold in 1654 to a respectable (?) gentleman of Ipswich (Symonds, mentioned above) for 9 years, for 26, in corn and cattle. They were represented to him as transported by the order of the State (of England). They were William Downing and Philip Welch. They, with others, living in Ireland, all of whom were forcibly taken from their beds at night by men dressed as English soldiers and compelled to go on board the vessel in which they came in. The persons who practised such a crime were called Spirits. A royal order of England was passed against them in 1682.

At the preliminary trial of Symonds before the Salem (Mass.) Quarterly Court on the twenty-sixth of June, 1661, John Ring, an Irish servant, employed by different persons in Ipswich and Salem at this period, testified as follows:

. . . That he, with divers others, were stolen in Ireland by some of the English soldiers out of their beds in the night and brought to Mr. Dell's ship when the boate lay ready to receive them; and in their way, as they went, some others they tooke with them against their consents and brought them aboard the said ship [the *Goodfellow*] where there were divers others of their countrymen, weeping and crying, because they were stolen away from theyr friends, they all declaring the same; and amongst the rest were these two men, Philip Welch and William Downing, and there they were kept, until upon a Lord's day, in the morning, the Master [Dell] set sayle and left some of his water and vessels behind—for haste, as I understood. (Sworn in Court, 26th of June, 1661.)

Here is another instance from the records of the Plymouth Colony Court:¹

10th June, 1661—Prence, Governor—Vpon the complaint of William Hiferney, Irish man, seruant to John Hollot of Scittuate, that hee is bounde to his said master the tearme of twelve years, haueing been stolen away out of his owne country and engageing to soe long a time when hee was unacquainted with the English tongue, the Court haueing heard what the said master and seruant could say in pmises

¹ Plymouth Colony Records.

haue pswaded the said John Holloet, and hee, by these psents, hath engaged to the Court that if his said seruant shall and doe perform vnto him faithful service and carrye himself as he ought to doe, that hee doth and will remit two years of his time and likewise, will perform the conditions of his indenture to and with his said seruant.

The "Spirits," mentioned above, did not confine their operations to Ireland, but even ravaged England and Scotland—anywhere that they get hold of stray children or adults who would listen to their persuasions. As an evidence of their work in London and vicinity there is an interesting memorial written by the Lord Mayor and the Court of Alderman of London in 1664, addressed to the Privy Council. It is as follows:

Certain persons, called "spirrits" do inveigle and by lewd subtelties entice away youths against the consent of their parents, friends or masters, whereby oftentimes, great tumults, uproars, etc are raised within the city to the breach of the peace and the hazard of men's lives; which the Memorialists request their Lordships to take into consideration and devote some course for the suppressing of them, either by proclamation or otherwise.²

Even the nobility were affected by the depredations of the child-stealers. Lady Yerborough wrote in 1664 to Lord Williamson: "A poor boy, of whom she had care, has been stolen away by spirits, as they call them, who convey such boys to New England or Barbadoes. Begs a warrant for the bearer whose apprentice he was, to search ships for him."³

In 1668 one George C—— (name torn out in record) wrote to Lord Anthony Ashley Cooper as follows:

Has inquired after the lost child John Brookes, and last night, he was, after much trouble, and charge freed again: he relates that there are divers other children in the ship, the "Seven Brothers" enticed away from their parents. Hears she is bound for Virginia and is fallen down to Gravesend. Hears of two other ships in the river at the same work and, though the parents see their children in the ships, yet without money they will not let them have

² Dom. Charles II., vol. cccviii., no. 17.

³ Dom. Charles II., vol. cix., no. 23. Cal., p. 140.

them. The woman and child will wait on him. It is believed that divers strangers and others are carried away, so that it were good to get the ships searched. Begs him to move it in the House to have it a law to make it death and is confident that his mercy to those innocent children will ground a blessing on himself and his own. Not to let his great affairs to put this work out of his head to stop the ships and discharge the children.⁴

The discerning student can easily see from a study of the above instances of man-stealing and selling that Cromwell and his agents and successors did not hesitate to stoop to any means, fair or foul, to inveigle young people out of their native country to accomplish their nefarious purposes. That these methods were still in force from this period until a century later is evidenced by the following extract, found in Mr. Felt's *History of Ipswich*, in the appendix:

William Cunningham, keeper of the provost jail in New York (where many American prisoners were huddled) while under the British forces during the Revolution, confessed that he had been engaged in such nefarious employment (kidnapping Irish people) and that he embarked for our country in 1774 with some individuals of Ireland whom he kidnapped.

Ipswich was not the only settlement to which Irish bondslaves and children were sent. Every settlement along the Atlantic Coast had big quotas of these poor unfortunates. Today their blood is flowing in the veins of some of the most distinguished men and women in the country, although some of these men or women would look their lofty disdain if the fact were brought up before them. But fact it remains that the noble blood of these Irish hirelings and bondslaves has not ebbed and died out. It is even true that distinguished citizens in positions of trust, who have unquestioned English names, are nowadays wont to boast of "some Irish blood in the family away back," and that they "are proud of it."

It is a historical fact that the early Irish settlers of Ipswich and other Massachusetts coast towns came to these towns with a large majority bearing their names, disguised

⁴ Endorsed, "about spiriting," p. 1. Col. papers, vol. xxii., no. 56.

on account of the unprincipled English laws put into force by Cromwell and his accessories to the fact. These laws, under heavy penalties, "obliged all Irishmen in certain towns in Ireland to take English surnames—the name of some English town, or color, or a particular trade or office, or of a certain art or cult." Thus we find among early vital records of Massachusetts towns such names as Dyer, Smith, Carpenter, Proctor, White, Black, Redding, Wright, etc. Further, in those degenerate days, English plunderers tore children from their fathers and mothers, and rushed them to vessels lying in English ports, where they were forced to take these English family and trade names. As, for instance, "Polly Richardson" was one of eighteen Irish girls on board an English bark captured by a French privateer off Cape Breton, while en route to New England in the early part of the eighteenth century.

The influxes of the Irish into the Massachusetts Bay and Ipswich Colonies was at its height in 1651, when "Cromwell and his complaisant commissioners ordered the deportation of recalcitrant Irish to the American plantations, and enterprising English merchants from Bristol and London carried on a lucrative business in shipping and transporting their victims to their destinations."⁵ In some cases, the masters of these vessels and the men operating the companies, by connivance with English military governors and others, "were given leave to fill their ships with destitute and homeless inhabitants from the different counties of Ireland. Between 1651 and 1654, 6,400 such exiles were deported on these vessels. Men and women were openly sold into slavery in Cork and vicinity during the latter part of the seventeenth century, so that the plantations and colonies along the Atlantic Coast might be filled up." These Irish people, purposely made defenceless, before starting, were forced into English merchant vessels like so many cattle. What wonder then that a certain proportion of them, landed in a strange country where stern decrees of narrow laws and religious intolerance were in force and confronted them no matter where they might choose to settle, eventually assented to these laws and intolerance. Human nature was weak, and a certain proportion gave in to the hard-hearted demands of their new masters.

⁵ Condon's *Irish Race in America*.

At the dawn of the eighteenth century, the Irish race was strongly intrenched in Ipswich and reached out into the settlements along the Merrimac River and into the province of New Hampshire. Enterprising yeomanry and husbandmen and weavers from the northern and southern counties of Ireland also blazed the roads and new settlements along the North shore, and the old postroads leading from Boston and Ipswich and Salem and Lynn were dotted, here and there, with families from the ancient land. Today the towns and cities of what was the ancient colony are still vitalized by constant influxes of Irish, not only from the motherland, but also from other parts of this land. From the first, the ancient race has never faltered in its allegiance to the western land of promise, and Massachusetts of today—the Plymouth, Massachusetts Bay and Ipswich Colonies of yesterday—is stabilized by the blood of thousands of Celtic extraction!

MY WISH.

BY ELIZABETH VOSS.

HAPPY the goldenrod
That lifts her shining head
To Thee, and brightly smiles.
The self-forgetting rose
Consoles Thy outraged Heart,
So I would love impart.
The violet humbly wafts
Her fragrance up to Thee,
Like her, I fain would live
In sweet humility;
I would I were a flower,
To bloom and die for Thee!

WHAT CAUSES HARD TIMES?

BY J. H. SCHACKMANN.



It was in the club car of a transcontinental train, that place of all places where men may express opinions and discuss things freely under the protecting cover of anonymity, and where rarely there is met anyone who admits occupying a position of a lower grade than president of some large bank. The news vendor had just gone through with the April 1st morning papers. The miners' strike was the leading news item of the day, and further back the usual markets page had its price lists and market comment.

With long journeys before them, the men in the car read the papers more thoroughly than usual. Grouped together were four men, neither of whom had ever seen the other three; their names were respectively: Wealthson, Yunger, Knowlton and Elder. Their appearances indicated nothing in common either in their occupations or avocations. Wealthson was a large man, about forty, well-groomed, and suggested inherited, rather than personally achieved, riches. Yunger was of the college student type, twenty-five would cover his age, athletic, lithe, and with an eagerness of expression so often associated with an enthusiastic and visionary temperament. Knowlton, on the contrary, might have been Yunger's teacher, perhaps a decade his senior, thin mobile lips, rather deep-set eyes, and precision of thought and action written into his every feature. All the conditions for the outbreak of a spontaneous discussion were present; and the discussion came.

"Well, I see the miners are out," said Elder, a moderately dressed, partially gray-haired man. He was looking at Wealthson.

"Yes," answered Wealthson, "but they'll learn their lesson before it's over. Strikes, strikes, strikes; that's about all one hears and reads about these days. Labor must be taught its place again. It was spoiled by the War; but now the other side holds the whip hand. There's no use in kicking against the goad of inexorable economic law. There must be a defla-

tion of wages as there has been in the prices of other commodities." Then there was silence for a while as both men looked at the fast-flying countryside.

"Yes, prices have dropped somewhat in some markets, and where wage scales have not been reduced, wages have sometimes been abolished entirely by the simple process of closing down the plant," observed Elder. "But the causes of Labor trouble, I believe, lie deeper than we generally suspect, deeper than the vision of those immediately concerned can penetrate. The problem is intricate. The miners may be justified. I am holding my judgment in suspense."

Wealthson eyed him sharply as though trying to see Elder's mental background.

"Are you a Labor sympathizer?" he asked.

"No," shot back Elder, "nor a Capital sympathizer either," and there was just a tinge of indignation in his voice; and then he added: "In my day, I'm past sixty-five now, I've been both employee and employer. Few men can be fair judges in their own cases. I've had, by experience, the viewpoint of each; my boyhood was not poverty-stricken, but poor; I know manual labor by practice, not merely by theory; the shortness of view of the uneducated mind was once mine; I tell you the sense of oppression breeds a terrible feeling of resentment; and if one's vision extends only to the limits of material things, nothing except expediency can restrain from violence. Experience has taught me that, if nothing else. Had you ever thought that there were two sides, that there must be two sides, to every Labor dispute?"

Before Wealthson could answer, Yunger pulled his chair around, laid aside his paper, and with a "pardon my intrusion," asked if he might get into the discussion. Both nodded assent and wondered what he might have to say. He said:

"I couldn't help hearing your conversation, and I did not resist my inclination to listen. I studied economics in the schools, just enough to become interested. Since then I've read about everything I could lay my hands on—dry tomes written by closest students of the so-called dismal science, badly-thought-out and exaggerated writings of sincere, but obviously prejudiced, men, and volumes upon volumes which bore the earmarks of having been written under instruction, either to attack or to defend the present system of private

ownership and economic organization. In addition to that, I've read daily the columns of comment written by the paid writers of the financial press. I've read Labor journals, too. On either side there seemed to be the echo and reëcho of the same old economic fallacies. Result: confusion for the unprejudiced inquirer, and the unpreventable conclusion that few, if any, writers understand their subjects thoroughly, and fewer still write honestly about them." And thus, with a questioning look at Elder and Wealthson, Yunger closed his remarks.

Knowlton from the beginning had listened to the discussion. Without asking leave and without apology for thrusting himself into it, he asked:

"Do you think there has been any intentional bemuddling of the public mind, any set purpose to mislead and misinform, any willful determination not to be fair to the other side, whichever side the writer may be on?"

Yunger thought a moment.

"Considering the importance of correct information to the public in a country governed such as ours is," he answered, "it is a grave thing to suspect that almost all writers on either side are willfully determined not to be fair; but when vital facts opposed to the immediate interests of the groups with which they have allied themselves, glance off their heads like raindrops from a duck's back, can one avoid the suspicion that they have oiled their mental feathers against them?" Thus Yunger answered Knowlton's question by asking another, which calls attention to another important phase of this large and difficult Labor problem.

For months the newspapers and financial periodicals had been filled with items regarding the industrial and commercial depression, and the lack of work for a large army of men and women. The President had called a conference on unemployment to meet at Washington, at which it was estimated that several millions were idle. Strikes and Labor troubles were common in all centres of industry. Thoughtful men everywhere had become concerned, and had formed opinions regarding causes, each according to his own interests, prejudices and knowledge.

"I've been asked the question a few minutes ago," said Wealthson, "if I had considered that there were two sides to

these Labor disputes. I have. But these Labor fellows seem never to have done so. To them there is but one side, and that is theirs. More pay and less work seems to be the centre and circumference of their philosophy. They never consider the losses which employers sustain, the capitalists who give them work, and who by their brains, initiative and foresight have become the owners and directors of our large productive and mercantile enterprises. Why, just examine the income statements of our large corporations for the year 1921. Their losses have been enormous, simply enormous. Prices fell; markets failed; plants had to be closed down; production could not go on. The cost of production, of which the largest single item is wages, must be reduced before we can get out of this slump."

The emphasis of finality was in this last sentence. Could anyone doubt the fact that business men had been heavy losers? Didn't the income statements settle that matter once for all? Was there anything further to be said?

Knowlton then asked what caused these large losses, "bookkeeping" losses, as he called them, and whether Wealthson knew anything about bookkeeping. Wealthson replied that as a business man of no small enterprise, he knew enough about it to read balance sheets and income statements, and that the chief cause of the large losses was the fall in the value of the inventory because of the fall in prices. Knowlton thought this a fair reply and just what he had expected to hear. Then he wanted to know if Wealthson had ever given any consideration to the value of money. Wealthson said he had, and that he thought its value as money depended altogether on its purchasing power.

"Then I'm going to ask you to try to crack a little bookkeeping nut for me which is simple yet not so easily answered. Let us assume a fictitious business man who shall symbolize all business men and property owners in the country, and let's call him Uncle Sam. Let us also assume a fictitious commodity which shall symbolize the things necessary for material welfare, food, clothing, shelter and the others. For the want of a better word, let's call it foocloshelter. Are those assumptions difficult?" Wealthson nodded a "no." "Then let us assume further," continued Knowlton, "that the price level for this fictitious commodity is one dollar per unit, and

that Uncle has a supply of seven billions, also that he has three billion dollars in money. What are his total assets?"

"Ten billions," answered Wealthson without hesitation.

"Let us assume further that there are no liabilities," continued Knowlton.

"But when there are liabilities, why assume that there are none?" asked Yunger, who had been following the discussion closely. He had taken the words out of the mouths of both Wealthson and Elder, as each had a mind to ask that very question.

"Because," answered Knowlton, "the liabilities of some must be the assets of others. If our assumed business man represents all business men and property owners, and if we ignore such assets as debts *owned* we can also ignore the debts *owed*, because the one must necessarily equal the other, as both are but different sides of the same thing. We can likewise ignore debts owed to foreigners, because these are at least fully offset by foreign debts owed to us. Is the matter clear now, and have you the assumptions well in mind?"

The three answered yes.

"Now, after a year's business," continued Knowlton, "Uncle finds that he has on hand the same quantity of footclothes as at the beginning of the year, but for some reason not entirely clear to him the price has declined to fifty cents per unit, so that the inventory value in money of his stock on hand was only three and one-half billions. He had the same amount of money as at the beginning. What were his total assets at the close of the year?"

"Six and one-half billions," they answered in chorus.

"Has there been a loss?" asked Knowlton.

"Surely," answered Wealthson, who customarily thought in dollar marks and figures.

"None," answered Elder, who never lost sight of realities. Knowlton looked questioningly at Yunger.

"Depends on how you look at it," replied Yunger, "what do you yourself say?"

"That's it, it depends on how you look at it. From one point of view there has been a loss; from another, none; and from still another, a gain."

"A gain, how can you possibly arrive at such a conclusion," asked Wealthson.

Knowlton looked steadily at Wealthson for a few moments expecting that Wealthson's mind, on second thought, would answer his own question; but Knowlton was doomed to disappointment. Wealthson could not so quickly shift his mental position.

"He had as much goods as at the beginning, didn't he; and on your own idea of the value of money, his money was worth twice as much, wasn't it?" asked Knowlton.

Wealthson saw some light and admitted that this phase of the matter had never occurred to him. By degrees it dawned on him that a fall in prices represented as much of a gain to some as it represented a loss to others, and that, therefore, the country as a whole could never, directly, become richer or poorer by one single cent from that cause, unless there were debts owed to foreigners which were not offset by foreigners' debts owned by us.

"I'm becoming interested in economics for the first time in my life," he said as he pulled four cigars out of his pocket, handing one to each, together with a match. "I find when the air is filled with good tobacco smoke, to which I am contributing my full share," he continued, "I am more inclined to be considerate of interests opposed to my own."

Cigars were lighted, and then Elder in a reminiscence said: "I remember the crisis of '73, a crisis followed by a severe and prolonged depression. I was only sixteen then. My father lived on a farm. He would read to us out of the weekly papers the accounts of the bread lines, and of the fruitless search for work by thousands of men in the large industrial cities. I asked him what caused hard times. He didn't know. That's been a half century ago. Since then we have had other crises and other depressions; but what causes them or how to prevent them seems as far from solution now as then."

Wealthson had no definite recollections of either '73 or of '93, as he had been born into a family who possessed wealth. Yunger was not old enough to have known anything of either period except what he had read about them afterwards in books. But with Knowlton it was different. He had been about the same age in '93 as Elder had been in '73. But unlike Elder's father, his father was a factory hand. The factory was closed down, and—but let Knowlton tell it himself:

"I'll never forget that night when father came home. Mother knew what had happened before he entered the door. 'Well, Mary,' he said, 'the factory's closed,' and then he walked dejectedly into the kitchen to put away his tin dinner pail. Mother threw her arms around him and kissed him again and again, but said nothing. There were eight of us children, I the eldest. Father's savings were small. With ten at table, they would soon be exhausted. Then came week upon week of fruitless search for other work. Oh! the uncertainty of it all, the uncertainty! Then and there, was burned into my mind the determination to learn the reasons why men, able and willing to work, could find nothing to do; that determination has remained fixed in my mind unto this very day."

As he was speaking, the others began to observe more and more that there was behind his voice a deep reservoir of pent-up emotion, and this gave credence to his words.

"And have you succeeded?" they asked him.

"Last call for luncheon," cried the ebony-hued waiter as he swayed his way through the car. All reached for their watches in order to make sure that their ears were not deceiving them. None had perceived any previous calls.

"Yes," said Knowlton, "I have succeeded, at least as to the chief causes. I believe I have convincingly shown you that a fall in prices is not the cause of hard times, because it does not decrease by one bit the wealth of the country. I believe I have also shown you that the large losses we hear so much about are more in the nature of 'bookkeeping' losses than of real losses."

Before anyone else had time to speak, Wealthson did the gracious thing of asking them all to take luncheon with him. "After luncheon," he said, "I will want to discuss this problem with you gentlemen in greater detail."

New Books.

PHILOSOPHY AND CIVILIZATION IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

By Maurice De Wulf. Princeton: Princeton University Press.
\$3.00 net.

This volume is composed of the lectures delivered by Professor De Wulf at Princeton University on Mediæval Civilization. The author has made this period of intellectual efflorescence peculiarly his own. He has carried out many independent researches into its history and its philosophy; has broken new ground in the course of his investigations, and published texts which had lain in manuscript for centuries. Some of his works, *e. g.*, his study of Godefroid de Fontaines and his *Histoire de la Philosophie scolastique dans les Pays Bas*, have been crowned by the Academy of Belgium. The present work aims at showing how the philosophy of the Middle Ages and their entire civilization in art, architecture, literature, science and sociology interlock, act and re-act upon one another. Thirteen chapters and an epilogue develop this theme in suggestive and well-documented dissertations. The author makes no claim to completeness, but he points the way to many interesting studies and fascinating trains of thought. And while he admires his chosen period, on which his own researches have thrown a flood of light, still he is no hypnotized chauvinist, nor is he blind to its numerous faults and shortcomings. Especially interesting is the seventh chapter, where Mr. De Wulf establishes that philosophy in the Middle Ages, and in the hands of the best Scholastic doctors, was an independent science, with its own methods, aims, problems and solutions; and not by any means a mere handmaiden to theology. Nor was this philosophy an academic exercise confined strictly to the classroom. It permeated the realms of art, literature and everyday life. Distinct echoes and reminiscences of it can be discerned in the *Roman de la Rose*, in the *Bataille des Sept Arts*, in Chaucer's *Parlement of Foules* and *Canterbury Tales*, and even in Shakespeare's plays.

Scholastic philosophy, the author sums up, is the work of Western Races and is an original product. Its first characteristic is its insistence on the worth and value of the individual, who is immortal and indestructible. Its second note is its intellectualism, which makes Reason the Queen and Guiding-Star of human activity. This passion for clarity, distinctness of vision and accurate, exact definition has profoundly affected the vocabulary

of modern languages. The third mark of Scholasticism is its spirit of moderation, its splendid, healthy sanity, and its consequent distaste for far-fetched solutions and fantastic speculation. Professor De Wulf concludes that the thirteenth century is the watershed of European genius, and that modern philosophies and thinkers are far more indebted to Scholasticism than is commonly supposed.

THE WOMEN OF THE GAEL. By James F. Cassidy, B.A. Boston: The Stratford Co. \$2.00.

We have here a unique production, being, as the author tells us, "a more extensive tribute to the daughters of the Gael than has hitherto appeared in print." It is a thorough, admirably written, historical study of Irish womanhood from pagan days to the present time. It is a noble record of the dominant position of woman in Irish life, in all its phases, throughout the ages, maintained by steadfast loyalty to the highest ideals in religion and patriotism, of courage and endurance, learning, intellect and charm. Father Cassidy lays much emphasis upon the fact that the distinguished individuals he cites in illustration are not to be considered as exceptions, but representatives of their race and civilization.

The book is concise to a fault. The author seems to have been over-fearful of occupying too much time and space; consequently, he deals but briefly with many points on which fuller information would be highly acceptable.

A portion of the content, not the least attractive and interesting, is contributed by Padraic Colum in the form of an introductory article, inadequately termed a "prefatory note."

CHRIST, THE LIFE OF THE SOUL. Spiritual Conferences by Rt. Rev. Columba Marmion, O.S.B. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$4.00 net.

In its original French form, this collection of conferences by the Abbot of Marsedous, in Belgium, not only won golden words of praise from Cardinal Mercier, but received the quite unusual tribute of a personal letter of commendation from the late Holy Father. The English translation, furthermore, is prefaced by a letter from Cardinal Bourne, in which he very earnestly recommends it to the clergy, both in the world and in the cloister, to religious communities of women, active and contemplative, and to the devout laity. It would be the height of impertinence for a reviewer to attempt to add to such authoritative expressions of approval. Rather must he be satisfied with giving a brief sketch

of the subject-matter, that all may recognize a new source of nourishment for the life of the spirit.

The conferences number nineteen; the first six deal with the place of Christ as the centre of the divine economy. Of these, the strongest is perhaps the fourth, in which the Right Reverend author drives home a point which, amid a multiplicity of ascetical methods, one is in danger of forgetting, namely, that Christ is the efficient cause of all grace. Christ is not one of the means of the spiritual life; He is all our spiritual life. The next twelve conferences are concerned with the Christian life under the double aspect of death to sin and life for God. The source of this life, of course, is to be sought and found in the Eucharist and prayer; and the love of a soul who possesses "life more abundantly," according to Our Lord's own promise, will overflow in charity to all members of Christ's mystical body, but primarily to the Virgin Mother, who, by her coöperation with the Divine Will, entered into the very essence of the Incarnation. The last conference shows that the full flowering of this charity, the "fullness of the mystical body of Christ," is reserved for the beatitude of Heaven, which, indeed, it may be said to constitute.

Such is a summary outline of this truly inspiring book. A synoptical table of contents and a very full analytical index enhance its value greatly. The conferences grew from conferences and instructions delivered during retreats, and, as the author testifies in a short preface, were not intended for publication. It was then a most happy inspiration, as Pope Benedict remarked, to publish them, so that not only the original hearers, but very many others, might be helped along the way of perfection.

A NEW MEDLEY OF MEMORIES. By the Right Rev. Sir David Hunter-Blair, O.S.B. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$5.50 net.

Urged by friends and critics to continue his reminiscences beyond the earlier *Medley of Memories*, which he closed with his jubilee birthday in 1903, the well-known Scottish Benedictine has set down in the present volume his recollections of the succeeding decade, concluding with the outbreak of the World War. Seldom has anyone been able to crowd so many activities into ten years. Besides his labors in S. Paulo, Brazil, and his duties as master of St. Benet's Hall at Oxford, and later as abbot of the monastery at Fort Augustus, Scotland, Sir David found time for innumerable visits to his relatives and friends, trips to monasteries, churches, castles, country houses, attendance at receptions, weddings, lectures and college theatricals. All of these he

records with unfailing interest and zest; but he is never so happy as when recalling some odd circumstance that struck his quaint fancy or his sense of humor. Now he visits some friends in a castle near St. Andrews and says Mass in a billiard-room that has been converted into a chapel. Again, on a sultry midsummer day in London an illustrated lecture on the South Pole by Shackleton makes him feel almost cool; and the groups of solemn penguins, shown in the lantern pictures, in their black-and-white, pacing along the shores, are "quite curiously reminiscent of a gathering of portly bishops—say a Pan-Anglican Congress." He conducts an Oxford Local Examination in a Dumfries convent-school—the only available place—and is amused by two Protestant mothers, who sit all day in the corridor outside the schoolroom keeping watch over their daughters, lest they are "got at" between the papers by the nuns and influenced in the direction of Popery.

Hardly a page is there that has not an anecdote or an odd bit of lore; not infrequently the genial humor and whimsical erudition overflow the text, and must needs be accommodated in footnotes. In one instance, an appendix is required: in talking classics with the Oxford Corpus Professor of Latin, he learns what Cicero's last words were; whereupon he displays his compilation of the last words of forty other famous men. One other appendix completes this most diverting book: to prevent modern readers from pronouncing as "unkind and ill-mannered" his statement that Darwin was an unbeliever in revelation and in Christ, he produces the scientist's own words. For good measure, he adds the similar *crédos* of Huxley, Mill and Arnold.

THE JEWS. By Hilaire Belloc. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$3.00.

It is generally conceded that Belloc is a bold writer; and Belloc on the Jews would seem, at first sight, to rival certain exploits of Prince Rupert or Jeb Stuart. Those who take up the book with such expectations will, however, be disappointed by the sober caution of the narrative. The subject is hazardous because everybody is talking about it when everybody is supposed, by a queer rule of manners, never to have mentioned it. This situation and the danger for the public welfare which it involves, is one point which *The Jews* establishes almost beyond a doubt. Naturally, the fundamental issue under discussion, "Is there a Jewish Question?" may still seem to invite a negative answer, but we are inclined to believe that Belloc's ringing affirmative will satisfy most impartial people. That granted, the remainder of his argument is as interesting and effective as any single man's

opinions on so tremendous a theme could well be. There is a Jewish "nation," he says, nomadic and rather secret in character, living within the domain of numerous other nations, separated from them by a totally individual concept of social existence, and pursuing, with obvious sense and success, its own purposes. History shows that whenever the Jew has reached considerable financial and political eminence he has been attacked; and contemporary feeling, based on opposition to Hebraic financial power and the rise of Bolshevism, and fed by a ridiculous Anti-Semitism, is alarmingly headed for another such attack. The only preventive, argues Belloc, is to bring the question into the open, and then to create mutually a new attitude of understanding that will find expression in custom and legislation adapted to guarantee peace.

These general considerations, set down with fine candor, intelligence and generosity, should influence profoundly the public mind, although numerous matters of detail might well be disavowed. We do not feel, for example, that Belloc's analysis of the Jewish situation in the United States is even relatively complete. But, all in all, *The Jews* is written by an unusually sympathetic and lenient Belloc—you will find the old fighting debater only in sentences which touch upon secondary issues like prohibition and the press—who is at the same time very fascinating. The book can easily be misquoted; has, in fact, been misquoted with an ignorance rather plainly deliberate. But that will not keep away readers inclined to admit the author's statement: "Bolshevism stated the Jewish problem with a violence and insistence such that it could no longer be denied either by the blindest fanatic or the most resolute liar," and to wonder in which of the two classes his vehement denunciators will belong.

THE FALL OF MARY STUART. By Frank A. Mumby. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$5.00.

Mr. Mumby, whose former studies and researches into the early life of Henry VIII., of Elizabeth, and of the relations between Elizabeth and Mary Stuart have resulted in the publication of several fascinating volumes of original letters, has added to the number by covering, in the present volume, that phase of Mary's life immediately preceding her flight into England. We have here the murder of Rizzio, Darnley's courtship, marriage and brief career ending with his murder at Kirk-a-Field, Bothwell's stormy courtship and marriage, the kidnapping of Mary, her escape from Loch Leven, and the Civil War with its evil days which followed.

Mr. Mumby has threaded his way with delicacy and fine judgment through the maze of original letters, documents and reports

which bear upon these tense days. Sometimes damaging rumors are presented in one letter, only to be contradicted in another. All the virulence and suspicion of the time appear. Distrust, hatred, envy, unswerving devotion and the base treachery which surrounded the unhappy queen, live again in Mr. Mumby's pages, telling their own tale in the quaint language of the period. Against this dark background, lit up luridly by the flames of murder and treachery and vile passion, the figure of Mary stands out vividly, and, whatever the reader's conclusion may be regarding her stainlessness or her guilt, she remains an alluring and, at the same time, a pathetic figure, in whose behalf men who believed in her were glad to sacrifice estates, position and life itself.

Mr. Mumby has performed with unfailing skill and tact the difficult task to which he addressed himself. He has shown discrimination and fairness in the selection of the documents and letters to be presented, and the reader, whatever his personal judgment may be regarding the character of Mary, is given an impressive and unforgettable picture of one of the most tragic figures of Scottish history.

IMMORTALITY AND THE MODERN MIND. By Kirsopp Lake, M.A., D.D. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. \$1.00.

The Ingersoll lecture for the current year was delivered by a scholar eminent in Europe as in America, master of a graceful style, and conversant with the most advanced thought of the modern mind. For many reasons it deserves attention, particularly on the part of those who find in modernity no sure guarantee of truth.

Briefly, Professor Lake holds that the traditional teaching of immortal life has been proven a vain imagination, and that the new dogma of philanthropic altruism is gloriously reigning in its place. "Men regard the permanent survival of their personality," he says, "much as they look at schemes for their permanent rejuvenation: a pleasant dream, impossible of fulfillment." He outlines the evolution of the concept. Man's imagination first constructed the vision of a possible triumph over death, and in due time this hopeful imagination gave rise to two other doctrines: the resurrection of the body and the immortality of the soul. Primitive Christianity taught only the first. The second passed into Church teaching from the Greek philosophies, and in the course of time quite forced its predecessor out of recognition. Today the one and the other are discarded. Science has disposed of the doctrine that "a worn-out body would be re-assembled . . . for souls, some of which had existed many centuries without

them." And as for the soul: "The theory that the body is a mechanism operated by the soul, which is a material entity composed of a lighter and more ethereal substance, has nothing to commend it when viewed by the cold gaze of modern science." Even the Society for Psychical Research has done nothing more than re-open the old question on a new, but still doubtful, basis.

After the negation of the historical concept of immortality, Professor Lake makes his own *confessio fidei*. He still believes in the Immaterial—in Life, as distinguished from individual living. He notes that men are laboring for "the improvement of the world in which our children are to live. It is an unselfish object, and the pursuit of a better world for our children to inherit has become the surrogate for the hope of a better world for ourselves to enjoy." This altruistic life of service brings moments akin to the ecstasy of the artist, of true friendship, or of mysticism. The hampering bars of our individuality drop away, and the Life within us knows itself as one with the Life of the world, one with the Life of others. There is "assurance that I and my friends share in a common life that is ours, rather than mine and theirs . . . the sense of individuality is swallowed up in unity. . . . And, at times, I have thought that I have seen a glimpse of the great light of eternity transfiguring the mountains of time."

One who reads the thirty-seven pages of this lecture with memories of Scholastic precision of language and thought will be bewildered and amazed. One finds a new distinction drawn between individuality and personality. In the sequel, individuality is scarcely other than materiality, and personality is resolved into the most impersonal, pantheistic Life. The soul is several times defined, but always as a material wraith, never the immaterial substance of the older teaching. Hence, it is that the arguments proffered against the resurrection of the body are deemed conclusive in disposing of the immortality of the soul. Surely, this is a paralogism that would amaze St. Thomas.

The modern mind, however, will permit no caviling at new definitions; and indeed Professor Lake's purpose is other than to establish in set terms the meaning of the words he uses. His lecture in larger outline has two parts—the one historic, the other pragmatic. Both are open to question.

Is it historically true that Christ taught only the resurrection of the body, and that the dogma of the immortality of the soul was imported from Greek philosophy? A host of texts and the whole message of the Gospel read the contrary. Again, the Church indeed taught that each man must seek in all things the salvation of his soul. But is it true historically that thereby "the

charity of the Middle Ages was less often inspired by love of man than by love of heaven" and that, "in general, there was produced a type of selfishness all the more repulsive because it was sanctified?" And is it fair, in view of Christ's unceasing teaching of constant responsibility to God for every thought and act, and His doctrine of individual judgment and reward or punishment, to interpret Matthew x. 39, as teaching: "He that shall seek his 'soul' shall lose it?"

In the practical order, too, altruistic devotion to humanity, unceasing effort to make a better world for our children to inherit, these are noble ideals. They have long been known as but another version of Christ's command to love our neighbor. Professor Lake urges these, however, without the basis of divine charity, without even the saving measure of the high and eternal dignity of human personality. Can history or everyday experience afford us any hope that such a foundationless, purposeless altruism will ever be a motive force in human life? Someone has well said that a man will labor for himself, his contemporaries, and a generation or two more; but that a fifth or sixth generation is so remote as to cause him no concern, as never to influence his slightest act.

It is a well established law of Group Psychology that doctrines first promulgated among the erudite, gradually filter down into the lives and thoughts of the average man of the streets and the fields; and that, in the process, all the safeguards and qualifications of the first formulation are lost and forgotten. Witness Rousseau and the French Revolution, Marx and famine-stricken, plague-ridden Russia. We have warning, then, that the fair phrases and the alluring ideals with which the literati of today cloak their destructive teachings will one day be torn away. A future age will see in the "modern mind" only a strengthening and deepening of the unreligious material spirit that is the curse of our world today.

THE LE GALLIENNE BOOK OF ENGLISH VERSE. (From the Tenth Century to the Present.) Edited with an Introduction by Richard Le Gallienne. New York: Boni & Liveright. \$3.50.

After all there is no one like a poet to pick poems—just as there is no one like a cobbler to make shoes. And Mr. Le Gallienne, aiming in the present collection "to bring together as much of the best poetry as it is possible to include in one companionable volume," has done his work almost superhumanly well. His choice begins with "Merrily Sang the Monks of Ely" and ends with

brief lyrics by Robert Nichols and Robert Graves; and if the personal equation has inclined him to include more of modern, even contemporary, English verse than is customary in these judicial anthologies, few contemporary readers will quarrel with him for that. In fact, most of us will find it quite as it should be that the tradition which spoke through Chaucer, through Spencer, through Shakespeare (whom one finds here represented not only by detached lyrics, but also by brief, immortal pages from the plays), should be followed not only into Swinburne, Tennyson and Browning, but also into "The Hound of Heaven," the revealing reticences of Alice Meynell, and even into the tentative minors and very-minors of today and yesterday and tomorrow.

There will be a welcome on many a library table for this new anthology—the latest, of course, of the interesting "Modern" Series being issued by Boni & Liveright, and one of their most commendable publications. It is a delectable book, small enough to slip into a steamer trunk, yet large enough to console a poetry-lover for being marooned on a desert island—or in a city hotel in midsummer.

THE SOUL OF AN IMMIGRANT. By Constantine M. Panunzio.
New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.00.

This is an extremely interesting tale of an Italian boy of good parentage who, because of his love for the sea, enrolled in the crew of a brig bound for America, Australia and the South Sea Islands. Because of the cruelty and unreasonableness of the ship's captain, the lad abandoned the boat at the first port, Boston, and thus found himself a stranger in America, ignorant of all American customs and unable to speak the language. We follow him through all his adventures—with pick and shovel, in lumber camps, on a New England farm, in an American University working his way, in settlement work in Boston, and, finally, through the War as a Y. M. C. A. worker. It is a personal narrative told in the first person in an unusually vivid and realistic style. There is no waning of interest. Because it is personal, it is engrossing. But for the same reasons it is impossible to draw any general scientific conclusions on the broad problems of immigration and Americanization. Possibly, the experiences of this one man may cause all who read them to be more sympathetic and understanding with the strangers in our land. If so, the book has accomplished a purpose, and the hours spent in reading it will have been profitable, as well as pleasant. However, no great scientific value can be placed on the work. Unique and individual experiences cannot be considered as general conditions.

The complete omission of any mention of the Catholic Church as a factor in the lives of Italian immigrants, would indicate that a narrow view had been taken of the situation. Surely, in his Italian settlement work in Boston he must have come in contact with some church influences. Very early in the book, he professes his disinterestedness in religion and actual distaste for whatever Catholic practices were forced upon him by his family. He does not seem able to realize the need of an individual for any formal religion.

Mr. Panunzio's early experiences in America were anything but pleasant and, it would seem, not destined to arouse any love or admiration for our country. The policemen he came in contact with were nothing short of brutal. The turning points of his life, his great resolves, never seemed to be the outcome of thought or the natural reaction of circumstance, but rather emotional inspirations which welled up while standing on Plymouth Rock, or walking through the Boston Common at night, or on viewing the Stars and Stripes waving gloriously in the breeze. Perhaps, this is characteristic of the romantic race, but it leaves us a little skeptical of the sturdiness of his sentiments. We are, however, in no doubt as to their sincerity.

The book contributes nothing to the general fund of information on immigration and Americanization, but it is interesting and without pretense. It is a personal narrative, and masks as nothing more.

MORAL PROBLEMS IN HOSPITAL PRACTICE. By Rev. Patrick A. Finney, C.M. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$1.25 net.

Father Finney has essayed a very difficult task. He has tried to formulate in fifty-seven questions all the practical moral problems arising in hospital practice, and to answer them briefly and clearly for laymen. Then, in a second portion, he repeats the questions and answers, adding a discussion of the principles underlying each case.

The author's wide experience in hospital work, through his association with the Sisters of Charity, gives him a great vantage ground in the practical appreciation of these problems, and he has achieved a notable measure of success. But we fear that he set himself an impossible task. There is no royal road to wisdom, and there seems no way of enabling those who have had no training in moral theology to answer immediately and categorically some of the most complicated problems in the field of morals.

Father Finney tells us that "discussions of various opinions

upon certain points involved have been studiously avoided throughout the manual, because it was judged that such discussions would serve only to create new doubts, instead of removing those which it was the primary purpose of the manual to settle." But where the discussion of any problem has not brought unanimity among Catholic moralists, and a doubt still remains, we do not think that Father Finney is justified in ignoring it. He should not answer with an unqualified Yes or No.

Desirable, therefore, as it is for hospital Sisters to have a manual that will answer all their problems quickly and clearly and unconditionally, we do not think that Father Finney has given it to us—nor, indeed, that such a thing is possible.

A DREAM OF HEAVEN. By Robert Kane, S.J. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.00 net.

The many friends of Father Kane, S.J., who have read and enjoyed earlier collections of his sermons and lectures will welcome this new volume, which brings together seventeen discourses given on certain important occasions between 1896 and 1918. Most of the discourses are sermons preached on events of historic interest: the Seventh Centenary of the Foundation of the Dominicans, the Golden Jubilee of the Foundation of the Missioners of the Most Holy Sacrament, the Beatification of Madame Barat, and of the French Carmelite Martyrs. The sermon which gives the title to the book, strangely placed at the end, is a New Year's discourse. There is a sane and wholesome lecture on "Fiction: A Fine Art" and one on "An Ideal of Patriotism," insisting on the need of the supernatural element in any nation's ideals. All the sermons and lectures were given in Ireland and England.

NOVISSIMA VERBA (*Last Words*). By Frederic Harrison. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$3.00.

The final opinions of any man who has lived for ninety years in the thick of English literary and political life, will be of value to Americans if the subjects dealt with are interesting beyond the author's domestic circle. In this book of crisp piece-meal reflections, Frederic Harrison talks courageously—almost rashly—about such universal concerns as poetry, government and the Peace. Generally, the criticism is amiable, excepting when it treats of Mr. Wilson, Lenine and the British Labor leaders. There is present the resigned optimism of a rather eccentric, but wide-awake, writer who has borne the standard of Comte and the Positivists so long that he seems inseparable from them. Indeed, Mr. Harrison is probably responsible for the fact that Positivism

strikes us now as a doctrine considerably more English than French. It is an unsteady point of view, of course, but it has not prevented him from being notably candid and fair, even when Catholic principle, which he does not understand, enters the discussion. His friends will find this last book typically Harrisonian; others may be led to spend an hour or two agreeably with a man who prides himself on being a Victorian looking upon the very modern year, 1920, with open eyes, and whose comment has the piquant advantage of reminiscent conservatism.

DUBLIN UNIVERSITY AND THE NEW WORLD. By the Rev. Robert H. Murray, Litt.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.25.

As the author explains, it has long been the custom, in Trinity College, Dublin, to preach a sermon in memory of its distinguished alumni on Trinity Sunday. Last year, the preacher was Dr. Murray, and of the four scholars of Trinity whose careers were outlined, three—Samuel Mather, Increase Mather and John Winthrop the Younger—are figures prominent in the history of New England. When the College asked that the sermon be printed, Dr. Murray took advantage of the opportunity to expand it to a handy volume of nearly one hundred pages.

He is to be thanked for having done so, for while the discourse as enlarged may have greater appeal to Protestant than to Catholic readers, it is a valuable contribution to the literature of early Puritanism in America. It is doubtful if one could discover, within such small compass, a better revelation of the motives and aspirations of these three worthies who claimed Trinity as their *alma mater*. The style is fluid, yet scholarly; the method is critical rather than fulsome, and the impression left is of tolerance born of understanding.

SPIRITUAL HEALTH AND HEALING. By Horatio W. Dresser, Ph.D. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. \$2.00.

Dr. Horatio Dresser sets forth in this volume his version of the Spiritual Health Evangel. It is a very vague and unsatisfactory faith, so fluid and protean as to defy strict statement. The reviewer, anyhow, has not been able to discover in Dr. Dresser's pages the slightest remedy for any ill—no, nor even a thought that might help to beguile a toothache. The work professes to be based upon Scripture, and in point of fact numerous texts are quoted, especially from St. John. But these receive interpretations and applications, which set at defiance all rules of exegesis, linguistics and even common sense; and the con-

viction is irresistibly forced on the reader that the author must never have been given a scientific grounding in Biblical analysis. Nor do logic and metaphysics fare much better than hermeneutics. Philosophical and theological terms, such as "Person," "Personality," "Principle," are employed to denote different concepts; concepts and ideas are equated, which belong to absolutely diverse realms of thought. For these reasons, it is extremely difficult at times to disentangle the author's real meaning; but his prevailing drift would appear to be towards pantheism.

Chapter III. entitled, "The Christ," teems with theological enormities, and unproven and unprovable statements. "We may begin," Dr. Dresser says, "by regarding the Christ as universal divine love and wisdom" (p. 28). If this be not mere empty rhetoric, it is certainly rank pantheism. Indeed, three pages further on (p. 31), the author, commenting several detached passages of St. John, says: "The Christ is here a principle such that it (*sic.*) can abide in all who are faithful to the precepts and the love set before the disciples as an ideal." And then, hard on the heels of the foregoing, we have the astounding statement that the Christ is a person and is God the Father! "We know," says the author with superb self-assurance, "that no man alone can save his fellow-men, that the true Saviour is God the Father, is the Christ. This wisdom is, in a sense, over and above each one of us as a person, inasmuch as we may all abide in the divine love as branches of the true vine" (p. 39). Dr. Dresser's knowledge is extensive, and his faith is the faith which can move mountains. We, however, fail to understand how the same entity can be personal and impersonal, a vague abstraction, God the Father and the Christ!

MAN—THE ANIMAL. By W. M. Smallwood, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.50.

If it possessed an index—and no book ever cried louder for one—we could give almost unstinted praise to this work, for it is marked by a sanity and a reserve that might well be imitated by other biological writers. The author is not afraid to say that such and such a question cannot yet be answered, and in his desire for facts, rather than thin-spun theory, he has our hearty sympathy. "We seem to be living," he writes, "in an age when facts are not especially wanted. They interfere with our generalizations. Real progress cannot ignore them." These words deserve to be printed on cards and hung up in various studies and work-rooms. We may commend also his treatment of the Laws of Nature, a subject on which there is lamentable ignorance on

the part of the reading public, and as a result a complete misunderstanding of a great deal of the work of science today. This is not a book for children, but parents, especially male parents, will read it with great benefit and, above all, teachers of the young should make it their business to familiarize themselves with its pages. The author does not touch on the subject of the soul—that his title expressly excludes—and so he does not attempt a treatise on mental training. In his preface, he defines his position and adheres to it very faithfully. Eugenics is a subject which is touched upon, but cautiously, and we are spared a great many of the crude surmises masquerading as facts as to early man and his supposed doings, which appear in too many books purporting to convey information of the kind contained in this book.

ECONOMIC CIVICS. By R. O. Hughes. New York: Allyn & Bacon. \$1.25.

Mr. Hughes has attempted to combine civics and economics for high school pupils. The idea is certainly good, and his treatment is excellent in many ways. His definitions are clear and his discussions interesting. Suggestive questions are inserted from time to time, further reading is outlined, and at the end of each chapter is stated a number of problems for papers. Typographically, the book leaves nothing to be desired. The only adverse criticism is that the economic element is out of proportion to the civics. We note with satisfaction that the author is not afraid to mention the Creator.

THE MAN OF SORROWS. By Robert Eaton, Priest of the Birmingham Oratory. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$2.25 net.

The Archbishop of Birmingham says in the preface to this work that the author needs not to crave pardon for adding another to the already long list of studies on the Passion. As the Church points out in her hymns on the Holy Eucharist and the Holy Name, no tongue nor pen can frame an honor equal to the love Our Lord has shown to us. The method Father Eaton follows is to accompany the Saviour, step by step, along the way of the Cross, arranging the incidents narrated by the various Evangelists in orderly sequence, with appropriate and suggestive comments. The details as given by each of the gospels are arranged in a tabular form in an appendix. The brief outline of the sacred text must necessarily be filled out, as in all books of this kind, by the fruit of the author's pious meditation. The author is never unpleasantly dogmatic in his hypotheses as to

what Our Lord must have felt or must have said on occasions where the gospels are silent. One word only would we venture in adverse criticism: the more of the inspired word in such a book the better, but Father Eaton sometimes includes, within the same quotation points, literal quotations from the New Testament, cognate passages from the prophets, sometimes literally quoted, sometimes paraphrased, and subjective reflections of his own. No great harm is done by this practice, but the confusion is a trifle distracting. With this very minor reservation, we recommend the book most heartily.

THE STUDY OF AMERICAN HISTORY. By Viscount Bryce, O.M. Being the Inaugural Lecture of the Sir George Watson Chair of American History, Literature and Institutions, with an Appendix relating to the foundation. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

Of this little volume, significant, diplomatically and politically, rather than historically, the preface and appendix are most interesting. Here we have an account of the origin of the Watson Foundation, and its importance to a greater knowledge and appreciation of the great "Transatlantic Commonwealth of English-speaking people." The chair, founded by Sir George Watson, was to provide annual lecturers, English and American scholars, the first to be Viscount Bryce and the second ex-President Hadley of Yale University.

On June 27, 1921, Lord Bryce gave the inaugural lecture, a well-worded, cautiously advanced statement of the philosophy of American history in a thinly disguised propaganda. There was the note of friendship without a touch of antagonism, the note of a man who knew America better than any foreigner, and of a man applauded by America. As such, it was a most effective propaganda, and will bear fruit, good or bad, depending upon one's outlook.

PULLING TOGETHER. By John T. Broderick. Schenectady, N. Y.: Robson & Adeed. \$1.00.

Coöperation of employer and workers through the agency of employee representation within the plant is the theme of this little book. The old device of the imaginary dialogue is used as a medium of presentation, but the setting is modern—the smoking-room of a parlor car. The merits and possibilities of this kind of employee representation are sketchily, but pleasingly, set forth in the course of a conversation led by a broad-minded and optimistic "president of a well-known corporation operating a group

of plants in the middle West employing some thirty thousand people."

Mr. Broderick's book is well worth reading because of the interesting style in which it is written and the fine spirit which it reflects. It is, however, but an introduction to the subject with which it deals, and is a plea for a policy rather than a scientific analysis of a plan of industrial relationship. The anonymity of the "hero" and his company make the story a suggestion of possibilities instead of a record of achievement to which all may turn. It does not dispose convincingly of objections to this type of collective dealing as contrasted with alternative systems of joint action. It is regrettable that there was not an officer of a national trade union present in the smoking-room to compel a more searching examination of some points that were accepted without challenge.

THE EDUCATIONAL IDEALS OF THE BLESSED JULIE BILLIART. By a Member of her Congregation. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 75 cents net.

It was said of Coleridge that his deathless poems might be printed on twenty pages, but that these pages deserved to be bound in gold. Almost as much might be said of this brochure of thrice twenty pages, for under an unpretending exterior are contained the deathless principles of Christian pedagogy, formulated by the Foundress of the Congregation of the Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur over a century ago, and only strengthened by the lapse of time.

The first and third chapters contain a biographical sketch of Blessed Julie and a brief history of her Congregation, respectively; the second consists of about thirty-five pages on the educational principles which guided her in founding and directing her Institute. For her the only true educators are they who are all the while upbuilding their own being by deepening and purifying their power of believing and loving. Great ideals propagate themselves best, if not only, through the lives of those in whom they have become incorporate. It was said of old that the orator was a good man who was skillful in speech, and the good teacher no less is one who loves perfection, and labors to achieve it first in himself and then in his disciples. This is the corner-stone upon which Blessed Julie built her "art of arts," as she called education. "One cannot give what one has not got," she writes to her Sisters, "if you are not virtuous yourself, you will not make others so." It is a lesson which can never be too thoroughly assimilated by teachers, and coupled with it is another which makes

for success, a sovereign means to enable them to do well and easily what lies within their powers, a means long since revealed in the pregnant words of the great Augustine: "Where there is love, there is no labor, or, if there be labor, the labor is love."

UP STREAM. *An American Chronicle.* By Ludwig Lewisohn. New York: Boni & Liveright. \$3.00.

Another very tired egoist has made his confession and nailed his defiance upon the gates of smug America. Ludwig Lewisohn's book is the story of his soul, working to assimilate and re-fashion, amid the dull, indifferent whirr of American life, the great realities of beauty and thought. Of course, he failed, and his criticism is therefore bitter with indignation that is almost despair. One concedes the terrible truth of much he says, while viewing with a certain pity and astonishment the weakness of his ultimate philosophy. He came to America, as a child, from Germany; his father was an emancipated Jew; no religious belief stirred him except (it is worth noting) a brief response to the æsthetic side of the Church; he studied and toiled to overcome poverty, ostracism, misunderstanding; and as a university professor and literary critic underwent the trial of a war in which he did not believe. It is all very serious and intense, the relief being supplied by heroic enthusiasm for poetry and philosophy. And yet, after this wide experience and education, what has Lewisohn to offer as a remedy for American mediocrity? An impotent egoism, a shabby sex psychology, a form of erotic German romanticism so hollow and so hopeless that no phrases can hide its flabby contours. Under all his bravado, there is no *bravoure*; for the thunder of Carlyle he substitutes, frequently, a screech; and his repudiation of Christianity is purely external. A little faith, a saving sense of humor, even, perhaps, a diligent reading of Don Quixote, would have drummed into his head the saving phrase—*Memento homo quia pulvis es*.

FRENCH GRAMMAR MADE CLEAR. For use in American Schools. By Ernest Dimnet. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. \$1.50 net.

It is doubtful if any but a Frenchman could have treated what Father Tabb used to call the *bone dry rules* of speech so humanly and vivaciously as the present book. And it is further doubtful if any Frenchman except the Canon Dimnet could quite have achieved it. For here is the work of an experienced professor—in fact, of an internationally celebrated scholar—a practical working grammar, built up with the main idea of interesting

and intriguing the American student. Obviously, it is bound to succeed. It will succeed, first, because of its conciseness and simplicity, its determination to omit "everything not generally known to an educated Frenchman." And then it will succeed because of its inclusiveness: because to the usual and inevitable groundwork of conjugation, rule and vocabulary, it adds a highly useful and stimulating list of Current Twentieth Century Phrases—and a page of really practical (and polite) suggestions for letter-writing in French—and three amazingly brief, but comprehensive, appendices dealing with French Versification, the Landmarks of French Literature and the Main Periods of French History.

And, perhaps, the little volume will succeed most of all because of the tact and taste with which its information is presented. It is something more than a text-book, since to classroom work or home study it brings both freshness and sympathy.

ONE. By Sarah Warder MacConnell. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.00.

We must confess that this, Miss MacConnell's third novel, is a little disappointing when we compare it with its forerunners, *Why Theodora!* and *Many Mansions*. The reason for the falling-off is possibly to be found in the fact that the book deals—unlike the earlier novels—with that dreariest of all things, New York suburban society. We cannot become interested in the characters, and we do not believe that Miss MacConnell is greatly interested in them.

Yet *One* possesses some merits. It is sincere; it has insight; and it is full of courage. The background of the book is cleverly painted. Without attempting definite satire, and delicately avoiding the usual facile, coarse realism, Miss MacConnell gives us the women with "hennaed hair that seemed to scream with pain," the "bizarre clothes that were the wildly colored expression of unhappiness," "the appearance of Husbands as a topic, sent round like the cigarettes."

In such a society Alethea, the heroine of the story, moves, tolerant and contemptuous of its meanness and vice. She marries, with her eyes open, the brilliant Frederick Haviland, notorious as a philanderer. Her problem is how to make her marriage a success, and her method is the renunciation of jealousy. It is a hard job, but she wins in the end.

Miss MacConnell, we understand, is a High Anglican; but she is careful not to use any supernatural argument. Nevertheless, the argument she does use—though upon a purely naturalistic basis—is sound, as far as it goes. The bond of marriage

exists even when romance is dead; her divorced men and women are all fish out the matrimonial water, more desolate in separation than they were together. Even in disaster the tie holds: it was Alethea's difficult business, alone in her precious set, to attempt and to achieve unity.

A FRANCISCAN VIEW OF THE SPIRITUAL AND RELIGIOUS LIFE, being three treatises from the writings of St. Bonaventure. Done into English by Dominic Devas, O.F.M. (New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.50 net.) This is a book that can be highly recommended to all religious superiors or those likely to be superiors. We may go further, and say that it is a book that should be carefully and meditatively read by all such. From its pages, they may learn the qualifications and virtues of the true religious superior, and this knowledge may serve to deter some who otherwise might be ambitious to hold office. It is not easy to be a good superior, as St. Bonaventure makes evident. Yet for those who are chosen to exercise such an office these treatises will afford much light. The twenty-two pages at the end, containing eight general and twenty-five special injunctions in reference to the ordering of one's spiritual life, are all that will be likely to prove of special interest or value to the general reader.

NEW GROWTHS AND CANCER, by Simeon Burt Wolbach, M.D. (Harvard Health Talks.) (New York: Harvard University Press. \$1.00.) Perhaps the most serious problem before the medical profession at the present time is cancer. About a million of people die of it every year—nearly 100,000 of them in this country alone. Cancer is on the increase. About two and one-half per cent. more of patients die from it every year. It is easy to understand then that this little book, summing up our most recent knowledge of cancer, is of great popular interest. Certain changes have come in recent times. "Twenty-five years ago the possibility of cancer being caused by a parasite was eagerly entertained and heredity was given a prominent place in all discussions." Today "the parasitic theory of cancer causation is almost wholly abandoned. . . . The statistician has disproved heredity, and insurance companies attach no importance of penalty to history of cancer in the family of an applicant for insurance."

What to do for cancer? On the first suspicious sign of a mole or wart showing a tendency to grow, have it removed. Internal trouble after middle life that persists, should be submitted to a reliable physician. Pain is a late symptom of cancer. Avoid quacks and pretenders. If you have a good watch, you make inquiries before intrusting it to someone for cleaning or repairs. Do at least that much with regard to your body. Look out for remedies that claim to save you from the knife; they will, at the expense of your life. Here you have the Harvard advice on the most important medical problem of the day.

THE EPISTLES AND GOSPELS FOR PULPIT USE. Being the English Version of the Epistles and Gospels read in the Masses of Sundays and Holydays throughout the year, edited by Rev. Ferdinand E. Bogner. (New York: Leo A. Kelly.) We commend heartily this new edition of the *Epistles and Gospels for Pulpit Use* as being at once both scholarly and practical. The volume is of convenient size, admirably printed and bound, and very sensibly arranged. It will be of no little value in assisting priests to read the Gospel intelligently and impressively to the people; and it will be available also for those of the faithful who care to keep the Sunday Gospels at hand for reading or meditation. Father Bogner and Mr. Kelly are to be complimented on the doing of a very fine piece of work. The price is most reasonable, \$1.00.

MANUAL FOR NOVICES, compiled from the *Disciplina Claustralis* of the Venerable Father John of Jesus and Mary, the *Vade-Mecum Novitiorum* by a Master of Novices, and other authentic sources. Translated from the Latin. (New York: Benziger Brothers. \$2.00 net.) This little manual, as the preface states, was compiled chiefly for the use of Discalced Carmelites; yet it may be used with profit by other Religious as well. In fact, we believe the Religious of all Orders or Congregations will welcome this volume. It is brief in treatment, but full in sense and very thoroughgoing in the principles it inculcates. The specimen acts of the various virtues and the chapters on Prayer, Mortification, the Annual and the Monthly Retreat will be found specially helpful. In the Table of Contents the pagination of the sections up to XIII. is wrong. Otherwise the volume is well printed, and is neatly bound in black cloth.

THE COUNTER-REFORMATION IN SCOTLAND, by Rev. J. H. Pollen, S.J. (St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$1.00 net.) Father Pollen has rewritten and enlarged the paper on the Counter-Reformation in Scotland, which he read two years ago, before the Catholic Students' Guild of the University of Glasgow. In the brief space of some eighty pages, the writer sketches the circumstances that led to the first Catholic counter-reformation in the coming of Gordon and Crichton in 1584. He describes Scotland's long resistance to the Reformation and her complete collapse; the policy of Queen Mary Stuart; the changing viewpoint of King James in 1579 and 1589; the mission of Edmund Hay and John Dury. We hope some day for a fuller treatment of this period from the hands of this eminent Jesuit scholar.

A GREAT MISTAKE, by Mrs. G. J. Romanes. (St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$2.00 net.) In days when so many strong-minded wives ignore the wishes of their husbands, it is interesting to compare the result of their independent behavior with that of the young married heroine who so firmly believes it is her duty to obey her husband. Other story-ladies of our acquaintance say, firmly: "I intend

to do so-and-so." But Margot asks: "What do you wish, Philip? If you tell me not to, I will not." It is not hard to guess the effect on Philip.

The title of this book is misleading. There is an old Scotch friend of ours who likes to say, when things seem to go wrong and disappointingly: "Eh, but He makes no mistakes." Readers of *A Great Mistake* may be assured that no mistake whatever has been made, and they will enjoy this wholesome little Catholic story by a convert writer.

THREE of Uncle Pat's Picture Books, "designed, printed and bound in Ireland" (St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. 75 cents each), are: *Tales of the Gaels*, which will hold the attention and delight the hearts of the small adventure-loving boys and girls, and hold a very special charm for them if they be of Irish extraction. In it they will read of the terrible tests to which those who wished to join the Fenians had to submit, and will revel in the marvelous feats of "Finn MacCool," of his adventures in "The Witch's Cave at Kesh," of "Coalty's Rabble," "The Clown of the Ragged Coat," and many other stories, each more fascinating than the last. An added attraction will be found in the numerous and artistic illustrations by Austin Molloy. *Uncle Pat's Playtime Book*, for the very small child, provides a treasure house of fun with its stories, verses, puzzles and jokes. George Monks illustrates this book, both delightfully and profusely. *Credo*, the third of the Uncle Pat books, is also for the small child, and explains the Apostles' Creed, phrase by phrase, briefly and in the simplest language, teaching in connection with it the prayers that even the smallest of our children should know. *Credo* is illustrated quite as fully as the Finn MacCool and Playtime books. Unfortunately these illustrations cannot compare in artistic value with the others, yet the subject matter is worthy of the best. We feel that our religious books should be bound and illustrated at least as attractively and artistically as those simply intended to amuse.

THE GLANDS REGULATING PERSONALITY—a Study of the Glands of Internal Secretion in Relation to the Types of Human Nature—by Louis Berman, M.D. (New York: The Macmillan Co.) The book opens with an introductory chapter on "Attitudes Towards Human Nature." This introduction is quasi-philosophical and, from the point of view of clearness and consistency, is quite hopeless. In fact, the author's exact attitude is beyond discovery.

The value of the thirteen chapters that follow varies greatly according to content. The first on "How the Glands of Internal Secretion Were Discovered" is full of interesting information. So, too, the discussion of the anatomy and physiology of the several glands is good when the author confines himself to the description of experimental results. But, unfortunately, he is not prudent in this regard; very often he goes way beyond the experimental data in hand at present.

He sets down hopes and fears, predictions and admonitions seemingly with all the ease of a novelist. And this condition becomes more evident as the book proceeds.

His description of some historic personages in terms of gland physiology is, I believe, premature. There is still too little known about the subject theoretically to warrant its application in analyzing the life histories of the heroes of the past.

Again, the author's use of the term personality is empirical, *i. e.*, there is no question of a metaphysical concept of person. Very probably the introductory chapter is designed to reduce personality to chemical reaction, but this is a logical absurdity—not to speak of the physical impossibility involved.

On the whole, one can say that the book, good as a summary of experimental results, is vitiated by the introduction of much non-scientific matter of a distinctly emotional coloring.

FOR WHAT DO WE LIVE? By Edward Howard Griggs. (Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y.: Orchard Hill Press. \$1.00.) In some seventy-four small pages of large print, Mr. Griggs gives us his own philosophy of life. He gives us also fair warning of what we are to expect. "I have no fixed and finished solutions to offer; I do not believe such are possible" (pp. 23, 24). Catholics, then, have nothing to learn from this book. The author, who acclaims the ideal and the noble, maintains a high standard; he strongly condemns the self-seeking and the lust for wealth, which stain present-day society. He regrets that scientific discoveries have dissolved the old faith, and made it, so he believes, impossible. His own religious viewpoint, at least in certain pages, would seem to gravitate towards a vague pantheism.

MORAL EMBLEMS AND OTHER POEMS, by Robert Louis Stevenson. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.) The much-loved, and now well-grown, little stepson of Robert Louis Stevenson has recently re-published *Moral Emblems*, that most delicious and most precious bit of nonsense which helped to alleviate both the sadness and the poverty of his slowly dying father. Obviously, these little rhymes are the work of a humorous master, whose eyes twinkle as he writes, and for the time, at least, he sees himself and the rest of the world only as a subject for fun-making. The book is illustrated by delightfully absurd wood-cuts of the jingler's own, and the introduction, by Lloyd Osbourne, is charmingly informative.

COBRA ISLAND, by Neil Boyton, S.J. (New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.15 net.) In this story of a Catholic scout's adventures, it is the young hero himself who tells the tale. Under his father's care, "Scouty" Gaze sails from Brooklyn for India, anticipating experiences that will be interesting and, perhaps, exciting; but not such a series of adventures as fall to his lot, by sea and land. They pass, as the book's jacket has it, "like a colorful circus rider;" yet

the author makes them seem plausible enough as Scouty chatters on, telling simply and naturally what he did and felt and said. Best of all, is the tactful way in which is indicated the boy's unostentatious fidelity, through all that befalls him, to the ideal of the Catholic scout. Of the incidents that set this forth, one remains in the memory, both from its inherent impressiveness and the picturesque, effective manner in which it is written; the baptism, by Scouty, of poor, faithful, dark-skinned Jim in the hour of his death, caused by a cobra's bite.

BRAZILIAN TALES, by Isaac Goldberg. (Boston: The Four Seas Co. \$2.00.) In this book of one hundred and forty-nine pages there are forty-two of introduction and fourteen of sheer padding. The remaining ninety-three pages contain translations of short stories by various Brazilian writers. The volume is called a sample—though rather a costly one—and its aim is clearly enunciated by the translator when he writes, “when the literature of these United States is at last (if ever, indeed!) released from the childish, hypocritical, Puritanic inhibitions forced upon it by quasi-official societies, we may even relish from among Azevedo's long shelf of novels, such a sensuous product as *Cortico*.”

“The Pigeons,” by Netto, and “Aunt Zeze's Tears,” by Carmen Dolores, are the only stories in the book that may hope for a sympathetic welcome among the English-reading public.

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF THOMAS O'HAGAN. (Toronto: McClelland & Steward. \$2.00.) Canada assists her veterans of the Great War by helping them to establish profitable farms. Frequently, this occurs in sparsely settled territory, and widespread attention follows the work of the pioneers. Dr. Thomas O'Hagan, whose poetry so graphically describes the life they must lead, has recently published his collected poems. Many of them literally breathe the pioneer spirit. Indeed, he is generally conceded to excel in verses of commemoration and elegy. It is also true that some of his simpler verses contain much real beauty.

HEPPLESTALLS, by Harold Brighthouse. (New York: Robert McBride & Co. \$2.00 net.) This well-written novel describes in most dramatic fashion the century-old feud between the Bradshaws and the Hepplestalls. It begins with a seduction and a murder in the days of the Prince Regent, and ends with a Hepplestall-Bradshaw marriage. The author traces with a master hand the history and development of the cotton industry of Lancashire from the days of the invention of steam, and gives a good sketch of the long-drawn-out fight between Capital and Labor in England during the past century.

THE EVERLASTING WHISPER, by Jackson Gregory. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.75.) Jackson Gregory has written another of his thrilling romances of the West. The reader is kept on

the alert every moment, following the hero's strenuous search for a lost gold mine in the California Sierras. Many months of life in the open, molds the character of the wayward and impulsive city-bred heroine, Gloria, who time and time again is saved from death and dishonor by the man of her choice, who never knows fatigue or failure. The bad men of the West figure largely in these pages, and are guilty of every imaginable crime—murder, robbery and abduction.

PAMPHLET PUBLICATIONS.

The Methods of a Fanatic, by the Rev. O. R. Vassal-Phillips, C.S.S.R. (Catholic Truth Society), is an exposure of anti-Catholic falsehoods contained in a book called *Priestcraft*, by Mr. H. L. Stutfield, and published in the *National Review*. Mr. Stutfield attacks three Catholic theologians, Diana, Escotar and St. Alphonsus. He also makes false statements about Pope Clement XIV. The author of the pamphlet points out effectively the writer's complete lack of knowledge to write on his subject, and his complete misunderstanding of the authorities he quotes.

Treatises dealing with matters of Catholic doctrine are acceptable at all times. The Catholic laity can never be too well informed. In these days particularly, a complete knowledge of the Church's teaching is needed. Answering this need, we recommend three other excellent pamphlets published by the Catholic Truth Society: *The Immaculate Conception*, by J. B. Jaggar, S.J.; *Why We Resist Divorce*, by Herbert Thurston, S.J., and *The True Church Visibly One*, by Rev. H. P. Russell.

The Problem of Evil, by M. C. D'Arcy, S.J., M.A., answers the problem of the ages from the Catholic viewpoint, which shows how God draws good out of all evil, and disposes us to take a happy view of life despite its suffering and sin. A very instructive pamphlet. (Catholic Truth Society.) "To meet an adverse movement with a counter-movement is the only policy which assures success and proves sincerity of purpose," says Rev. George Thomas Daly, C.S.S.R., in his interesting pamphlet on the *Sisters of Service*, a new community formed to meet the exigencies of souls in the wilderness of the Canadian Northwest (Catholic Truth Society of Canada). *Freemasonry*, by Rev. Lucian Johnston is a kindly, heart to heart talk with Freemasons as to Masonry and the Church's attitude towards it (International Catholic Truth Society. 5 cents).

From St. Thomas' Publishing Society, Travancore, India, we have a pamphlet appeal for coöperation with Catholic apostolic work in India. The writer, Rev. Cyriacus Mattam, is a well-known native priest and author.

The Committee for the Protection of Animal Experimentation, Boston, Mass., has issued its *Third Statement*, dated February, 1922, in defence of vivisection, answering its opponents. The Tract Commission of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, Cincinnati, Ohio, sends us a Tract on *Jewish Ethics*, by Rabbi Samuel Schulman, D.D., of Temple Beth El, New York City; one of a series of tracts which they are issuing for distribution among "Jews and non-Jews," to "convey information on the Jewish religion and Jewish history."

Recent Events.

France. As forecast last month, the Conference at The Hague ended in failure, the final session being held on July 19th, with a rejection of the Russian proposals.

What really stopped the Conference, from a technical diplomatic viewpoint, was the Russian attitude on private property. The Soviet delegation stood on the ground that it had a right to confiscate any private property under its jurisdiction, and, furthermore, maintained that they were under no obligation to compensate for the property seized. The Powers' delegates took the stand that they were not trying to dictate to Russia what laws she should have; they were merely telling Russia what sort of conditions must exist in a country, with which their countries would do business. When the Russians flatly stated, in reply to a question which could not be dodged, that they recognized no obligation in the premises, the other delegates told them it was useless to continue the debates. Thereupon the Conference ended.

After a month of constant note-passing between the various Allies, particularly France and Great Britain, interspersed with German pleas for a moratorium, the fifteenth Allied Conference on War Debts and Reparations was opened in London on August 7th, with France insistent on strict measures and Great Britain and, to a less degree, Italy inclined to leniency. Three days after this meeting, the British Cabinet, following a two-hour session, announced that the Ministers had approved the policy of Premier Lloyd George and the committee of experts in declining to agree to the Poincaré plan to force Germany to meet the reparation payment. The views of the British Cabinet were sent in writing to all the delegates. They amount to a reaffirmation of the British policy of limiting reparations to the amount Germany is capable of paying, and granting her a moratorium to enable her to recover.

Several weeks previous to the London meeting—on July 20th—the Committee on Guarantees, which had been for some weeks in Berlin working out a method for Allied supervision of German public finances, returned to Paris and informed the Reparations Commission that the German Government had agreed to its project looking to supervision of the German budget, also supervision of exportations and importations, the recovery of evaded capital

and the publication of reliable German Government statistics. The trial of this plan, however, has been postponed by the Reparations Commission till the French and British Premiers have come to a closer agreement on the matter of a German moratorium—a prospect indefinitely remote.

The United States War Debt Funding Commission started the first formal negotiations leading to the funding of the Allied war debt coming to this country, on July 27th, when it met with Jean V. Parmentier, Director of Finance of the French Treasury, and special financial representatives of France. A week later, however, the negotiations were temporarily halted pending further instructions from France to its representatives here. The French debt to the United States is \$3,500,000,000, and as the French representative seemed to be without authority to make definite proposals regarding the manner in which payments could be made, it was decided that further communication with the French Government would be necessary before proceeding further.

On August 1st, Lord Balfour, as Acting Foreign Secretary of Great Britain, addressed a note to the Governments of France, Italy, Jugo-Slavia, Rumania, Portugal and Greece, transmitting at the same time a copy to the American Government, in which the British Government declared it was regretfully constrained to request these various countries to take steps to pay what they owe Great Britain, stating, however, that the amount of payment and interest for which it asked, depended less on what France and the other Allies owe Great Britain than on what Great Britain has to pay to the United States. The important feature of the note lay in this last clause, the note going on to say that Great Britain would be willing to surrender her share of German reparations if there could be written off, through one great transaction, the whole body of Inter-Allied indebtedness—in other words, the note was primarily a round-about plea in favor of the cancellation by America of what Great Britain and the other Allies owe her. To this, however, the American Secretary of the Treasury Mellon, the President and American public sentiment generally seems unalterably opposed, and the note only served to bring into actual light what has long been hinted at but never definitely proposed. Negotiations with financial representatives of Great Britain, therefore, for the funding of that country's debt of \$4,500,000,000 to the United States are scheduled to begin some time towards the end of September.

The nineteenth session of the Council of the League of Nations began in London on July 17th and lasted for ten days, the

chief action taken being the formal approval of the British and French mandates for Palestine and Syria respectively. These mandates will not come into force, however, until certain questions concerning the Syrian mandate, at issue between Italy and France, are settled. As soon as the Council is notified that this has happened, both mandates will be placed in operation simultaneously. The next meeting of the Council will take place in Geneva on August 30th.

Premier Lloyd George's statement last month, that it was desirable that Germany should be admitted to the League of Nations at the next assembly in September, was received with disfavor in France, which took the stand that Germany should not be admitted till she showed greater good-will in the execution of the Treaty of Versailles. Definite news now comes from Germany that she has no intention of applying for membership in the League, her decision being obviously the result of France's semi-official declaration on the subject.

Movements of the Greek army towards Constantinople, late in July, caused considerable Allied apprehension that a Greek attack on that city was meditated. A force of over 10,000 French, British and Italian troops were rushed to Thrace and stationed south of the Tchatalja line, thirty miles west of Constantinople, along which was drawn a force of 70,000 Greeks. Latest dispatches are to the effect that the Greek commander has notified Brigadier General Harrington, commander of the Allied forces, that the Greeks have begun to withdraw from the Tchatalja line. This action is in compliance with the request of General Harrington, who is endeavoring to establish a neutral zone, that the Greeks and Allied troops withdraw for two miles on each side of the line in order to avoid a clash.

On July 14th, the Turkish Nationalist Cabinet resigned as a result of the adoption by the Angora Assembly of a new law, providing that the nomination of the Executive Council shall be made by Parliament as a whole, instead of by the Presidential National Assembly. The new law is designed to curtail the powers of Mustapha Kemal. Mustapha Kemal's party, which at the beginning of the Nationalist movement numbered more than two-thirds of the Assembly, now has only eighty members. Meanwhile, the Allied Governments have decided to turn the investigation of Turkish atrocities in Armenia over to the International Red Cross as a neutral organization.

Early in July, the Chamber of Deputies adopted a resolution asking the Government to reduce the numbers of military units in France so as to eliminate some of the skeleton organizations

and bring others up to fuller strength. This does not involve any reduction in the general army strength, but affects only the internal organization. The resolution asks for a change from fifty divisions, as at present, to thirty-two.

That the falling birth-rate "dominates all other perils," is the contention of a recent article in the Paris *Figaro*, which goes on to say that "since 1863, a record year in births—1,012,000—we have continued to diminish. As a result of the nuptial abundance of 1920-21, a slight excess of births over deaths was produced. It will not last. In France, which lost three million men since 1914, there was an increase in population in 1921 of 140,000, compared with 590,000 in England for the same year and 720,000 in Germany. The Germans are eagerly proceeding to repopulate their country. What sentiments are animating the French, born upon a fertile area, larger than that of the German Empire, whose tillable soil requires the services of 55,000,000 inhabitants? If the European birth-rates continue in their present ratios, France will have, in twenty years, 35,000,000, or 36,000,000 inhabitants with a majority of old people; Germany will have 75,000,000 with a majority of young men and women. What will happen with the Reich congested by lack of room and empty spaces in France next door? We must use our wits and our strength to protect ourselves. The causes of this voluntary suicide are essentially moral; they betray an obvious impairment of mentality, and post-natal care of mothers and infants must play a part. A plan of defence must forthwith be devised."

Italy.

Italy has been in a state of political, industrial and social turmoil throughout the month. The beginning of the trouble occurred towards the middle of July, when there was a Fascisti outbreak at Cremona. Partly because in this affair the Fascisti burned the house of Deputy Mifliolo, of the Communist Wing of the Popular (Catholic) Party, the Catholic Deputies united with the Socialists on July 20th in the motion of the Popularist Deputy, Longinotti, to overthrow the Facta Government, the motion declaring that "the Government has not attained the pacification of the country necessary for its economical reconstruction." The Government was defeated by a vote of 288 to 102. An idea of the mixed nature of Italian politics may be obtained from the fact that part of the adverse vote included Fascisti, who so voted because of the weakness of Government authority at Cremona. The fact that the Government had maintained the most perfect

order during the Genoa Conference merely served as a contrast to its later apparent delinquency.

In what was practically an *interregnum*, lasting from July 30th to August 1st, various attempts were made by former Premiers Orlando, Bonomi and Nava, successively, to form a new ministry, but without success. Finally, it was necessary to call on Premier Facta to continue in office, with, however, a reconstruction of his former Cabinet. The chief changes were the appointment of four new ministers, the most prominent of whom is Senator Paolino Taddei. Signor Taddei has been Prefect of the Province of Turin for several years, and achieved a great reputation in 1920 by bringing about a peaceful adjustment of the workers and powers of the factories there, when the former took possession of the plants and attempted to operate them in every department.

Hardly had the new Ministry been formed, when renewed conflicts between the Fascisti and other parties broke out all over Italy on a hitherto unprecedented scale. The origin of this outbreak, which amounted virtually to civil war, was the declaration of a general strike by all the labor unions throughout the country on July 31st, instigated by the Communists and Socialists in protest against Fascisti reprisals. Thereupon, the Fascisti began taking measures to break up the strike, calling on their entire force, estimated at over 1,000,000 men, to take action. Trouble between the opposing forces quickly spread from Rome to Milan, Genoa, and ultimately most of the other cities. Scores of persons were killed and thousands wounded in the fighting, during which the Fascisti seized the municipal organizations in various localities, raided Communist newspaper offices, burned municipal buildings, etc.

After a week of disorder, on August 6th the Government declared martial law in the provinces of Genoa, Milan, Parma, Ancona, Leghorn and Brescia, taking over complete control of those territories; and, on the following day, Benito Mussolini, leader of the Fascisti organization, ordered the demobilization of all the Fascisti throughout Italy. In a manifesto issued at the same time, the Fascisti chief declared that the object of the Fascisti uprising had been achieved, namely, protection of the workers' legitimate interests, abolition of the general strike forever, and the defeat of the elements which were "blackmailing" the Government.

The Chamber of Deputies re-assembles about the middle of August. Until then the new Government, whose reception by the Chamber is problematical, will administer by decrees. Those of

the Minister of the Interior, Senator Taddei, will be followed with great interest, for he is now being asked to do for the nation what he successfully achieved for his province two years ago. On him depends the fate of the Government. Should he execute the laws in too drastic a manner, in an endeavor to win favor with the Fascisti, the Government is certain to find itself opposed by all the Socialists and most of the Catholics. On the other hand, should he ignore the red flags, the absence of the tricolor, and local attempts to establish Soviets, he will arouse the wrath of the Fascisti, with their numerous disciplined bands and their growing faith in the support of the nation.

Meanwhile Pope Pius has expressed his deep distress at the increasing hatred between the opposing factions, and has sent a circular letter to the Italian Bishops, in which he reminds them that pacification of the people is a part of their work, and urges all the people to return to "an observance of the Golden Rule." This letter has been commented on by the London *Times* as being especially important, as that journal considers it very rare that the Pope should take direct interest in affairs of State, except when they are closely connected with the Church.

Count Teofilo Rossi, the Italian Minister of Industry, and Count de Neurath, the German Ambassador to Italy, have signed a convention for the purchase of former German property in Italy by the German Government. The German Government will buy back all the confiscated German property as a whole. It will then be restored to its former owners. The purchase price is fixed at 800,000,000 lire, to be paid in instalments, the first falling due after the agreement is ratified. The property already liquidated or nationalized by the Italian Government for political, historical or military reasons, is excluded from the agreement.

The reproduction which the late Pope Benedict XV. ordered made of the famous Madonna of Loretto, burned last year with the altar on which it stood in the Holy House of Loreto, has recently been completed. It is a small, black image of the Blessed Virgin and the Infant Jesus, and, like the original, was carved from Lebanon cedar. The original was popularly supposed to have been sculptured by St. Luke, but the workmanship suggested that it dated from the latter half of the fifteenth century. Pope Pius will solemnly bless the new statue on September 6th. As soon as it is restored to the Holy House, there will be an imposing religious ceremony, at which Pope Pius will be represented by a special committee of Cardinals, including Cardinal Gasparri, who has been appointed Papal legate for this occasion. Large pilgrimages are being organized to visit the Holy House.

Germany.

The internal political situation in Germany during the month was characterized by two important developments. One was the friction that arose between Bavaria and the central Government at Berlin, holding for a time almost the threat of civil war, but which has now apparently been composed. This was the first crisis literally worthy of the name since the Kapp counter-revolution, and in many respects was even more serious because quieter and more fundamental. The trouble arose over the passage by the Reichstag of certain laws "for safeguarding the Republic," immediately following the assassination of the late Foreign Minister, Dr. Rathenau. These laws were so drastic as to amount to constitutional changes, but, being passed by more than a two-thirds majority, they became amendments to the Constitution. Bavaria, however, refused to recognize these changes, principally on the ground that they infringed on its rights as a sovereign State in the defunct federation of the Bismarckian German Empire. Specifically, what it objected to was, first, the creation of a new political Supreme Court or high tribunal for trying political cases; and, secondly, the creation of a new Federal criminal police. After several weeks' negotiation between Berlin and Munich, it was finally announced on August 11th that an agreement had been reached between the Berlin Government and Count Lerchenfeld, Premier of Bavaria. President Ebert assured Count Lerchenfeld that the rights of individual States would not be impaired by the new defence law.

The other important development was the decision of the Centre Party to give up its exclusively Catholic character and endeavor to join to it "Christian Republicans" of all creeds—"Christian Republicans" in this context meaning "anti-Marxian Republicans." What the Centre is trying to do, it seems, is to gather together all the sound bourgeois who are caught, at present, between the overwhelming Socialist majority in the Republican bloc, and the worshippers of gold and iron, who control the parties of the Right. "At the next election a large number of non-Catholic candidates will be nominated by the Centrist Party without consideration as to whether these non-Catholic candidates have the support of their own co-religionists or not." This proclamation may be considered as an invitation to the discontented of all other parties to join the rejuvenated Centrist Party, and there can be no doubt that the call will be answered from many quarters, by persons who joined the Socialists or the German People's Party simply because there was no true Republican Party. The two men to whom this change in

policy is due, are Federal Labor Minister Braun, a priest, and ex-Minister Slergerwald, though they were obliged to meet strong opposition from the powerful Right Wing of the Centrist Party, composed principally of Junkers and big industrialists. It is expected that the change will strengthen Chancellor Wirth, himself a Centrist, and incidentally the Republic, by affording a rallying point for all liberals and constitutionalists.

Still further tending to strengthen the Republic was the unexpected action, early in July, of the Central Committee of the German People's Party (the party with which Hugo Stinnes, the capitalist, is prominently identified), which passed a resolution embodying the clearest pronouncement yet made in favor of the Republic by the People's Party. Among other things, the resolution declared: "We are convinced that the reconstruction of Germany is only possible on the basis of a Republican constitution." The Centrist and Social Democratic Parties had previously addressed a joint appeal to the German People's Party, inviting it to enter the Government coalition, but little hope was entertained that a favorable response would be forthcoming.

On August 2d German marks again suffered a severe slump, being quoted on the London Exchange market at the new low record of 3,840 to the pound sterling. This was primarily due to the foreign political situation described above, and to the Earl of Balfour's note on Inter-Allied debts, which appears to have confused exchange. The latest trade figures, too, show a very unhealthy state of affairs. Exports for June were more than 2,000,000 double hundredweights below the monthly average for the half year. In all that time, Germany's export trade has been shrinking, and the adverse trade balance for six months alone means the loss of 200,000,000 gold marks. The textile industry is refusing all orders, owing to the unstable conditions, and several other industries are doing the same.

On the other hand, according to figures published by the Berlin *Tageblatt* on July 28th, the number of unemployed in Germany has dropped to a level seldom attained even before the War. The total of completely unemployed persons receiving public relief fell from 28,200 in June to 19,900 in July. In 354 of the largest centres only 16,029 were unemployed, as compared with 19,108 for the previous month.

The cost of living in Germany took an unusual leap of thirty-two per cent. in July, as compared with nine and two-tenths in June. The index figure rose from 3,779 to 4,990. The index figure for food alone went to 6,836, representing an increase of thirty-three and five-tenths per cent. over June. The prices of

virtually everything, except rent, rose. This was especially true of new potatoes. The increases were uniform in small and large communities, none showing a rise of less than twenty per cent. The further depreciation in the value of the mark is held responsible for the increase.

On August 10th the United States Government made an announcement that an agreement between the United States and Germany, providing for the determination of the amount of claims against Germany, had been signed in Berlin. The agreement provides for a claims commission to be composed of two commissioners and an umpire. Associate Justice William R. Day, of the United States Supreme Court, it was announced, has been selected by President Harding as umpire. He will have authority to decide finally upon questions on which the two commissioners—one to be selected by each Government—may disagree. The selection of Justice Day, it was stated, was made after the German Government expressed a desire to have an American citizen appointed as umpire. Under the agreement, the commissioners, whose names have not yet been announced, will meet in Washington within two months from the date of its signature, and will pass upon: (1) claims arising from seizure of or damage to American property within the former German Empire; (2) claims arising as a consequence of the War and occurring since July 31, 1914, and (3) debts owed as between the nationals of the two countries.

Early in July negotiations, which had been in progress between representatives of the Belgian and German Governments at Brussels for redemption of 6,000,000,000 marks which Germany circulated in Belgium during her occupation of that country, were broken off by the Belgians because they considered the German proposals inadequate to meet the requirements. The Belgian Government has decided to proceed immediately with liquidation of sequestered German property, in order to raise a fund for redemption of the marks in question.

That the German merchant fleet is creeping back towards its pre-war tonnage is shown by a recent cable to the American Commercial Department from Commercial Attaché C. E. Herring at Berlin. On June 30th, Mr. Herring reported the German merchant fleet was estimated at 1,618,000 gross tons, as compared with a pre-war tonnage of 5,459,000 gross tons and with 1,500,000 gross tons for the calendar year 1921, figures for June 30, 1921, being unavailable. During June eight ships were launched in Germany, aggregating 66,600 tons; eight ships were completed, totaling 48,600 tons, and seven ships were purchased, amounting to 22,200 tons.

Russia.

Endorsement of the stand taken by the Soviet delegations at The Hague Conference was made in resolutions adopted by all the All-Russian Communist Party which began a five-day conference in Moscow on August 5th. The programme included chiefly economic affairs and questions of international policy. Leo Kameneff, the Acting Premier, welcoming the delegates, said that Premier Lenine's health continued to improve, and he would soon resume his duties.

Though the famine seems to have been definitely checked in the greater part of Russia, conditions are still bad in Ukrainia and Southern Russia. According to a bulletin published late in July by the Famine Relief Commission of the All-Russian Central Executive Committee, 247,000,000 gold rubles were devoted to the relief of the famine, Russia herself having contributed 170,000,000 of that amount. American aid was given as \$35,910,000 or 69,640,000 gold rubles. The English total was given as exceeding 2,500,000 gold rubles.

On July 25th the members of the Papal Relief Mission were received in the throne room by Pope Pius before their departure for the stricken regions. Pope Pius has ordered a special section in the Papal Secretariat of State for dealing with the Russian relief activities of the Vatican, and has addressed a letter to the Patriarchs, Archbishops and Bishops, urging renewed efforts to aid Russian famine sufferers. The Holy See, it states, will make a further contribution of 2,500,000 lire for relief work in Russia.

Meanwhile, the crop prospects are unusually good. The areas sown this year, perhaps, were less than last in many provinces, but the crop itself is so good that the yield is expected to be more than three and a half billion poods (a pood is thirty-six pounds) of grain for all Russia, a billion more than last year. On August 5th the Soviet Government announced that, owing to the excellent crop prospects, the Foreign Trade Department was instructing its bureaus abroad to cease buying flour and sugar. Despite the splendid harvest reports, however, food prices in Russia have increased thirty to forty per cent. since the first of August, Moscow being the chief sufferer.

On August 2d the Japanese Government made official announcement of the beginning of the promised withdrawal of Japanese troops from the maritime province of Siberia. Advices state that on July 28th the Japanese General Staff ordered the Commander-in-Chief of the Japanese Army in Siberia to send home two infantry battalions and one company of engineers stationed at Nikolaievsk and De Castre.

Late in July Japan invited representatives of the Far Eastern Republic and Soviet Russia to a conference at Harbin or Dairen. In a joint note the Foreign Minister of the Far Eastern Republic and Leonid Krassin, Acting Foreign Minister of Soviet Russia, replied with an acceptance, but suggested Chita, the capital of the Far Eastern Republic, or Moscow for the place of meeting. Great importance is attached by the Moscow Government to this conference, which is expected to open about August 21st. That the Japanese should have requested it, despite their having broken off the previous discussion with the Far Eastern Republic, is taken in official Russian circles as even greater assurance that they intend to evacuate the maritime provinces than their repeated promise to do so.

On August 9th, fourteen of the thirty-four Social Revolutionaries accused of high treason against the Soviet Government, were sentenced to death by the Soviet tribunal which has been trying the cases for many weeks at Moscow. Among the condemned were several who had turned informers. Three of the other defendants were acquitted, and the remainder sentenced to from two to ten years. The death sentence against twelve of the first group of defendants was upheld later by the Central Executive Committee, but an indefinite stay of execution was ordered, upon the condition that the Social Revolutionary Party cease its counter-revolutionary activities against the Soviets. Otherwise the sentenced leaders are liable to the Court's judgment. Meanwhile, all those sentenced to death or to various terms in prison are to be held in strict confinement.

Two days previous to this decision, the Central Executive Committee denied the appeals of the Petrograd Metropolitan Benjamin, Archbishop Shane, Professor Novitsky and a layman, Kosheroff, who had been sentenced to death by the Petrograd tribunal for interfering with the seizure of church treasures. Death sentences brought against seven clergymen, who were tried simultaneously with the Metropolitan, were commuted to long terms of imprisonment.

Late in July, reports were received of renewed fighting in the suburbs of Vladivostok. Partisan bands were said to be operating on the very outskirts of the town, and in Nikolsk-Ussurisk, one hundred versts from Vladivostok, they entered the town and attacked the guard defending the railway station.

The dispatch stated that railway bridges were being destroyed daily and that the Suchan coal mines were surrounded by partisan bands. It was added that the Japanese forces stationed at Vladivostok had attacked many of these partisan detachments.

Conditions in Vladivostok are reported to be very bad, and unemployment in the district is particularly menacing, more than 20,000 persons being out of work and practically on the verge of starvation. Emigrants in large numbers are making their way to the north to Kamchatka and the Okhotsk Coast in the hope of finding employment.

From recent dispatches it appears that, despite certain modifications of the original system, the Soviet Government maintains what is virtually a complete monopoly of foreign trade. With two exceptions, all classes of import and export operations must be submitted to the control of the Foreign Trade Office or its representatives abroad. The exceptions are, first, that Russian coöperatives may trade, either as to imports or exports, with properly registered coöperatives abroad; and, second, private individuals in Russia, whether foreign concessionaires, Russians, or a combination of the two, may receive contracts permitting them to do an import or export business. It is to be noted, however, that, in the first case, by Russian coöperatives is meant the big coöperatives or coöperatives' unions officially approved by the Government. The so-called private coöperatives, which are in reality partnership associations of two or more persons who have formed a coöperative for their own convenience, must deal through the larger official organizations or through the Foreign Trade Bureau. In the second case, it appears at first sight, as if the monopoly had been considerably relaxed, or at least as if the door were open to relaxation. In practice, all contracts permitting export or import trade without the control of the Foreign Trade Bureau, must be approved by that Bureau, which thus enforces control at the outset.

As a matter of actuality, imports into Russia, as well as exports from it, are declining steadily as a result of the dwindling gold reserve and the inability to pay with Russian exports for goods purchased abroad. The second is the more serious influence of the two. The approaching exhaustion of the gold reserve, has been all along inevitable but, whereas, in 1921, Russian exports amounted in quantity to 13,500,000 poods, exports during the first quarter of 1922 were only 1,600,000, or only 6,400,000 per annum.

August 13, 1922.

With Our Readers

DIPLOMATS and soldiers seem to have a natural contempt for historians. Talleyrand called history "a conspiracy against the truth," and Napoleon declared it to be "*Une fable convenue*." The diplomat, presumably knows a lie when he sees one, and is quick to recognize a conspiracy against the truth. Such things are in his line. If he be a typical diplomat, it is part of his daily work to deceive. He is an adept in the "charlatanism of words." He recognizes a likeness between the historian's work and his own. Therefore, he distrusts the historian.

And the soldier, who makes history, is perhaps privileged to despise the historian who only writes history. The soldier knows that history as it is made and history as it is written are vastly different. He knows that at least that part of history which is made on the field of battle is wholly sordid, and ugly, and brutish. But when the horrible fact has been worked over by the historian, it becomes beautiful, stirring, romantic, perhaps even poetic. It is indeed a "fable." We wonder if Napoleon would have recognized the Waterloo of Victor Hugo.

Of course, Hugo was a poet and a romancer. But we have had professional historians with a style as brilliant and as graphic as his, and not one of them has used his power to show warfare as it really is. If it is only for the way that the historian writes of battles, the soldier laughs at him.

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BUT the rest of us, who are neither behind the scenes with the diplomat, nor on the field of battle with the soldier, have been accustomed to take history unsuspectingly, as a record of facts—until recently. We shall do so no longer. Our eyes have been opened. Our suspicions have been aroused. We have become sophisticated—and skeptical. We who have read the "news," day after day, before, during, and after the War, can never again naïvely credit the historians. Histories, perhaps, are not written from newspapers. But the sources of information used by historians are hardly more trustworthy. The best of the special correspondents in the War, a writer who has every claim to be considered not merely a journalist, but an historian, has given

us, under the title *Now It Can Be Told*, a large volume of important facts that were deliberately suppressed from his first account of the conduct of the War. And he has still further supplied the omissions from what we thought to be a substantially complete and sincere story, with a third volume, *More That Must Be Told*. How are we to know when we have the whole story? For our part, we find a deliberate suppression of the truth almost as irritating as a lie.

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WE have heard from the lips of a professor of Louvain, who was in that stricken city when the Germans came, an anecdote that is apropos. Meeting a German officer whom he had known in his student days, he said to him: "What will the world think of these atrocities when the history of them is written?" "Germany is going to win this War," was the brazen answer, "and when Germany has won the War, Germany will write the history of the War. In that history there will be no account of German atrocities." But the Allies have won the War. And the Allies are writing the history of the War. But will the histories, written by the victors, contain "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?"

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THERE is an amusing confirmation of our skepticism in the recent revelations concerning the text-books of history used in the public schools in the city of New York. Mr. William L. Ettinger, Superintendent of Schools, after receiving a number of complaints that "some of the histories used in our schools contain matter disparaging the accomplishments of noted characters in American history," suggested to Mr. E. D. Shimer, associate superintendent, the formation of a committee to investigate the charges, and to make a careful and complete report upon the matter. Their report, consisting of one hundred and seventy-five pages, has been printed. The facts must be rather surprising to the older generation of public school graduates, and to American citizens in general.

With every appearance of collusion, a number of the writers of authorized text-books have largely re-written American history in accordance with a new principle. This new principle seems to be, that nothing must be permitted in our text-books that may be offensive to other nations with which we are now friendly, and in particular that nothing must remain that could possibly be unpleasant to England. Working upon that principle, the writers

have gone so far that they have offended and irritated many good Americans.

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IT may be asked whether any new evidence has come to light in recent years to necessitate a revision of American history. It would seem not. The change has been thought advisable, not because of the discovery of new data, but because, as one of the writers in question explains: "The momentous events of the last five years have demonstrated that our history text-books must be written from a new viewpoint. The American Revolution is no longer to be studied as an isolated event, resulting from British injustice. On the contrary, it should be placed in its true light as one phase of a larger revolution against kingly usurpation. So with the War of 1812, which takes on a new aspect when viewed as an incident in the Napoleonic Wars, rather than as a British-American contest."

This is interesting, but not very illuminating. The "momentous events" must be the War, and the Versailles Treaty. But what is there in the War, or in the Treaty, to show that the American Revolution did not "result from British injustice," or that the War of 1812 was an "incident in the Napoleonic Wars?" What the author (Guitteau) means is that the international alliance between Great Britain and the United States has made it advisable to re-write the whole story of our former quarrels. In other words, we may, and must, re-write the history so that it will not offend our Allies. But this is a curious concept of history. We should be pleased to consider a revision if we had some "momentous" new information, but why revise facts, simply because of some more recent "momentous facts?"

Another author (West) puts the principle a little more plainly. He says that in his book he has "emphasized the historical ground for friendship between America and England in spite of old sins and misunderstandings." And he declares that "throughout" he "has not hesitated to portray the weaknesses, blunders and sins of democracy." He goes so far as to say that "democracy is the meanest and worst form of government." With these two guiding principles in his mind he has written a text-book for American children.

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THE revision as might be expected has been fairly radical. In the new accounts, the American Revolution is described not as a war between America and England, but as a civil war which

was won by "Britons fighting for liberty." In our own school days, it was not customary to refer to the Americans as "Britons." Even now it rather puzzles us.

Furthermore, the Revolution was really uncalled for. One author (Hart) says: "To this day it is not easy to see just why the Colonists felt so dissatisfied." "Dissatisfied" is excellent! We had been led to believe that the Colonists were driven to desperation as a result of continuous oppression. But it seems that they were only dissatisfied, and without apparent reason. The investigating committee remarks, rather rudely, that "one who does not know why the Colonists were dissatisfied, is not equipped to write a text-book."

Another work, that of McLaughlin and Van Tyne, also trying to promote good will between America and England, declares that "there is little use in trying to find whose fault it was that the (Revolutionary) war began."

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THE story of detailed events in the Revolutionary War has also been largely reconstructed. We are informed that at the Battle of Bunker Hill, "British pluck triumphed." Even so, the battle was apparently unimportant. One text-book gives it only three lines, another six, another ten, and "many books give no account of the battle!" George Washington considered the Battle of Bunker Hill important enough to be an augury of the final triumph of the American arms. All England was in amazement over the valor of the "irregular peasantry," who had stood their ground and had twice repulsed "the best troops in the world who had often chased the chosen battalions of France." But the new books scarcely think it worth mentioning, or if they do mention it, they do so to call attention to the "triumph of British pluck."

On sea as well as on land, it would appear the victories of the Americans did not amount to very much. John Paul Jones' victory over the *Serapis* turns out to have been something of an accident. "The *Serapis* had the better of the fight," says Barnes, "and would have won had not a sailor on the *Richard* happened to throw a hand grenade down a hatchway on the *Serapis*, where, in exploding, it fired a large lot of powder which blew up the ship." Again the same author refers to that event simply as an "accidental explosion." The actual fact, according to Fiske, is that "one bold fellow, crawling out to the end of the *Bon Homme Richard's* mainyard, just over the main hatchway of the *Serapis*,

dropped one of these mischievous missiles through the hatchway." It seems to us that Barnes might at least have given the sailor credit for what the boys would call "a good shot." To talk about "accident" when the sailor was actually aiming for a vulnerable spot and went to such extremes to get one, and to talk about the other fellow having "the better of it" and saying he "would have won if," is too much like what the modern youth calls an "alibi."

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IN the revised text-books some of our heroes and, indeed, some of the "fathers of the country," get rather rough treatment. Washington escapes almost unrebuked, though he is called "a born aristocrat" and "rather stiff," but "Jefferson," says Hart, "was looked upon by the Federalists as an atheist, a liar and a demagogue." The committee opines rather mildly that such a statement is out of place in a text-book. John Hancock is called a "smuggler," Samuel Adams "a political boss," guilty of "intrigue" and "cunning," and there are similar derogatory statements concerning other heroes of the Revolution. With regard to Nathan Hale there is almost a conspiracy of silence. Out of six books particularly under investigation, four do not even mention him, though they all have room for the "gallant" and "unfortunate" André.

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NOW the animus in all this re-written history is only too obvious. If the American Revolution is said to have been uncalled for, if the victories of the American soldiers on land and on sea, are pooh-poohed, if American heroes are ignored and criticized, if the importance of all events hitherto considered glorious to America, is consistently denied or discounted, if British pluck is repeatedly praised while American pluck is called an "accident," it is plain that we are in the presence of "propaganda" in the sinister sense.

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SPEAKING of propaganda and of pro-British writers of American history, we wonder if there is any author today who would care to insert in a text-book for American schools the following extract from that indubitably loyal and patriotic American historian, John Fiske: "The stupid George II., who could see in Prussia nothing but a rival of Hanover, was preparing to join the alliance against Frederick, when Pitt overruled him, and

threw the weight of England into the other side of the scale. The same act which thus averted the destruction of Prussia secured to England a most effective ally in her struggle with France. Of this wise policy we now see the fruits in that renovated German Empire, which has come to be the strongest power on the continent of Europe, which is daily establishing fresh bonds of sympathy with the people of the United States, and whose political interests are daily growing more and more visibly identical with those of Great Britain. As in days to come, the solidarity of the Teutonic race, in its three great nationalities—America, England and Germany—becomes more and more clearly manifest, the more will the student of history be impressed with the wonderful fact that the founding of modern Germany, the maritime supremacy of England and the winning of the Mississippi valley for English-speaking America, were but the different phases of one historic event" (Fiske, *The American Revolution*, vol. ii., pp. 23, 24). That was written in 1896 when Harvard was proud of its intellectual debt to Germany, and when it was thought advisable to accentuate all things German and strengthen the bonds of sympathy between Germany and America. "*Nous avons changé tout ça.*"

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

Mariquita. By John Ayscough. \$2.00. *The Summa Theologica of St. Thomas Aquinas*. Part II. (second part) QQCL-CXL. Literally translated by Fathers of the English Dominican Province. \$3.00. *Holy Souls' Book*. By Rev. F. X. Lasance. \$1.50.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:

Christian Spirituality. By Rev. P. Pourrut. \$4.20. *The House Called Joyous Garde*. By Leslie Moore. \$2.00.

ROBERT MCBRIDE & Co., New York:

The Old House. By Cécile Tormay. \$2.00 net.

THOMAS Y. CROWELL Co., New York:

Four and Twenty Minds. Essays by Giovanni Papini. Selected and translated by Ernest Hatch Wilkins. \$2.50 net.

ALFRED A. KNOPF, New York:

Early Civilization. An Introduction to Anthropology. By Alexander A. Goldenweiser. \$5.00 net.

GEORGE H. DORAN Co., New York:

The Breaking Point. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. \$2.00.

BONI & LIVERIGHT, New York:

The Hairy Ape, Anna Christie, The First Man (Plays). By Eugene O'Neill. \$2.00. *Ascent*. By Frances Rumsey. \$2.00. *My Alaskan Idyll*. By H. Rutzebeck. \$2.00. *The Ghost Girl*. By Edgar Saltus. \$2.00. *Heartbeat*. By Stacy Aumonier. \$2.00.

D. APPLETON & Co., New York:

The Mercy of Allah. By Hilaire Belloc. \$2.00.

THE MACMILLAN Co., New York:

Food, Health and Growth. By L. Emmett Holt, M.D., Sc.D. \$1.50. *The Sky Movies*. By Gaylord Johnson. \$1.50.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:

The American Indian. By Clark Wissler. \$5.00. *The Works of Aristotle*. By J. L. Stocks, M.A.

DOUBLEDAY PAGE & Co., Garden City, N. Y.:

Certain People of Importance. By Kathleen Norris. \$2.00 net.

INTERNATIONAL CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Brooklyn:

Transubstantiation and the Real Presence. By the Rev. J. F. Splaine, S.J.

GINN & Co., Boston:

Third Reader of the Corona Readers. By Maurice F. Egan, Brother Leo and James H. Fassett.

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington, D. C.:

Northern Ute Music. By Frances Densmore. *Early History of the Creek Indians and Their Neighbors*. By John R. Swanton.

LOYOLA UNIVERSITY PRESS, Chicago:

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner. By Samuel T. Coleridge. Edited for School Use by Aloysius J. Hogan, S.J.

B. HERDER BOOK Co., St. Louis:

A Simple Life of Jesus for His Little Ones. By a Sister of Notre Dame. 85 cents. *The Seven-Fold Gift*. By William T. Robinson, S.J. \$1.50 net.

DISPATCH PRINTING & STATIONERY Co., Birmingham, Ala.:

"*Rosemary and Violets*." Poems. By the Very Rev. James E. Coyle, of Blessed Memory. Edited by Isabel Beecher.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London:

Maxims of Mary Ward. 2 d. *Trumpeter's Rock*. By a Nun of Tyburn Convent. 2 d. *Canterbury*. By Rev. John Morris, S.J. 2 d. *The Church in England in 1922*. By Father Bede Jarrett, O.P. 2 d. *The Real Presence*. By Rev. F. Mangan, S.J. 2 d. Pamphlets.

BLOUET & GAY, Paris:

L'Enseignement du Catéchisme en France. Par J. Bricout. 4 fr. *L'Education du Clergé Français*. Par J. Bricout. 4 fr.

ANCIENNE LIBRAIRIE POUSSIELGUE, Paris:

Latin Grammar Made Clear. From the French of Professor H. Pettimangin. Adopted into English of H. Pettimangin and John A. Fitzgerald, A.B. \$1.50.

P. TÉQUI, Paris:

Paroles d'Encouragement Extraites des Lettres de Saint François de Sales. Par Ferdinand Million. 2 fr. *Explication du Petit Office de la Sainte Vierge Marie*. Par Le R. P. Charles Willl. *O'Femmes! ce que vous pourriez être*. Par G. Joannes. 3 fr. 50. *Conférences Spirituelles aux Religieuses de la Visitation d'Orléans*. Par Mgr. Chapon. 7 fr. 50. *Futures Epouses*. Par Abbé Charles Grimaud. 5 fr. *L'Abbé Jean Baptiste Debrabant*. Par Mgr. Lavelle. 10 fr.

LIBRAIRIE VICTOR LECOFFRE, Paris:

Evangile Selon Saint Marc. Par P. M. J. Lagrange. 4 fr. *Saint Jean Baptiste. Etudes Historiques et Critiques*. Par D. Buzy. 8 fr. 50.

VERLOG JOSEF KOSSEL & FRIEDRICH PUSTET, Germany:

Gaframente und Gaframentaltier. By Joseph Broun, S.J.

EXAMINER PRESS, Bombay:

Adventist Doctrines. By Ernest R. Hull, S.J. 8 annas. Pamphlet.

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THE BLESSINGS OF HERESY.

BY DANIEL A. LORD, S.J.



WELL-KNOWN critic of life and letters once said flatly that no man ever thought himself out of the Church. But unquestionably men have believed they thought themselves out of the Church. They have looked into the face of heresy and seen that it was plausible. They have given up their faith because someone who talked better than themselves, knocked the wind out of their arguments and left them gasping for breath.

For heresy we have always with us. Many a man leaves the Church under the conviction that the latest teacher to attack her has proved, if not the soundness of his own position, at least the falseness of hers. After all, it is a simple thing to tear a creed to tatters and smash truth on the anvil, as simple and interesting as the trick of the magician of your boyhood, who smashed your watch or your father's silk hat for the amusement of his audience. Not all the good debaters are Catholics. And I believe that now, as in the days of the Apostles, Catholics leave their faith because the other side seems to have got the whip-hand. They regret the step, but they walk with apparent logic into what is the tragedy of supreme ignorance.

Each generation has its own pet crop of doubts and difficulties, the fruitage of that side of the human intellect which quarrels with any authority, even the Divine. The Apostles had hardly heard the echoes of their first triumphant preaching of Christ die away before a school of men rose to question, contradict, flatly deny the truth of that teaching. These newcomers had another revelation beyond and above that of the Apostles. They were clever men, so clever, in fact, that they called themselves "Gnostics," "those who know;" and in their hands we may be sure the arguments of the fisherman, Peter, and the tax-gatherer, Matthew, seemed weak and more than a bit silly. Many a Christian felt that they had out-argued the Apostles and so turned from Christianity to Gnosticism.

Gnosticism is hardly an interesting historical question nowadays, but heresy flourishes like the bay tree. Though the Gnostics are dead and forgotten, a hundred new schools of heresy fill the place of the departed. True, they call themselves Science, Historical-criticism, Philosophy, New Thought, but like the Gnostics of old they still play clever tricks with Catholic doctrine, twist it into laughable shapes, and prove it so utterly absurd that Catholics now and then turn disappointedly and shamefacedly from the Church of their nativity.

We, who find ourselves face to face with modern heresy, have one distinct advantage over the Christians who met the arguments of the Gnostics. We have history to read, and history is strewn with the fetid corpses of once powerful heresies. For heresy has been a most remarkable way to oblivion. The Church has threaded a path down the ages that is lined with the tombs of enemies who once laid vigorous hands on her throat. Perhaps the promise of Christ has, after all, been fulfilled, and He has been with His Church and will be to the consummation of the world.

In all history there was never an institution so in need of unity and peace as the infant Church. Born among an out-cast race, propagated by men whose clothes still stank of the fish of their native lakes and who spoke Greek with a Hebrew accent, with the most terrible stigma conceivable branded into its soul, the shame of the Cross, and the greatest empire of the ages banded with the world's most powerful religion in a resolve to crush it, Christianity seemed absolutely doomed

unless its members fought shoulder to shoulder against their uncounted foes.

But before the memory of Pentecost had grown dim, Gnostic and Novatian and Donatist added civil war to the shame of the Church's origin and the vigor of its avowed enemies. Internal dissension broke the infant Church. Blood had nurtured it; it thrived on the rack and grew strong in the midst of flames; but these newcomers flung in the face of loyal Christians doubts that staggered their faith, difficulties for which they knew no answer. And Gnosticism, Novatianism and Donatism spread like a living flame. It is hard for us to realize that, to us, amusing curiosities, antequated questions that time has piled high with dust, were, in their day, living, pulsing issues that made the faith of strong Christians tremble and the faith of weak ones fall crashing to the earth. Men who faced the lions and the stake without a tremor shrank back before the new-born doubts. And heresy, almost coeval with Christianity, for the first time lifted its war club in the exultant thrill of certain victory.

But Gnostic and Novatian and Donatist are forgotten; the very doubts with which they seemed to rock the Church to its foundations are known only to the professional historian with a taste for history's byways; while Christianity lives today in undrained vigor and claims men's intellects and hearts with the same calm assurance.

We who know none but the mild-mannered, white-gloved heresies of today have no concept of the fury with which Arianism broke over the Church. Carried on the spears of the invading barbarians who were to become the makers of modern Europe, swept onward by their sheer weight of numbers, Arianism overwhelmed the Church with brute force. Whole countries were caught into its grip as the civil powers fell back, crushed by the hairy-armed Goth and Vandal. Christian bishops were toppled from their thrones, and bishops of the Arian creed were set up by the conquerors. From Rome itself the Pope was driven into exile, a hunted, harried thing with these blood-lusting men from the north hot on his heels. No sane man, during the three years that followed, could have dared doubt that Arianism had conquered the world, for, as St. Jerome cried, "the whole world groaned at finding itself Arian."

All this is history, penned between the covers of volumes on the scholar's shelf. But Arianism is a phantom, a ghost that may not walk with living men. The beaten Church somehow lives today more vigorous, more flourishing than ever, while Arianism lies buried in the sands of Mohammedan Africa.

What Arianism was trying to achieve by force, Manichæism, Nestorianism and Pelagianism were striving to accomplish by weight of argument. Yet where today is Manichæan, Nestorian, Pelagian? Our tongues stumble over their unfamiliar names. What precisely were those doubts and difficulties that seemed so formidable to their own times? Of the millions who today enter Catholic churches, scarcely a hundred ever heard of them or could tell you why those arguments tortured weak souls in another generation.

Protestantism is so close to our own times that its final history has still to be written. Yet, certainly, if any force seemed to threaten the downfall of the Church it was that tidal wave that broke over Europe. In less than a century, it had caught to itself Germany, England, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Scotland, the Dutch Republic, and half of France. There seemed no stopping its rush. Yet significantly enough, within a hundred years it had reached its highest level, beyond which it has never passed, and from which today we have more than a little reason to think it has vastly receded. But more of that later.

Nowadays heresy shrinks from the name. But to the Catholic the doubts and difficulties of Agnosticism, Materialistic Science, the Higher Criticism, and the Newer Cults are as much heresies as were those of Arius or Nestorius or Luther. Even where the argument is new, the manner is old as time. And precisely time it is that tests truth. Give time its chance, and time will corrode any heresy until it falls into red rust. Time has not had its chance with modern heresies. We can only study them in the light of the past.

Historically regarded, all heresies are identical in course; and that course throws us back with ever-increasing confidence on the divinity and unassailable strength of the Church. Almost always are they backed by powerful civil force, force that at times is simply overwhelming. For heresy, with a correct instinct, turns from divine help to the human

help, which alone it has any right to claim. One might fancy it would learn from Christianity that you can no more quench truth with force than you can quench flame with oil. Beat truth down with a sword, and it leaps like the flame you beat with dry grass. Truth is stronger than any power that can be hurled against it; but heresy has not the courage to face that fact, so it comes marching on with leveled lances and the roll of beating drums.

Thus came Arianism on the naked swords of barbarous hosts. Arianism, pampered by Roman Emperors, had won the invading nations almost before they began their triumphal march. They cracked Rome like the hollow shell it was, and flung their chieftains from their ox-hide shields into the chair of the Cæsars. Then they turned that mighty energy, as yet scarcely exerted, against the Catholic Church; and the Church seemed to rock beneath the blow. But the humble power that, before the barbaric invasions, had conquered Rome, now caught up and conquered Rome's conquerors. The force that could throw bishops from their thrones and drive the Pope into exile, was still too weak to crush that something stronger than Pope or bishop, the Church built upon a rock. Before the lapse of two centuries, Arianism had bowed to Catholicism and disappeared with the melting of ephemeral barbarous kingdoms.

The princes of Europe were quick to see the possibilities of Protestantism, which placed in their hands not merely the civil power, but the religious power as well. If it was pleasant to be head of the State, and that by "Divine Right," it was doubly pleasant to be head of the Church as well. And if they could get rid of the bishops who had thwarted their absolutism and the Pope who had been quick to check them in abuse of power, then, cried the princes, the new religion could have their armies, and gladly. So out flashed swords, and Luther, Knox, Cranmer, and Calvin were quick to use this easiest method of propaganda. Mohammed had taught Christianity a valuable lesson in proselytism.

Modern heresy has laid aside the sword and the lance, in most cases, as obsolete weapons. Yet it is interesting to note how even the dainty heresies of our present day are not ashamed of a well-directed blow against the Church. The calm philosopher, the truth-seeking historian, the suave

scientist of France wrote the clever Law of Spoliation and drove priests from the bedsides of their sick and dying, and nuns from their classrooms and hospitals and convents. It wasn't a very brave blow, not an honest sword-cut of one man against another armed man; but it hurt the Church, so what mattered it if frail women were driven from homes where they served the poor into exile and beggary? The same spirit of modern heresy directed the bitter persecution of the *Kultur-kampf*, wrote the anti-clerical laws of Portugal, Italy, and Mexico, and strove to keep in force the disability laws of England and Scotland.

Modern heresy is not precisely logical. If the Catholic Church is as rotten and weak as it claims, why must war be waged on it through repressive laws? Why strike at its schools and hospitals and works of charity, injuring women and the orphans and the old people they have sheltered? Why not trust to its own inherent weakness to bring it to an inevitable ruin? Heresy, which has always been so sure of its superiority to Catholicism, is never willing to trust the modern principle of the survival of the fittest. For, somehow, Catholicism always seems to survive.

Between cultivated men of today, force is not regarded as much of an argument. A show of physical violence simply stiffens the back and sets the jaw of a red-blooded man or of a woman of fine temper. History is proof that persecution is always a good thing for truth; it kills off the weak and vitalizes the strong. But attack a man's intellectual convictions, and you have a weapon of quite another calibre. Sometimes, even those of us who feel sure of our positions, are startled almost out of our calm by the bland assurance of modern adversaries, who seem to take it for granted that the Church is absolutely wrong, that they are absolutely right, and that no one but the hopelessly stupid can be unaware of the fact. That is an attitude that frightens the weak Catholic more than any show of force could possibly do.

In reality, that pose is antiquated theatric harness that still serves when the lines of the drama are essentially weak. Just a few years ago, Joseph McCabe, ex-monk and fallen-away Catholic, swaggered through a book that proved what a dead and discredited thing Catholicism is. Those who were impressed were only those who did not know that Voltaire,

one hundred and fifty years before, had swaggered in just the same fashion and boasted the same boast. And Voltaire was only echoing what Luther had vaunted in his day, as Luther was the echo of Huss, of Arius, of Nestorius, of the first Gnostic that ever talked down an Apostle.

Let us admit that the attitude is not a difficult one to assume and that it is distinctly becoming. Each new heresy has its battery of new doubts and objections, which it fires in a perfect barrage into the camp of the believers. So heresy comes and flings its new difficulties with tremendous rapidity and assurance into the face of Catholicism. There is some truth in them, some falsehood, and only a fool would allow himself to answer them off-hand with a categorical yes or no. Besides, at times, difficulties arise for which there is no answer at hand, difficulties gathered from the latest findings of the laboratory or from newly-opened archives, and only a slow sifting will finally bring the correct answer.

But time for sifting is not allowed. Bang, goes the difficulty! And if the answer is not batted back like a volleyed ball in tennis, heresy crows triumphantly. It has proposed a difficulty; the Church has not answered; there is no answer; the Church has been proven wrong. Four short leaps, and a difficulty has been turned into a deathblow to Christianity.

At this point, the weak Catholic or the ignorant Catholic loses heart completely. He scurries about feverishly; he runs his hand through his hair; he feels his jaw sagging and his shoulder drooping under the blow; he dares not lift his eyes to face the smile on the lips of his antagonist. Great heavens! the Church at last is fronted with an unanswerable fact, is down and the referee, Time, is telling off the dread seconds. And another Catholic is lost to his faith.

It is all dreadfully sad, but, honestly, it is more than a bit ludicrous. For every heretic that ever lived claimed that his difficulty was unanswerable, shouted that he had dealt the Church its deathblow, crowed loudly, and was too often believed. Yet with the slow passing of days, time grinds his arguments to powder, scatters them to the winds, and not even the shadow of a memory is left of his insoluble difficulties. Catholicism is a living, vital fact today, while the ghosts of dead and gone heresies stalk the shadows, and, like ghosts, are of interest only to those of morbid tendencies.

Doubts that thundered at the gates of Christianity lie mouldering in decaying tombs on which, with difficulty, the antiquarian traces their names.

No one who has watched with interest and sympathy the futile effort of Protestantism to unite in a World Movement, can help but wonder if modern Protestantism really knows its own mind and its own belief. Modern Protestantism has so shifted and changed its position that almost any shade of belief or unbelief may be held under its generous roof tree. Yet when Protestantism broke from the Church, it broke for certain well-defined reasons: the Pope and the Episcopate were intrusions thrust upon the Church during the dark days of the eighth and ninth centuries; the Church was full of novelties that no one had dreamed of until the Middle Ages; faith alone was necessary; one was predestined to hell without any demerits on his part; the Bible was the sole rule of faith.

Had Catholic apologists left the arguments unanswered, as they certainly did not, we could still read their answer in the treatment accorded by time to those fundamental Protestant theories. Four centuries have seen the arguments of Protestantism undergo the most mysterious metamorphoses. Protestant scholars, even more than Catholic, have pushed back the veils that shrouded the first centuries of history to find that the "innovations" which Luther claimed had slowly changed Christianity into Catholicity, came out of the catacombs when the Church first issued into the light. Harnack, Protestant and Professor in a Lutheran University, writes: "The Reformation (of the sixteenth century) not only destroyed the ecclesiastical constitution of the Middle Ages, but broke off all connection with the ecclesiastical constitution of the second and first centuries." Such an admission would have called forth Luther's strongest German and his most scathing abuse. Catacombs, early churches, newly-discovered documents, careful research have all added their sum to the proof that Protestantism had no more connection with the early Church than it had with Shintoism, and that the so-called innovations of the Church of the Middle Ages were coeval with Christianity.

In the third century, when the watchful secrecy, with which all Christian dogma was protected from Roman spies,

was at last slowly removed, we find the Bishop of Rome appealed to as the head of the Church, Mass and the Sacraments, a completed hierarchy, prayers for the dead just as in the days of the Reformation. It was a sad blow to Protestant apologists to find among the men implicitly condemned as innovators and perverters of Christ's Church, Augustine, Jerome, Cyril of Alexandria, and Cyprian of Rome.

The changed attitude of Protestantism toward the Bible is nothing short of a complete right about face. For the Reformers, there was no other rule of faith. In the inspired word of God was the only truth clearly spoken to men, obviously intelligible, patent to all who ran and read. Now professors in Protestant theological seminaries throw out, with a careless toss of the hand, whole books of the Scriptures, essential passages in the Gospels, any chapter or verse that does not please their fancy.

As for faith without works, we have seen that original doctrine of Protestantism stood on its head until it reads now, not faith without works, but works without faith; or, to put it less crudely, it makes no difference what you believe so long as you do what you consider right. That leaves us the doctrine of Predestination, which is so unfashionable nowadays that not only are souls no longer predestined to hell, but we are told from Protestant pulpits that there is no hell to which to predestine them.

What would those weak Catholics think, I wonder, were they to come back and see what Protestantism had done with the very arguments with which it attacked Catholicism in the feverish days of the sixteenth century? Whatever Protestantism may say to its followers of today, this at least it must admit, that it gained its original converts under false pretences with doctrines which it has been forced to abandon. A church which must make this admission, can scarcely claim for itself much credence today. No wonder that Protestantism has become, year by year, less religious and more purely social in character. The day is past when Protestantism thinks its faith worth fighting for.

The generation of heretics just gone told us point blank that Christianity was absurd and that science had made it so. Simple as salt! Not even the most fundamental of Christian beliefs had so much as a leg to stand on. Christianity was

based on the salvation of souls; science had proved that the soul was less real than the creatures in Alice's Wonderland, and distinctly less significant; therefore, the sole reason for Christianity's continued existence had ceased to be.

That simple little syllogism, air-tight and waterproof, was tricked out in every argument wrung from everything from Darwin to the new applied psychology. And what a world of good rhetoric made it palatable to the unscientific mind! When the fury of materialism was at its height and each new fakir, before the flap of his scientific tent, ballyhooed just a little bit louder and a little bit more coarsely than his predecessor over the particular charms of his pet collection of missing links, the believing Christian looked on with real horror at the damage that was done to the faith of the credulous and the tranquillity of the timid. Men, who were told they had no souls, and told this with all the solemn assurance of teachers whose word was supposed to be law in their particular field, believed, and left Christianity by hundreds. One shudders today at the calm assurance of those who blasted faith without a qualm, and by the vehement force of an unproved assertion.

For not only was that age, as Sir Oliver Lodge admits, pitifully anti-matter-of-fact and utterly impatient of inquiry, but men like Sir Oliver have lived to say: "It may be doubted whether Materialism as a philosophy exists any longer." More interesting than that is the fact that the scientific world, which, fifty years ago, was pooh-pooing the idea of souls, is now organized in a tremendous effort to prove the scientific character of Spiritualism. In those days, you were told that psychology had shown that all thought is brain and nerve action and nothing more; and if you protested in a mild sort of way, the crushing weight of a name was hurled at you: Wundt, father of experimental psychology. Yet modern psychology dodges brain and nerve explanation in favor of almost any sort of soul, preferably a world soul like that of William James' theory; and, almost at his death, Wundt announced that the results of his laboratory work had led him to the soul principle of Aristotle as the most satisfactory explanation of his observations. And the soul principle of Aristotle has been drummed into the head of every student in Catholic colleges ever since St. Thomas caused such an intellectual stir in

Southern Europe. We are always wrong in the beginning, and we are always right in the end.

So within our own half century we have seen a scientific heresy that started with great waving of flags and beating of drums, meekly admit that there was something wrong with the cause for which it was fighting and something decidedly shady about its leaders. But the admission at this late date cannot give back faith to the weak souls whom it fooled and befuddled, with proofs that did not prove and arguments that cracked like glass.

About that same time, Higher Criticism started to handle the Bible as a very young child handles a very precious book. It ripped it chapter from chapter, broke it down the back, and started to chew the battered remnants. The Pentateuch written by Moses? Let's talk sense! For instance, as a simple argument, is it possible you don't know that men did not learn to write for almost five hundred years after Moses had been gathered to his fathers? As for the New Testament, we have proved conclusively that it was written about two hundred years after the death of the Apostles.

But time has done its usual smashing work. History knows now that men wrote for almost five hundred years before the birth of Moses, and it has proved, to the satisfaction even of those who reject Christianity, that the New Testament was written at the time it claims to have been written, and by men who were essentially truthful in their relation of facts. God pity the poor deluded Christians who were frightened by a phantom that they took for a living proof; and God pity still more the historians and critics who dared dress up a pumpkin and a broom and frighten weak children with a halloween ghost.

So the course of heresy, no matter when or where, is astonishingly the same: swift in rise, arrogant in pretensions, confident in boasts, and crashing in its fall to oblivion. The Church, you notice, is always wrong; heresy is always right. Yet heresies fall to ashes, and the Church moves majestically on, a living, vital power. The unanswerable arguments are answered or fall to pieces of their own inherent rottenness; a splendid show of unity cracks into a thousand brittle pieces; truth goes on, one and undivided; and heresy sinks to a dishonored grave.

For a study in interesting contrasts, I suggest the Puritan and the Irishman of the seventeenth century. There was a force—that Puritanism! With fierce, unflinching religious realism, it sets its purpose working in quiet councils, mustered its strength secretly for the great day, bided its time patiently, and then, with its army of psalm-singing dragoons, toppled the English king from his throne, gathered his handsome head in a wicker basket, and placed Cromwell on the kingly dais and an iron heel on the neck of England. Then it turned its eyes across the channel to Ireland, still suffering from the days of Henry and Elizabeth. Catholicism was there, so the unconquerable army crossed the sea to make an end of Popish superstition. Never was an army more utterly successful. It drove Catholic Irishmen before it like sheep beaten back with a lash. For the Irishmen who survived, there was a choice between hell and Connaught, which Cromwell, with grim humor, did not fancy much of a choice.

That was not so many centuries ago. Where now is the Puritan that ruled England, conquered Ireland, and sent his colonists to people America? Search him out in the pages of Macaulay's "Milton," which the schoolboy reluctantly drags with him to class. Any encyclopedia will give him five to fifteen pages. A few notable statues of him ornament public buildings, but he himself is gone from among men. And the Irish Catholic that he drove, at the point of the sword, from his native holdings? Proscribed, beaten, crushed, stripped of lands and honorable estate, he has gone to the four quarters of the globe, from Northern Canada to farthest South America, from South Africa to Australia, and with his hated religion has changed the religious face of the world.

Christianity has been proud to believe that its history is very much the replica of that of its founder, Christ the Saviour. Here as elsewhere it finds a striking parallel. For heresy and unbelief can never again equal the triumph it gained over Christ. Once in the world's history, error and falsehood actually rose up and killed the Truth. That is an impressive fact. The eternal Word of God, the infinite Truth came down from Heaven and walked the earth in human form. "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life," He said, and the pure of heart and noble of mind heard Him gladly.

But doubt and unbelief laughed in His face and called the

living Truth a liar. What was more, they determined to prove by an irrefutable argument what a liar He was. They would kill the Truth, blot it out from the earth. And they did. They took the Word of Truth and nailed Him to the Cross, and then from the foot they taunted Him with His defeat. Pagan incredulity stood guard there, and Jewish pride of intellect that would not believe the Carpenter Who called Himself the Son of God. "We have killed Him," they bragged, "so judge for yourselves if He be the Christ, the Word that was made Flesh." It was a powerful argument, and the world yet unborn stood on tiptoe for the answer.

Yet from the pulpit of the Cross the dead and murdered Truth spoke with a voice whose silence was louder than the most vehement shrieks of the doubt and unbelief that howled joyously at His death. Truth, slain by those who would not believe, was eloquent with an eloquence that has thrilled the thinking world and forced unwilling ears to listen. Truth hung dead on Calvary's Cross, and Truth dead, taught the world.

No doubt nor unbelief can kill the living Truth. The Church, in its moments of most terrible intellectual assault, was never nailed to the Cross as Christ was; doubt and unbelief has never slain it as they slew its Master. But if some of the disciples turned from Calvary with grief in their hearts and the faith in Christ stricken from their souls, they would speak feelingly today to the Christian who turns from his Church in the conviction that doubt and unbelief have killed it. For Christian truth is of God, and God cannot die.

ODE IN TIME OF DOUBT.

BY THEODORE MAYNARD.

I.



IGHT: and the skies that stretch are black;
The wild winds silent, though I seem to feel
Rather than hear their noiseless footsteps steal,
The whispers of their dark conspiracy
To lash to fury and a stormy wrack

This ocean sullen as a stagnant pool.
Lying awake, I listen to its breath
Rising and falling like a sleeping beast's,
Of one that, having eaten full,
In mimic death is unafraid of death.
But when it shall awaken
Beneath the torturer's hands in agony,
Then shall the air be shaken
With cries for all it knows as good—
With shrill, and frenzied cries for blood,
Loud as those uttered by the raving priests
Of some enormous, savage deity
Whose thirst's unslaken.

II.

Oh, now there is no hint of that old mild
Wordsworthian nature, that a child
Finds in a meadow, but a dread obscene
Rapacious monster, which will tear
All the bright loveliness that has ever been
Limb from limb in its lair!

III.

At such an hour no dreams can comfort me;
Nor can I slip in sweet oblivion
Into the cool waters of a fairy sea.
Delusive joys are gone;
And in my bitterness I loathe
The treacherous imagination that could both
Create and relish what it had created.
Now are there stripped away
The tinselled cloak of day,
The painted mask so often worn by night;
And truth, the pitiless,
Stares straight into my drawn, affrighted face.
With pleasant lies my soul is sated:
With all the fair illusion of delight,
The ignorance of happiness;
With all, that lacking substance, takes on seeming . . .
And yet, and yet if truth had untruth's grace—
Or this were only dreaming!

IV.

I know the immitigable hour to be
A symbol of our weary, frightened age,
A microcosm of our world, epitome
Of all we hold as our poor heritage—
Our spirits' gloom,
Shut in a narrow room,
While in the nether night the North-winds rage
And bang against the fastened shutters.
The fire has burned to ashes in the grate;
The candle slowly gutters;
And I am left alone,
As cold as the coldest stone,
Empty of noble love and noble hate,
Empty of all the passion of belief,
Of ardor and of indignation,
Incapable of joy and her twin sister grief
(And who shall say which is more fair
Or potent for the soul's transfiguration?)
I only have despair.

V.

But, ah, more grievous still!
How shall man's paralyzed and shackled will
Onset and overcome—
When all the ringing cries of hope are dumb—
The captain evils that have him in thrall?
Although the strongest tyranny would fall
Before the lightest challenge of the slave.
The tempered metal of his chain
Were forged in vain,
Would he but lift the ensign of revolt:
The flashing of his eyes would be as swords,
'Gainst which all hostile hordes
Would break and run precipitously,
As though before the bronze Olympian bolt.
Let him but give one glance of hot disdain,
And he shall shout for liberty!

VI.

Alas! I see the slave content,
Infamous, and innocent
Of the quick flame that thrills along the veins
And, burning, blesses him who would be free.
But fearing to accept the pains
Of pure and purging fire
Accompanying the rapture of desire—
Which is the pang of sanctity—
He shuns desire as saints shun sin.
The difficult hope at enmity with ease,
The passionate discipline
That nerves the soul who, daring much,
Believes—all this he ventures not to touch—
But having made a desert calls it peace.

VII.

All that was once a mystery come to flower
Has now the steady throb of a machine,
By which the soul stands watching hour by hour,
Pulling the levers, keeping bearings clean—

For never has she seen
A higher energy than this,
Or known a spiritual hunger, or the bliss
Of beauty making trouble in the heart—
Stinging the will to exercise of art.
Since man in silly pride discrowned his gods,
Authors of starry night and early morning,
They wreak their vengeance with their hardest rods—
And he is impotent to capture
Spring's secret or his old religious rapture . . .
And he is unremindful of the warning.

VIII.

His engines lift laboriously on high
Huge towers against an empty sky.
Stark steel holds up its loveless head,
Magnificent and dead—
The first of all the skulls that never grinned!
His handiwork is mirthless,
And energy, grown sad, is worthless
However high it leaps into the wind.
Man's empty architecture is unlit
With laughter, joy, or gay, audacious wit—
For man has sinned, has sinned,
Allowing doubt to eat his heart away.
His heart is heavy and grey.

IX.

Has he no memory how the streets ran red
When treason touched the charter of the guild?
When man, not iron, held up an iron head?
When happiness and holy laughter filled
His life with bounty and his lips with song?
Has he no memory of the wrong
The cunning prophets did him who destroyed
The living creed that he enjoyed?
Which sent him soaring like a bird in air—
Like a lark singing; like an eagle strong—

Which drew up, rather than builded up, the stair
His spirit used to gambol into prayer;
Lifting, as a church its spire,
His voice in the ecstatic choir
To pierce the heavens, sharp with strong desire.

X.

I, lying in a darkened room awake,
And waiting for the tempest to begin,
Can have no comfort till these lead clouds break
And let the lurid sword of lightning in:
Such surely is the end of sin!
That God pours forth
The vials of His concentrated wrath,
Of which this gathering storm is but the type—
To purge with terror those who know no love,
And, lacking love, no joy;
'Gainst whom He will deploy
Angelic armies and the chiefs thereof.
The time is ripe, O God, the time is ripe!

XI.

I am the child of this unhappy age;
I have known doubt that saps the brain and will:
My eyes have pored o'er many a pedant's page,
And I have heard them speaking cold and shrill—
With that incessant talking in my ears,
I heard a singing thrush at evening thrill
The listening wood with wonder;
And my heart traveled back ten thousand years,
Back, back to Eden's lovely glade,
To man's first laughter and to man's first tears:
All else is vain. . . . Now lightning draw your blade;
Break thunder!

SAINTS AND CHARLATANS.

BY JOSEPH J. REILLY, PH.D.



THE world has seen many great autobiographies. Cellini, self-conscious, fervid, egotistical, unfailingly in the right, swayed by violent passions and sudden gusts of emotion, always a great artist and always a great rogue, felt moved to tell the world how he had made his way up to the mountain top where dwell the great artists of all time, and how in the course of it he had encountered jealousy and hatred, unscrupulous opposition, knavery and deceit, not only among his fellows, but among those who sat in the seats of the mighty. He had been imprisoned in a loathsome dungeon, but managed to escape. The daggers of more than one assassin just failed to find his heart. Driven by fear and allured by the promise of honors and gold, he left one court after another, content to dwell among strangers, if only Cellini the man might be given honors, and Cellini the artist be granted a chance to execute in peace the artistic conceptions of his brilliant fancy.

His autobiography throbs with life. Kings and princes, cardinals and popes pass before our eyes, not only in splendid procession, but in the immediate intimacy of everyday life. Around us are amazing contrasts, for we pass from the glitter of a court into the mean and dusty chamber, out of whose squalor and bareness was to issue the clean-limbed, godlike Perseus, the story of whose creation has about it all the golden glory of romance. We visit the Coliseum at midnight with Cellini and others of his ilk, and take part in unhallowed incantations, to which the spirits of evil must answer, and we tremble with dread in the fitful light that shines upon the faces of this impure crew. We breathe the air of more than one foul haunt, catch the gleam of daggers plying in the night, stifle in the dungeon of St. Angelo, and watch Rome writhe in agony in the raid of the Constable of Bourbon. Then, by

a dizzying and sudden turn of the wheel, we are at liberty again with fine clothes on our backs, our pockets heavy with gold, free once more to follow the beckoning of those adventurous stars which ruled the fate of Benvenuto.

Casanova had a different purpose. He had given up his life to the enjoyment of forbidden fruit and wantoned with the joy of a satyr in springtime. But spring could not endure forever, and in the winter of his days Casanova had little left him but his memories. Sensualist to the end, he found in them some renewal, however pallid, of the joys of his earlier years, and he wrote his memoirs to recover, so far as might be, the gratification of old desires.

Alfieri, too, gave us his memoirs, Alfieri the emotional, now victim of passion and now of remorse, who filled his plays with windy denunciations of kings, only to transfer his hate to the French who dethroned them; who scorned Metastasio for dropping on his knees before his Empress at Schönbrunn; who played like a moth about many a candle of desire, only to marry in the end the widow of the hapless young Pretender, and who, after a restless life, crowned by dramatic successes, died in his bed as a Christian should.

Then there was the French Marmontel, whose *Memoirs* are filled with fascinating pictures. We see his school days with the Jesuit Fathers at Mauriac, who might have made a priest of him, only that his head was turned when he won a literary prize at the Academy of Toulouse and got into correspondence with one François-Marie Arouet. We see Arouet called from the Duke of Sully's table to be cudged by the bravos of the Chevalier de Rohan, and the comfortable and likeable Marmontel himself consigned, suddenly, to the Bastille for an alleged lampoon against a nobleman—the Bastille proving anything but the grim dungeon of popular tradition. We see the great, whom men of letters must court and flatter and fawn upon and to whom, save for such adulation, they were as the dust: skillfully sketched portraits of Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, D'Alembert, Madame Geoffrin, and the rest. We see the frenzied days of the Revolution, when Terror stalked abroad on the ruins of that glittering, careless, dissolute society, to whose fringes Marmontel had clung and which, like Goldoni, he seems never to have thought could fall. He was a good man, was Marmontel, no genius to be sure,

but thought well of in his day, whose tragedies and moral tales and the rest have long since been forgotten, but whose *Memoirs*, written to point out the follies and pitfalls of life to his children, promise him an abiding fame.

That clever woman, the Margravine of Baireuth, has made imperishable the brutalities of her father—who openly reviled his wife and starved and beat his children with cane and fists, and whose pleasures were as bestial as his temper; the follies of an indiscreet and intriguing mother; the long days of terror and sadness under paternal tyranny, and the qualities of lion and serpent, which even as a youth were growing up in the heart of the boy, her brother, who was afterward to be Frederick the Great.

There are many more, of course, each with its fascinating pages, like the *Memoirs* of St. Simon with their picture of princesses snowballing one another, set in the midst of the gossip of the court of Louis XIV., turned rigorist, and that of Louis XV., the roué; and Goldoni's with its joyous days in seventeenth century Venice, and its odd adventures such as Goldsmith must have met with and might have told if only he had blessed us with an autobiography! But the catalogue is too long to recount, even though one must pass over Gibbon who, when bidden by his father to give up his French fiancée, "sighed like a lover, but obeyed like a son;" and De Retz, with his intrigues and his Fronde; and a host of others.

All these books have won the admiration of men. All of them appeal to that side of human nature which knows by instinct that the greatest romance in the world is the romance of an individual's life. Dynasties rise and fall; armies fight and perish, but we turn away from these great panoramas to the sight of a conqueror reading to his little son on his knees; or of a dramatist, with bursting heart, in the box of a theatre, his fame resting upon the judgment of the first night's audience; or of a great churchman after the nervous strain of a long day toying with a kitten before the fireplace.

Cosmic happenings are too remote from us to hit home closely, and too large to fall within the range of our everyday imaginings. Should we be caught in the toils of an epoch-making event, we should hardly be aware of it, but, like Stendhal's hero at Waterloo, should realize only our personal emotions and the narrow field of incidents in which we

chanced to be engaged. Every man is his own Robinson Crusoe; his moral life, through his round of days, is passed as on some far-off island, where he finds himself alone with temptation to fight, dangers to meet, challenges to take up, fears to conquer, duties to perform, decisions to come to, in a word, his life to live whatever its fear or sorrows or disappointments.

For not a few men the scene of life changes. Like Cellini and Casanova and Alfieri, they play their parts on many different stages, "among new faces, other minds," but for the majority of us the stage of life is set with but one scene, and our part must be played, as far as its outer appearances go, in narrow ways and through monotonous years. We are glad to have Xenophon's record of the raid of the ten thousand, for the shifting scenes of that gallant march make his cold recital more than once blaze with splendid color. But how we should like to have the diary of some soldier who took part, not to find a record of events for the whole contingent, but his own personal story, which might have many different things to tell than those which met the eye of the Greek student, turned soldier. But let us suppose some youthful brother Greek who had never stirred away perhaps from the place of his boyhood, but sat at the feet of Plato and felt his heart swell within him at the musical words of the poet-philosopher, and his soul kindle at the vision of a noble idealism undreamed of before. Surely, he might have given us a story more fascinating than that of any warrior who had passed through camp and battlefield and laughed in the face of death; for, after all, the adventures of the body are as nothing compared to the adventures of the spirit.

Of the millions who have felt their souls a stage where Duty and Inclination, in protean forms "come nobly to the grapple," how few have left a record! Beyond the passive face or the laughing eyes of another, how far do we see? How can we guess what thoughts sweep across the surgeon's mind as he bends over his clinical table, scalpel in hand, while Life and Death hover at his side? How much we should give to know the thoughts of the statesman whose jeweled fingers have played with the destiny of a nation, when, out-tricked and ruined, he is repudiated by his people, and finds himself an outcast? We wonder what emotions stir the general who,

from his point of vantage, watches ten thousand men go cheering up a ridge into the very jaws of death, knowing that everyone who falls is sealing the fate of a great cause? What thoughts arise in the orator as he watches men swaying like bending corn beneath the thrilling thunder of his eloquence, and knows that he is stirring them for good or ill to surrender their wills and do his bidding?

These are things we should like to know, but never can, except in a few instances, and in those, imperfectly. Men do not make us the confidants of their innermost thoughts unless they are decked out in some conventional or attractive garb. How far do Cellini and Alfieri, De Retz, and the others admit us into the inner sanctuary of their minds? How often they are playing to the gallery—perhaps unconsciously—making, as the result of the mental habits of a lifetime, the worse appear the better cause? Do they want us to know, would they *permit* us to know, the real dramas being played behind the curtain of their souls?

After all, why should they? To throw aside the veil which hides one's soul from the world, the veil which perhaps for years has been weaving that prying glances might not see within, is startling even to think of. To permit a myriad eyes to be leveled upon one, hostile, or critical, or amazed, or horror-stricken; to feel that they are gazing into hidden recesses which only the eye of Omniscience itself had penetrated before; to confess from one's own lips the story of surrender and compromise, of struggles and victories won only to be lost, of cowardice that yielded without a struggle, of envy and bitterness, of falsehood and base desires—surely, this is task enough to daunt all men except only the saint or the charlatan.

Three men have attempted it; three men have declared that the world might see their souls naked as their Maker saw them—St. Augustine, Rousseau, and Newman.

St. Augustine poured out his heart in a book so lyrical, simple, and burning in its fervor, that it has all the exaltation of poetry. Every phase of his life is told with a simplicity which conceals nothing. With a childlike candor he even tells us that he stole pears as a boy, and as he laments this as a great wrong, there comes to mind Newman's lamentation in the *Apologia*, that at fifteen he had written "vile epithets"

on the Pope in his *Gradus*. In this confession, we see the whole attitude of both minds: life is nothing except seen in its relation to the Divine and in a world that dwells under the eye of God, and in the hollow of His hand nothing of spiritual significance can be trivial.

At sixteen, the gusts of passionate desire swept over Augustine's soul; Newman at fifteen had decided that he was ordained for celibacy. In the pride of his young manhood, Augustine "hated safety and a way without snares," and as we read we recall one who "loved to choose and see his path," but whose wandering was not far nor for long.

As Augustine pours out the stories of his misdeeds from boyhood on, he is confessing to God and permitting the world to overhear. Suddenly, as if in scorn, he asks: "What have I to do with men that they should hear my voice—as if they could heal my infirmities? Are they so curious to know the lives of others, slothful to amend their own?" Slothful they may be, O great Confessor; curious they have always been, and must be forever! Did he object, the great Augustine, that men should overhear? No; for he cared nothing for their condemnation or their applause. To him, as to Newman, there were two, and only two, luminously self-evident beings—himself and his Creator.

In the light of eternal things, he regards the ambitions of his youth as petty and his pride and joy in success, as well as the satisfaction of his desires, as sinful, and he fills his pages with lamentations that he has ever loved such utter vanities. What a rending of bonds, when at last he resolves with iron will to abandon them! What subtlety, no less than anguish, is revealed when, on the threshold of renouncement, his earthly love wells up within him, and he cries, brokenly: "Give me chastity—but not yet."

At last the struggle is over; the bonds are broken and even the insurgent memories of dead days, full of the ardor of illicit love and the satisfaction of academic successes, are repressed into humility by his iron will. The flesh and the pride of life know him no more, and with eyes which see no longer the joy of living, the incense of the multitude, and the allurements of sense, he beholds one only love, "the Father of all the brethren of thy Christ."

His great renunciation did not chill his heart. To human

tenderness it was always open. As Newman loved Ambrose St. John, so Augustine loved his Nebridius, at whose death he cries: "And now he lives in Abraham's bosom: whatever that be which is signified by that bosom, there lives my Nebridius, my sweet friend." Somehow the thought of Thomas More comes to mind and one thinks of him, with his fine capacity for friendship, writing like that of someone loved and lost.

Of his mother he spoke with exquisite tenderness, recalling her prayers and tears that he might abandon his ill-living. "The son of those tears shall not perish," she had once been told, and now that son ministers to her dying needs. When the end comes, he can tell himself truly that what he has renounced means naught to him compared with the joys of that life to which she has gone, "where, beyond these voices, there is peace." And how much he renounces! not merely human desires and the yearning for the fleshpots of Egypt, but even the beauty of sea and sky, and the harmonies of music, save where, alone, they tell of the resplendent beauties which he only shall enjoy who seeks God with all the ardor of his heart. Not that Augustine lacked the seeing eye, for only by possessing it could he have written thus: "This queen of colors, the light . . . causes those beautiful patterns which, through men's souls, are conveyed into their cunning hands, and come from that Beauty which is above our souls." Nor did he lack the hearing ear, else he could not be troubled lest "those melodies which Thy words breathe soul into when sung with a sweet and attuned voice," may come to move him "more with the voice than with the words sung."

Once in young manhood, Augustine had dreamed such dreams as had Thomas More in *Utopia*, and the founders of Brook Farm, and Coleridge and Southey in their plans for an Altruria on the banks of the Susquehanna, but "God derided these plans and didst prepare His own." "Many of us friends conferring about and detesting the turbulent turmoil of human life had now adopted, now almost resolved on living apart from business and the bustle of men, and this was to be thus obtained: we were to bring whatever we might severally procure and make one household, so that, through the truth of our friendship, nothing should belong especially to any; but the whole, derived from all, should as a whole belong to each and all to all."

Verily, God did deride Augustine's plans and prepare His own; and when this willful, buoyant lad; this youth proud of his fine mind, his learning, his magnetism; this man of power and unquenchable ardor could become at last the penitent and saint, all his gifts of mind and heart and body were caught up and held enthralled before the beauty of One to Whose service he gave himself in a very passion of self-surrender. Augustine was poet as well as saint, and it is both poet and saint who voices his love of God in this superb outpouring in the very gold of poetry: "But what do I love when I love Thee? Not beauties of body, nor the fair harmonies of time, nor the brightness of the light so gladsome to our eyes, nor sweet melodies of varying songs, nor the fragrant smell of flowers and spices, not manna and honey, not limbs acceptable to embracements of flesh. None of these I love when I love my God; and yet I love a kind of light and melody and fragrance, and meat and embracement when I love my God, the light melody, fragrance, meat and embracement of my inner man: where there shineth into my soul what space cannot contain, and there soundest what time poureth not in my ear, and there smelleth what breathing disperseth not, and there tasteth what eating diminisheth not, and there clingeth what satiety divorceth not."

At the opposite pole from Augustine stands Rousseau, the sentimentalist, the self-deceiving poseur, the neurasthenic, whose senses were so delicately alive to every reaction that he became a creature of poignant delight, and of no less poignant pain. The keenness of his senses he deliberately incited, not by indulgence that was gross, but by indulgence that was delicately discriminating, until he became an epicure of sensations, an exquisite in what may be called the sensuality of the mind. And he paid the price. He cut the middle ground from under his feet and, like De Quincey with his opium, he dwelt either among the fragrance and splendor of a dream-Paradise or in the pangs of the inferno.

Augustine suffered as men of poetic souls always suffer at beholding beauty stricken, life turned to death, and the loveliness, even the loveliness of flowers and music, doomed to end. But Augustine found one way that, dolorous though it was, led to an Infinitude of Beauty where the glory and the joy and the loveliness of earth were centred and became

divine. The *via dolorosa* led through the dark forest of renunciation, and he came to know that he who loses himself shall find himself. Such a journey, such a discovery, such a renunciation were impossible to Rousseau. Jean Jacques was a sensualist, not a saint; and he was not a saint because with all his passion he was not passionate enough; with all his openness to impression he was too dull to receive those which came from a nobler place than the valley of the shadow; because with all his professed candor with the world he was not candid with himself.

To read Rousseau's *Confession* is to learn how sordid, and unhappy, and despairing and, above all things else, how self-deceiving the human soul may be. Rousseau makes a great show of frankness: "I am a bad man," he cries, "I have done shameful things. Listen, and I will tell you all." Of course, he does not tell all, but he tells enough to prove his weaknesses and his baseness. He proclaims it while he sheds tears of shame and wrings his hands and beats his breast, but he does not forget to keep his eyes on his listeners, and when he surprises them in a fit of astonishment or disgust, his powers of self-hypnosis quite transform him. He steps out of himself and, leaping over the footlights, becomes a part of his own audience. Jean Jacques the spectator looks upon Jean Jacques the performer, at first with surprise, and then with admiration, until, suddenly, he bursts into applause at his other self, arrayed in sackcloth and ashes and tearfully proclaiming his weaknesses to the world. But stop! What is this?

Jean Jacques becomes dismayed; he alone of the audience is applauding. His *nunc plaudite* has failed of effect; something is wrong. Jean Jacques grows angry. Who are these Pharisees, this spawn of self-righteousness, whose faces betray amazement and disgust instead of admiration? Jean Jacques forgets that he is baring his breast to the multitude, he forgets his sackcloth and tears, and he cries out: "Good people, hear my warning. Do not be Pharisees; do not pretend to be more righteous than I. As a matter of fact, you all have committed the same sins as I. You, too, are envious and slothful and sensual. But you are cowards, and will not confess. If it happens (which I don't believe) that you are as yet innocent, that is a mere accident. Wait until

you have been tempted as strongly as poor Jean Jacques." Herein lies Rousseau's fatal weakness. He is not talking to God and permitting men to listen like Augustine; he is not telling all the world of his struggle and his doubts and his searchings for truth as God knew them like Newman; he is proclaiming to all mankind that he is debased and that he wants their applause for his candor. Says Lowell: "Rousseau cries, 'I will bare my heart to you!' and, throwing open his waistcoat, makes us the confidants of his dirty linen."

It was, after all, a question not of intellect but of soul. The souls of Augustine and of Newman were great; the soul of Rousseau was petty. Had it been otherwise, it would have given a touch of the divine fire to his passions until, breaking free, they might have swept him out of the dark cave, where he dwelt alone with his monstrous egotism, into the vision of more noble things than his sensuality and selfishness and morbidity had ever dreamed of. But Rousseau's passions were petty, and his emotions too delicately organized to be stable except where the will of an Augustine or a Newman might control them.

But, as has been said, it was a question of soul. Had Rousseau a great soul, he might, with his other endowments, have realized from the broken harmonies of earth the more sublime and perfect harmony which belongs to "the consecration and the poet's dream." Had he a great soul, he would have first convinced himself of sin in his own heart before attempting to indict his fellows, and, in doing this, he might have been lifted up out of the valley of humiliation to that high plane in which bitterness of spirit, the agony of blighted hopes, and the pathos of madness do not abide.

Like St. Augustine and Rousseau, Newman was a poet. Perhaps, that was his ultimate gift. Music was one of his loves; "perhaps," he says somewhere, "music is thought." It could awaken emotions buried in the depths of his heart and even stir him to tears. He could be tender with that delicate tenderness which belongs to all women and to those men who are poets at heart. From the lips of the warm-blooded African came these sentences on the death of his friend, Nebrius: "At this grief my heart was utterly broken; and whatever I beheld was death. My native country was a torment to me and my father's house a strange unhappiness;

and whatever I had shared with him, wanting him, became a distracting torture. Mine eyes sought him everywhere, but he was not granted them; and I hated all places for that they had not him; nor could they now tell me, 'he is coming,' as when he was absent. . . . Only tears were sweet to me, for they succeeded my friend, in the dearest of my affections." On reading that, it comes to mind that Newman wept at the bier of his friend, Bowden, and that when Ambrose St. John died, he spent the night in the death-room holding the body in his arms.

Supersensitive and highly poetical, all three men were doomed to suffer. Rousseau's sufferings were rooted in his enormous egotism; he believed himself a great man, born out of due time, whom the baseness of his fellows was bent on destroying. Newman's suffering was due to the long struggle, the details of which he recounts so minutely and so vividly in the *Apologia* when, a prey to doubts about the sanctity of his Father's House, he beheld truth glittering like a star in the bosom of her he had termed the "scarlet woman." Augustine's suffering came from the world-old conflict between the flesh and the spirit, and, torn by conflicting emotions as Newman was torn, he suffered as only men of great soul can suffer. "When a deep consideration had, from the secret bottom of my soul drawn together and heaped up all my misery in the tide of my heart, there arose a mighty storm bringing a mighty shower of tears. . . . I cast myself down, I know not how long, under a certain fig tree, giving full vent to my tears; and the floods of mine eyes gushed out an acceptable sacrifice to Thee."

In the *Apologia*, Newman tells us of his tears, and we know how, upon leaving Littlemore, his long restrained emotions overcame him, and he kissed the books and the very furniture in his study, which had witnessed so much of his suffering and his desolation of spirit. We recall that he had planned to pass his life at Oxford, to become a very part of it like the snapdragon on the walls of Trinity, but (Augustine is speaking now) "God derided these plans and didst prepare His own." There are passages in the *Apologia* as tender as the one I have just quoted from Augustine, though in Newman, naturally, there is more restraint in the expression of emotion. The Englishman bares his heart, and for him, with

blood less warm than Augustine's, this was an even harder task. He says, in the beginning of Part V. of the *Apologia*:

And now that I am about to trace, as far as I can, the course of that great revolution of mind, which led me to leave my own home, to which I was bound by so many strong and tender ties, I feel overcome with the difficulty of satisfying myself in my account of it, and have recoiled from doing so, till the near approach of the day, on which these lines must be given to the world, forces me to set about the task. For who can know himself, and the multitude of subtle influences which act upon him? and who can recollect, at the distance of twenty-five years, all that he once knew about his thoughts and his deeds? And who can suddenly gird himself to a new and anxious undertaking, which he might be able indeed to perform well, had he full and calm leisure allowed him to look through everything that he has written, whether in published works or private letters? But, on the other hand, as to that calm contemplation of the past, in itself so desirable, who can afford to be leisurely and deliberate, while he practises on himself a cruel operation, the ripping up of old griefs, and the venturing again upon the *infandum dolorem* of years, in which the stars of this lower heaven were one by one going out? I could not, in cool blood, nor except upon the imperious call of duty, attempt what I have set myself to do. It is both to head and heart an extreme trial, thus to analyze what has so long gone by, and to bring out the results of that examination. I have done various bold things in my life; this is the boldest; and, were I not sure, I should after all succeed in my object, it would be madness to set about it.

How deep the feeling is here in spite of its restraint! But as you read between the lines you come to understand why Newman wasted away to a shadow as he wrote this book, and why its pages were often wet with tears.

Many and striking are the parallels between Newman and St. Augustine. Both were churchmen; both reached that goal only after years of doubt and anguish. Both devoted their supreme gifts of heart and intellect to the cause of religion; both were in the forefront of the defensive struggles waged by the Church against the hostile forces of their day.

For, while Augustine attacked Manichæans and Donatists, in whom he beheld the most potent foes of Christianity, Newman had ever in his thoughts the menace of what he termed "liberalism," and against it devoted most of his literary labors.

Both Augustine and Newman were prolific writers in the field of controversy; both were masters of pulpit eloquence; both were outstanding figures among the ecclesiastical leaders of their day; both, in consequence, drew the fire of enemies who were eager to destroy their influence.

As men, both were marked by an unfailing human sympathy which made them the confidants of more than one perplexed soul, and their letters are full of persuasive calls to saintliness and of answers to spiritual difficulties. Both were extremely sensitive and suffered at the hands of those who, from jealousy or inability to understand them, misjudged their motives and denounced their acts. Both, though dwelling on intellectual heights, kept close to the hearts and aspirations of the people. Both were capable of almost feminine tenderness, and Augustine's love of Nebridius has its counterpart in Newman's love of St. John. Both had a magnetism which could convert enemies into friends and friends into disciples.

The peace of Cassiciacum was dear to St. Augustine, as that of Littlemore was dear to Newman, and the presence of loving friends was as the balm of Gilead to their craving for affection. But Cassiciacum, like Littlemore, beheld a yearning of spirit for a more perfect comprehension of truth and a higher life that was to come. They were but milestones on the journey to the heights. Augustine's Tagaste was Newman's Edgbaston, with sacred joys abiding there, once those two great souls had found a peace unknown before. The "pitfalls of intellectualism" never menaced Newman except for a single hour at Oxford; while Augustine, with all his keen intellect, gained in his renunciation the simplicity of a child. Each stands out as the embodiment of a supreme and unconquered faith, never doubting, abiding always.

To few men as to Augustine and Newman have the unseen realities ever been so tremendously real. Though all the world might be but the shadow of a dream, there remained to each, himself and his Creator, and the very stir of the air about them was, as Newman so beautifully said, "the waving of their robes whose faces see God in heaven."

Augustine could not know Newman, but Newman could, and did, know Augustine, not merely through his studies of the Fathers, but, best of all, through the divination of a perfect sympathy. In his early thirties, Newman had pictured Augustine as he was in those hectic years that preceded his conversion, and he read aright his "fierce fevers of the mind" and his pitiful cry for light. And when the vision of peace dawned at last for Augustine, Newman took leave of him in words that have a strange sound as of prophecy, as if a glance into his own heart had given him thus early a premonition of the desolating uncertainty that was to come, and of the completeness of the final renunciation. "He had 'counted the cost,' and he acted like a man whose slowness to begin a course was a pledge of zeal when he had once begun it."

And of the three great autobiographies, what? St. Augustine's is a lyric; Newman's, an elegy; Rousseau's, a tragic-comedy.

OUR LADY OF OXFORD.

BY CHARLES J. QUIRK, S.J.

HERE, 'mid the beauty of an elder day,
Upon an antique, crumbling arch on high,
Gazing with sweet, sad eyes on passerby,
Our Lady and her Child in vigil pray
That once again shall come beneath their sway
This fair old town of Oxford, whose tall spires
Now fingers seem in noonday's flashing fires,
Carven of God to point the Heavenward way.
Not only here, within this narrow street,
Is Mary and her Infant throned and crowned,
But in gray courtyards, bright with sun and sweet
With flowers and velvet sward, shall they be found,
Waiting to hear, in God's appointed time,
All Oxford praise their names, while Mass bells chime!

PAUL DEROULEDE THE PATRIOT.

BY WILLIAM H. SCHEIFLEY.



THE momentous events of the World War have until recently tended to obscure in France the career of Paul Déroulède, one of those who contributed most to prepare his country for the conflict. Not that Déroulède's death in January, 1914, passed unnoticed. Millions of his countrymen mourned him as a patriot to be ranked with Bayard, Jean Bart and Ney. Captured during the Franco-Prussian War, but escaping from prison, he burned with a passion for the recovery of Alsace and Lorraine, and, as founder and promoter of the League of Patriots, he strove incessantly to keep alive the sacred flame until the "day of glory" should dawn. Alas! that the panegyrist of Joan of Arc—loyal churchman and nationalist—should not have lived to see his hopes realized! But the fame is secure.

Paul Déroulède, son of a magistrate, was born at Paris in 1846. His mother was a sister of Emile Augier, the dramatist, and a granddaughter of Pigault-Lebrun. He attended the Collège of Vanves, the Lycée Louis-le-Grand, the Lycée Bonaparte, and finally the Lycée de Versailles, proving an excellent but erratic pupil, and evincing a strong inclination toward poetry. Yet, like so many others of literary taste, he was sent by his parents to the Law School. Though bored by the law, he delighted in oratory, and never lost an occasion on festival days in the Latin Quarter to declaim in praise of liberty. Consumed by a desire to travel, he went to Egypt to witness the opening of the Suez Canal, and, returning, visited Italy, Austria, Germany, and Holland, setting down his impressions in graphic style.

Having completed his law course, Déroulède gave himself up to the enjoyment of letters until the opening of the War of 1870. Thus far he had been an internationalist, looking forward to an era of universal peace and brotherhood. But no

cosmopolitanism—not even that of Renan and the “intellectuals”—could keep his conscience easy. Through Victor Duruy, he procured a commission in the Mobile Guards of the Seine, although at the moment no one foresaw that the Guards would be called to the frontier. Popular confidence was not shaken until on the heels of news of the victory of Reischaffen followed sinister tidings. Thereupon, Déroulède, turned by defeat into an ardent patriot, hurried to Metz. Rejected here, he enlisted as a private of Zouaves at Chalons. A few days later, his mother brought to the same battalion her younger son, André.

“Major,” she said to the commanding officer, “I bring you my second son, who has wished to join his older brother. My only regret is that I have not a third to offer you to help drive the invader from France.”

In an engagement shortly afterward, André fell at Paul’s side, begging the brother not to abandon him as the Zouaves retreated. Thus both were overtaken by the enemy. Although André recovered, Paul was separated from him, being sent as prisoner to Breslau. Here he was treated humanely, and even began an interlude of romance with his jail keeper’s daughter, a girl of Polish descent and French sympathies. Yet, upon learning of the disaster at Sedan, and Bazaine’s treason at Metz, Déroulède resolved to return to France. Lacking money, unable to speak German, and knowing that recapture would mean certain death, he outwitted the police, reached Prague, and from there made his way home through Italy.

Reporting at Tours, Déroulède was assigned as sergeant to Colonel Lane’s regiment of Zouaves, operating near Dijon. On January 15th, when the regiment, in a brilliant engagement, took Montbéliard, the poet won a second lieutenancy and the Cross of the Legion of Honor. A few days later, on the retreat of Lane’s men into Switzerland, the officers were allowed to return to France. Scarcely had Déroulède been repatriated when an armistice was signed, and during his first visit to relatives in Paris, the National Assembly ratified a preliminary treaty with Germany. This was followed by the famous protest from the deputies of Alsace and Lorraine—an act which stirred Déroulède to the depths. Accordingly, on March 1, 1871, he announced his resolution of remaining a

soldier. So long as half a million Frenchmen were involuntarily deprived of the joys of citizenship, he declared, he would deprive himself of the joys of the fireside.

At the outbreak of the Commune, Paul and his younger brother sided with the forces of order. Near the end of the revolt, this brother, while snatching a red flag from a barricade, had his arm shattered. Paul, whose foot was crushed by an unmanageable horse, was so far incapacitated that, on the representation of friends, he resigned his commission in 1874, rather than be retired. Seven years later, he sought to reënlist that he might accompany his brother, André, an artillery lieutenant, to Tunis; but Gambetta discouraged him, explaining that he would be more useful at home. Déroulède, yielding, wrote a stirring farewell to the troops, and thereafter it was with his pen that he fought the good fight.

Already, indeed, Déroulède had acquired some fame as a writer. In 1869, the Comédie-Française had produced his *Juan Strenner*, a play treating an episode in the life of Rubens. After 1870 patriotic themes engaged him. His *Chants du Soldat* are hymns of faith and hope dedicated to his parents, as to "those who have taught me to love my country." The guiding thought of these poems was the exaltation of courage and patriotism. Says Camille Ducray, in his admirable biography of Déroulède: "Many of these will remain immortal."

The French Academy crowned the work, which already has seen more than a hundred and fifty editions. As Théodore de Banville remarked: "It is redolent of battles and powder, and from the moment that you have opened the volume it intoxicates you by its perfume of youthful bravado and manly daring." The poet wrote from inspiration, and was less concerned to polish his verses than to stir the martial feelings. Indeed, the cadence of these poems is that of a warlike march, heroism set to music. One poem, composed in eulogy of Corneille, was long cherished by Coquelin for stage recitation.

In 1875 appeared Déroulède's *Nouveaux Chants du Soldat*. This volume, equally lyrical and sincere, was like its predecessor crowned by the Academy. In 1881 followed *Marches et Sonneries*, ardent lyrics dedicated to Alsace and Lorraine, breathing the spirit of glad self-sacrifice.

Seven years later, in *Refrains Militaires*, the patriot added to his verse other gems, one being a *Testament*, embodying his fondest aspirations.

Militant as was Déroulède, he was also devoted to rustic life, and, when out of patience with politics, he would retire to his ancestral manor in the Charente. It was there that he composed *Les Chants du Paysan* (1894), a volume for which the French Academy awarded him the Jean Reynaud prize, given only once in five years. He published, also, novels and biographical studies. Especially noteworthy was his biography of Turenne—*La Tour d'Auvergne*.

More important, however, are Déroulède's dramas. To be sure, he seemed to regard plot as only a pretext for enabling his personages to express their sentiments in noble words. He conceived that the theatre should educate by offering sound and sober lessons. Chief among his plays are *L'Hetman* (1877), *La Moäbite* (1880), *Messire du Guesclin* (1895), and *La Mort de Hoche* (1897)—all of patriotic significance.

The production of *L'Hetman* was eagerly awaited, since the public knew that it treated in disguise a national question. Love of country and the readiness of men to sacrifice themselves for the national life was his subject. The period chosen is 1645, when the Ukraine (here representing Alsace) is suffering from the tyrannic oppression of Poland (here representing Germany). Gherasz, formerly *hetman* or leader of the Ukrainian Cossacks, his daughter, Mikla, and her fiancé, Stenko, are virtual captives at the Polish Court. Uprisings of the Ukrainians have but increased their sufferings, yet the patriots again revolt and beg the aged *hetman* to lead them. Gherasz declines, thinking further sacrifices vain until his country is prepared for war. Stenko, on the other hand, joins the insurgents, yet learning that his fiancée is held as hostage, returns, having placed personal happiness above patriotism. Angered by this selfishness, the stern old *hetman* now responds to the call of duty, and the revolt succeeds, after the machinations of the Ukrainian renegade, Rogoviane (perhaps Marshal Bazaine) have miscarried, and Mikla has escaped. Here the war between the Cossacks and the Poles is only a pretext; Déroulède has in mind a conflict nearer home.

The piece, performed seventy times at the Odéon, was

praised by the people and by the press. If it was not uniformly excellent, it displayed none the less marked talent, and among its verses were many breathing the spirit of the great Corneille.

Like *L'Hetman*, *La Moäbite* is a satire in disguise. It combats the foes of religion and the Church. Déroulède, as a republican and a Christian, would show that faith knows no conflict with liberty, and that public morals are inadequate unless based upon divine law. Strangely enough, the play incurred the hostility of Jules Ferry, Minister of Public Instruction, who, after the first rehearsals at the Comédie-Française, forbade its presentation. Although Ferry was known as an implacable enemy of the Church, this narrow-mindedness aroused deep indignation. His action was the more hypocritical since he had but recently invited dramatists to write political plays, "in order to give to France the moral grandeur proper in a democracy. To that end," he said, "let us allow in politics all the liberty compatible with the maintenance of public peace, and let us keep our severity for licentious situations and immoral pieces." It had not occurred to Ferry that a dramatist might, in denouncing immorality, attack its sources—his own atheism and hostility to the Church. Déroulède, having withdrawn his play, published it with a preface accusing the minister of fomenting religious discord. "Yes, this poor minister has thrown France into a turmoil, and, thanks to him, slight misunderstandings have so nearly become dissensions; he has such mastery of the art of inflaming religious passion in a skeptical age, that a play in which God is spoken of with respect, licence with disgust and liberty with love, such a play is regarded as so close to satire as to be dangerous." Performed later at the home of Madame Juliette Adam, *La Moäbite* delighted the audience.

Misaël, son of the High Priest of Israel, during an expedition against the Moabites, has fallen in love with Kozby, voluptuous and unprincipled. She would proclaim war on the God of Israel and exalt only man and his instincts; but Misaël's mother rebukes her for a doctrine so subversive of God, family and country. Even Hélias, a radical, realizes that civilization must be achieved gradually. "Faith," he declares, "is an essential. It is that which distinguishes the shepherd from his flock, man from beast."

Retain for God a priest, that man may God retain;
A people without God is doomed and lives in vain.

The forebodings of Hélias are justified when Misaël, sinking deeper into degradation, plans to assassinate his father. Fortunately, his plot is divulged and it is the would-be parricide and not his father who meets death at the temple.

After administering this rebuke to those striving to sap the religious convictions of his countrymen, Déroulède, in his next play, drew from the life of the national hero, Bertrand du Guesclin (1320-1380), salutary lessons for his contemporaries. Here he stresses duty, obedience, self-effacement and the subordination of personal interests to the national weal, and shows that the curse of Du Guesclin's time lay in the fact that too many desired to rule, and too few were willing to obey. The application of such criticism to the France of 1895, with its individualism, anarchy and opposition to authority, was patent.

Messire du Guesclin is set in the period following the defeat of the French by the English at the battle of Poitiers (1356), when Jean le Bon was taken prisoner. The action depicts the revolt of the bourgeoisie, led by Etienne Marcel; the flight of the Dauphin, who was afterwards known as Charles le Sage; and the devotion of the Breton, Du Guesclin, to the French cause (Brittany being at the time independent)—services which proved decisive in rescuing France from anarchy and foreign domination. True, this play is a biography of the popular hero rather than a drama in the strict sense; but, as a *spectacle dans un fauteuil*, it is both informing and entertaining. If the verses are not always rich and flowing, the patriotic fervor that animates them is genuine and contagious. The protagonist thinks only of the destiny of his country. To expel the foreigner is the need of the moment. But to accomplish this and prevent a recurrence of the evil, the citizens must abandon their desire for self-assertion. Says the poet: "You who would elevate France, learn to abase yourselves."

Déroulède's plays, although not always successful on the stage, are worthy of respect. They contain not only fine ideas, but strong scenes, even if these be poorly connected. This lack of cohesive force is apparent in his last drama, *La*

Mort de Hoche, little more than a loose biography of the Revolutionary general. Here, as in *Messire du Guesclin*, the dramatist denounces by implication the Third Republic. Thus, in Act V., General Ney says: "The government does not govern; it is governed. The deputies might do all, but they spoil everything. There are many judges, but there is no justice; there are many functionaries, but there is no administration; there are many taxes, but no resources." Similarly, Hoche, in comparing the Republic of the Directory (1797) with that of the Convention (1793), declares the rule of the Terror to be less dangerous than that of the Marsh. "To corrupt the blood is worse than to shed it!" he exclaims. "Like Decius, I cast myself living and fully armed into the gulf in the hope that I may save the nation."

These sentiments explain why Déroulède favored the Boulangist party. Like millions of his countrymen, he believed that General Boulanger would establish a government of authority. Even earlier, during the short-lived Gambetta Ministry, Déroulède had been appointed, with Félix Faure and others, upon an educational commission intended to develop among pupils physical fitness and a spirit of patriotism. But Gambetta was soon succeeded by Jules Ferry, with whom Déroulède could not agree. After a heated dispute with the new Premier, he resigned, declaring: "Your conception is not mine; it would please you to make a nation without the military spirit, as you have already endeavored to make a nation without God."

Yet, the results of Déroulède's connection with this educational commission were beneficial. From it, he derived the idea of organizing a patriotic society to aid in recovering the lost provinces. In 1882, he succeeded in founding the League of Patriots, which within a few years grew to three hundred thousand members. On the first page of its list, he inscribed its motto: "Who lives? France! In spite of everything!" This was the motto of his own life. The grand old man, whether in Parliament or traveling over the country to spread his propaganda, wrought indefatigably by his pen and his voice for the cause. Despairing of seeing his hopes realized under a Masonic régime of parliamentary wrangling, he attempted a *coup d'état* in 1899, and as a result was banished for six years.

In 1905, Déroulède returned to Paris. What an enthusiastic reception was his! A delirious crowd met him at the station, and transformed his slow passage to the house of his brother into a triumphal march. Affectionately assisted by his secretary, Marcel Habert, Déroulède again plunged into his work. The present writer, who in May, 1909, heard him deliver a stirring address in eulogy of Joan of Arc, observed that, though failing, he was still full of fire. Each year until his death, he led a procession to the statue of Strassburg in the Place de la Concorde, and addressed patriotic gatherings at Buzenvat and Champigny, near Paris, in commemoration of military engagements during the siege. It was at Champigny that, ignoring the entreaties of his physician, Déroulède delivered his last speech, in December, 1913. His friends bore him, exhausted, to the Riviera, but before departing from Paris, he visited Notre Dame, and, a faithful Catholic, as he had been a faithful soldier and patriot, he received the Blessed Sacrament, although his weakness would not permit his hearing Mass to the end. He died at Nice, January 30, 1914.

A patriot to the core, upright and noble, Déroulède rose superior to discouragements and injustice. He strove not for gold, but for glory. When defeated, he forgot his disappointment in resuming the brave fight. Gallic in his bravado and volatile spirits, he was Latin in his love of authority. Though asserting his devotion to the Republic, he wished to see it function under the rule of a chief powerful enough to protect it against itself. Says Camille Ducray: "This man was a force compounded of self-reliance and faith in God. In him the youth of France may find at the most critical moments inspiration for long years to come. France will never forget him. His name belongs to history."

OF SOME AMERICANS.

BY JOHN AYSCOUGH.



ALL modern novelists, whatever their nationality, have a filiation to Cervantes, though his parent-hood may be marked by little or no trace of family likeness between any of their works and *Don Quixote*. Indeed, the unlikeness is, in certain instances, remarkable. Smolett was a diligent student of Cervantes and translated him, yet the only resemblance between him and his master must be sought in the grossness and cruelty of the practical jokes practised, for wit, on Don Quixote and, say, Commodore Trunnion.

Dickens and Thackeray were child-students of Don Quixote in those first years of conscious impression whose stamp is so enduring. No writer could be more remote from Cervantes than Thackeray: it would be hard to find anything in Dickens in the least like Cervantes beyond the fact that the latter's great work was a *roman à thèse*, and that several of Dickens' works were novels with a purpose.

When we come to the great fictionists of America we find, as it is natural to find, that they are still further remote from the first great modern novelist. What signs of descent from Cervantes can we trace in Washington Irving, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Edgar Allen Poe, William Dean Howells, Bret Harte, Henry James or George Cable?

Between themselves, however, they do show signs of relationship. All are stylists, though in some of them the effort to be so is more apparent and the result less successful.

In Washington Irving there is not a great deal beyond the style: and the style is only excellent here and there. In the papers grouped together under the heading of *Old Christmas* this writer attains to absolute charm, which is rarely attained by any writer, by Mrs. Gaskell, for instance, in any one of her many books, by George Eliot only perfectly attained in *Silas Marner*. In *Old Christmas* Irving's style is at its best because it is carried by what he has to say: where, as happens in

several parts of the *Sketch Book*, the style has itself to carry the little or nothing he has to say, it entirely fails, and is unsuccessful and tedious. The reader, being given little else to attend to, is forced to admire it, and becomes irritated by its failure, by its perfunctory quest of epithets, for instance, and by the flatness and indistinction of the epithets themselves.

Of the seven American writers in the inexhaustive group given above, Bret Harte is the least conscious stylist: because, I think, he has most to say. His style is, all the same, fine, and (what matters most) always related to his matter. The subtlety of its excellence is perhaps best perceived by the consideration of the company in which it often has to move. Much of the great writer's work, almost certainly his most splendid work, deals with very rough humanity, as rough in speech as in conduct; consider how unflinching is his report of their talk and of themselves, and note how in it the author's own English never stoops, slouches or limps. That English has unfailing clarity, definition and *verve*, and the singular merit of complete apparent unconsciousness, as if it arrived without the writer's effort or summons.

He, less than any of the others in the group, shows relationship to the rest: though born at Albany he is much less related to them than George Cable, from far Louisiana: Howells, from Ohio, is typically New England as a writer.

Cable seems, hardly more than Bret Harte, to have reached after style, but he attains it, though in a different manner. His manner is akin to Hawthorne's, and it is almost impossible to avoid falling into the obvious nickname for him, of the Hawthorne of the South.

With Bret Harte he has nothing in common except a gift of appreciation that amounts to affection. Their themes were too immeasurably distant for similarity. One wrote of pioneers, mostly of Saxon antecedents: prepotent, lawless, of exuberant vitality and youth and masculinity. The other of a people fading, listless, almost consciously dying, of Latin tradition, Latin refinement, whose refinement was an heirloom, almost a relic: or of their slaves, over whom the only light of refinement that had fallen was itself the wistful shadow of Latin culture. I have said that Cable's literary manner has a likeness to Hawthorne's: but his treatment is

diametrically opposite. The Louisianian has a soft and gentle tenderness for the people whose story he tells musingly: he loves them. Does Hawthorne love his New Englanders, whose legend he relates broodingly? He is attracted irresistibly by their darkest tales, and (what is worse) by their darkest traits: he is not concerned to put forward what may have been lovable and human in them, but studiously unearths what in them revolts by its harshness; if he does not seek to show them hateful, he is singularly unhappy in his results. His atmosphere is not merely sad, as that of Cable often is, but sombre, airless, cellar-like, chill, and at times lingeringly noisome. No one could question his descent from those who believed in witches, and had a morbid relish in pondering them.

No reader can fail to be conscious that his veins were filled with the blood of those whose preoccupation was constantly more with the devil than with God. The great Enemy was their theme far more persistently than the great Friend. Hence, the chronic gloom of their air, a gloom reflected (if darkness can be reflected) throughout the pages of Hawthorne. That he was not, in his own person, a man of gloom we are warmly assured by those who knew him well. None the less was he obsessed by a black spirit, in his walk as a man of letters.

I am far from accusing him of loving the Puritans, whose character he dwells upon with slow, insistent deliberation. He loved them, probably, no more than he loved Salem, but he was the son of them and of Salem, and both loomed large in his ever-recurrent consciousness. He must be forever witnessing the paternity of both.

That Hawthorne was a great writer no man of letters could deny or doubt. *The Scarlet Letter* is a great book: yet a humble admirer of great writers and of great books, neither able to abstain, nor desirous to abstain, from admiring that book's power and subtlety, may confess frankly that he hates and deploras it.

The graphic excellence is high. Its character drawing is, in the main, of eminent distinction: though not all the characters carry, what is the one indispensable quality in character-drawing, conviction. Little Pearl fails to convince. Her mother's husband is, what Hawthorne makes him, a real

devil: but whether he is a real man, or such a man could really be, is a different question altogether. Hawthorne calls up every power he has, strains every nerve of his genius, to make Roger Chillingworth a devil as complete as Satan himself, and in succeeding achieves failure, because the man is not a man at all. If a great writer chooses to depict a human being as inhuman, and does what he attempts successfully, he fails in this wise—what is given as an epic of earth becomes a phantasm of hell. Chillingworth's spiritual home was hell, and on earth he is merely a monster, more monstrous than the most outrageous ghost. Contrast him with Heathcliff in *Wuthering Heights*, and see how vastly the moorland girl, without experimental knowledge of her kind, has the advantage of the practised man of letters, who had lived among men all his days.

The two other protagonists of the tragedy are on a far higher level. Some of the merely incidental portraits are wonderful—the outline sketch of Mrs. Hibbins, the governor's sister, for one: though it is seized clutchingly by the author to indulge his greedy appetite for witch-folk and witch-character. No wonder the seventeenth century Salemites felt that dark attraction for the theme, if in their nineteenth century descendant the force of that attraction shows itself so little attenuated, so absorbing still.

That brings us to the main ground of our detestation of one of the most striking works in English-written fiction. Its theme is not really Hester Prynne, but the devil himself. It is a meditation on him, his power and his greatness. If it were written by a devil-worshipper it might be called devout to servility. If the author were a medicine-man of some devil-worshipping cult, it could not be more morbidly pathological.

A great sin has been committed: not the greatest conceivable, but one in its nature and its circumstances of terrible blackness. That sin is the lingering, unvarying theme of the book. Its savor is kept forever in the mind of the writer, and in the mouth of the reader. In that alone is a morbidity that it would be hard to rescue from unwholesomeness, and can only be rescued in one way, not used by the author.

A great sin in its commission involves the complexity of the agents and of their diabolic tempter: but Someone Else is concerned, God Whom the sin has outraged. * Now the whole

of the *Scarlet Letter* is a meditation upon the sin of Dimmesdale and Hester Prynne, and upon the devil, their accomplice and instigator, with the younger devil, whom their sin creates. God is ignored.

That, in three words, makes not only the failure, but the awfulness of the book. The sin was not against Satan, but against God. He was infinitely more concerned in it than Satan, a mere fallen angel. Yet He is left outside the story, as He should not have been if the book were to have been on the Fall of the Angels.

According to Catholic as to Puritan theology, God is the Punisher of sin. But He is more, the Pardoner of sin. The devil in the *Scarlet Letter* is made the only apparent avenger of the sin, and no God is there to stoop down and pardon, and save. Cervantes, the Castilian, could no more have written the *Scarlet Letter* than Hawthorne, the devil-meditating writer of Salem, could have written *Don Quixote*.

The *Scarlet Letter* is ruthlessly cruel. It is a merciless picture of fallible mankind between the millstone of its own weakness and the nether-millstone of Satanic omnipotence. Out of that libelous picture spring blasphemies and atheisms, whether drawn by this or any other great writer of sombre genius and perverse power. Omnipotence is divine, and never has been, nor could be, diabolic.

Had this great writer ever read the story of what happened in the court of the Temple to another woman whose sin was the same as Hester Prynne's: when the devil's work was over, and Jesus Christ's appeared? Ah, for a grain of that dust, wherein Christ made His only writing, in the hard searching eyes of this writer of an unhealthy, and so false, genius! Is any weak human creature likely to be strengthened by his fearful book? Must not such a one feel that both sinners in it are punished over much? And must not such an inevitable feeling tend to condone in his or her judgment the later (and monstrously incredible) second fall? In the very case of Chillingworth himself, is not he or she likely to feel a perverted, maudlin, mawkish compassion of the same sort as might be claimed "for the *pauvre diable*" himself? a compassion, by the way, that the author has been careful not to suggest for the outraged husband when the outrage was fresh and keen upon him.

The German folk-picture of Satan is that of a stupid and blundering malignant. Untrue as that picture is of a fallen archangel, with intellect perverted but not gone, it is in *essential* truth, higher than that picture which presents him with powers commensurate with those of God, at all events with powers against which man is helpless and hopeless, in an eternal and necessary minority. Man against devil would indeed be an unequal combat: but there is no such combat. It is man plus God versus devil, and there can be no doubt of where, in that recollection of the fact, the strength must lie.

There are two ways in which Satan works, and always has worked, against the weak or presumptuous spirit of man: by deluding it into the ignorance of believing that he himself is a name for an obsolete idea, a thing never actually existent, or by terrifying it into the sombre acceptance of his being in practical verity more potent than God, the real Omnipotence. To measure the comparative evil of these two falsities is unfruitful. But, it would *seem*, at all events, that the latter is the more disastrous of the two. It is not, apparently, the more prevalent of the two among moderns. It was a distinctive, if unacknowledged, element in Puritanism. In Puritanism the Enemy of mankind received a gross and unholy flattery: it is hard to perceive what the Puritans thought the Incarnation had done for mankind, how in it the head of the serpent had been crushed: how far they really conceived that the Crucifixion was the devil's triumph, instead of being his predestined and decisive defeat.

At the head of this article I spoke of the literary descent of all our modern novelists from Cervantes. He was, while treating of figments of his exuberant fancy, a Castilian gentleman bred in the sanities of the Catholic faith, behind all lies the cheerful horizon of the Catholic realities: in a thousand *obiter dicta* one reads that Cervantes believed, not trembling, but soundly happy. Might not the works of Hawthorne have been precisely what they are if there had been no Incarnation? Over them does not lie "the light that never was on sea or land," but there broods the darkness that can be invoked from below even the earth and its inhabitants, by a man of distorted fancy and misled genius who chooses to direct all his prying downward.

Though one of the protagonists is a Christian minister,

the book is un-Christian: its religion is, if it is anything, Judaic. Behind that Judaic cloud the Divine Light is utterly obscured: the Divine Mercy is ignored and the warmth and healing of Divine Goodness. Kindness, humanism are not suffered to bear the part they would have borne.

Hawthorne wrote other books. They have the same literary quality, in each in its degree the same sort of literary power. In general, they are darkened by something of the same atmosphere, the presence of which is their bane, though its absence might deprive them of their force, and certainly would rob them of their character. For it is a lurid air, heavy, sulphurous: stifling respiration, inimical to life and health.

They present a series of pictures admirable in intensity, remarkable and impossible to confuse with the pictures of any other artist. Their brooding quietude is not dull, though it is so intense that, even where there is action, there seems to be none: and each sketch hardly appears to be a tale, but rather to be a picture only, without motion, and indeed mostly without color, a picture black and gray. Hawthorne is nowhere more skillful than in *The House of the Seven Gables*, and nowhere is his power more morbidly shown. *Mosses from an Old Manse* and *Tanglewood Tales* may have slightly less of his genius, and may have proportionately less morbidity. Nothing that he wrote could have been written by a common writer: he is always, in all his work, a craftsman of the highest class: and all his work has the same unbaptized quality and spirit.

To *The Scarlet Letter* is prefixed a lengthy sketch, longer than some of his stories, called *The Custom House*. It brought upon him, we are told in its reprint, an angry storm of protest. But it is as well worth reading as anything he wrote, and is more satisfactory reading than much that he wrote. The character-pictures are excellent, and (what his pictures are not very commonly) highly entertaining and humorsome. They are not drawn with a sparing pen; in some cases, notably one, they are pretty merciless, and that they aroused resentment is not surprising, though Hawthorne himself puts on a childlike air of surprise at the resentment he reports: but they are human and real, and afford a strong hint of what the author could have done, had he chosen to be a novelist of

ordinary life and discarded his mania for the abnormal, the monstrous, the subterranean.

Hawthorne was over fifty years George Cable's senior: *Twicetold Tales* was published seven years before the Southern writer's birth, *Mosses from an Old Manse* before Cable was two years old, *The Scarlet Letter* before he was six, *The House of the Seven Gables* before he was seven. Without knowing any of the intimate details of Cable's life, I feel perfectly safe in assuming that he had read the New Englander's work before he started his own: and more than that, it strongly influenced him, directing his aim at a style, and (in a far distant area) suggesting a choice of subjects—I do not mean of themes.

His style, however, became simpler than Hawthorne's, less labored, less self-conscious. As for his subjects, he sought them, as the New Englander found his, near at hand. His Creoles have as much genuine likeness to each other, and as much specific difference, or variety, among themselves as Hawthorne's New Englanders. He is more thoroughly concerned with themselves than with their actions, though he reports enough of their action for his purpose and their illustration. He is as much inclined to *rêverie* as Hawthorne himself, but though he muses as much over his people, he broods less. He is oftener pathetic and seldomer gloomy. Indeed, Hawthorne is a singular illustration of the wide difference between gloom and pathos. Perhaps, no great writer is so often gloomy, or so rarely pathetic. In spite of the oppressive melancholy of *The Scarlet Letter* and *The House of the Seven Gables*, they are marvelously devoid of pathos. Cable, while choosing subjects of characteristic quietness, with little and silent action, never fails to make them interesting. This, an ordinary reader, not much attracted by psychology or analysis, cannot always say of Hawthorne's tales: they have, by such readers, to be *studied* with purpose and persistence. Cable can be read with ease and without effort by any reader, though his characterization is not at all inferior in subtlety, certainly equal in delicacy and depth, to that of the more illustrious writer: perhaps because the Southern author has a grace of spontaneity in his presentation of character denied to the other.

To me the Louisianian seems more graceful altogether, as

he is more tender and more touching. The indefinable charm that he throws, like a raiment that forms a part rather than an ornament of themselves, about his women is to seek in Hawthorne. Hester Prynne is more virile than Arthur Dimmesdale, and she is the most elaborate study of a woman Hawthorne has attempted.

Cable has also a tender grace of compassionateness, which forms indeed almost the atmosphere of his whole scenery, and may be a part or an efflorescence of that gift of femininity bestowed on some of the greatest writers and denied to many, which Shakespeare never fails of, which Thackeray never gained, which Browning showed miraculously in *Pompilia*. Its expression is never the floridity which Byron complained of in Washington Irving to George Bancroft, while commending his style all the same.

It was, indeed, the floridity of Irving's style that was its bane: if he had burned half his descriptions, the remainder would be more welcome, and if in that remainder he had discarded sixty per cent. of the lines and eighty per cent. of the epithets, it would have been nearer securing the admiration he was trudging after. Like Cable, he was a reverist, and he was at his best when calling up reveries of vanished days and half-forgotten people. Byron, a very sane and instinctive critic, pitched at once upon the *Knickerbocker Papers* for warm and frank eulogy.

To Edgar Allen Poe from Cable and Hawthorne may seem a far cry: and he is in truth different enough from either. They were intrinsically American. Anyone reading him for the first time must be struck by the impression that his inspiration was French, as French as the inspiration of what is best in the newer street architecture of New York. Yet he had never read, and could never have read that which in French literature seems most akin to him. He was dead seven and twenty years before *L'Affaire Lerouge* was written. Gaboriau could not have inspired him, though he may well have inspired Gaboriau.

Whether Poe had read Balzac in French, I do not know, but I am certain he had read him. Nevertheless, Poe was original, and his own master. However clearly we recognize that and insist upon it, it remains true that his literary affinities are Latin, not North American or English. Especially,

though only partly, is this illustrated in his characterization, which is always more akin in method and treatment to the French than the American fashion, or the British. He describes character from without, not, like Hawthorne, from within. His characterization is objective. With all the American psychological novelists it is subjective. It is, however, also true that Poe is not entirely without relation to Hawthorne. Though a New Englander, and by birth quite a near neighbor of Hawthorne, there is nothing of the great New Englander's spirit in Poe. He goes far from New England for his themes. The old Puritans obsess him not at all. Yet, after all, he has Hawthorne's leaning to gloom of subject, he turns almost instinctively, certainly impulsively, to the dark, mysterious, clouded, abnormal. He is never willingly cheerful, never humorous. He tosses disdainfully aside the happy: wholesome lightness can only, he assumes, be tedious and dull. He loves to handle the criminal, and handle it with a mastery that is swifter than Hawthorne's, less gloating and studious, but not much, if at all, less comprehensive and exact. He is, however, less absorbed by the criminal than Hawthorne; it is the crime he considers rather than the criminal, and is more concerned with how it was done than with how it affected the criminal who did it. This is only to repeat that Poe handles his argument objectively and Hawthorne subjectively.

As a man, Hawthorne was wholesome and vigorous. Poor Poe was far from that. Yet as a writer Poe was less unwholesome and more vigorous than Hawthorne: he was more virile, and attained his results by a stronger method, with less delay and labor. His lines and contours are bolder, his figures require less description by the author, explaining themselves more straightforwardly. They are, of course, often of a coarser fibre than Hawthorne's, but by no means invariably so. Above all, they are vital, not dream figures of spectral gesture wading at us out of chill mists.

Poe's own figure belongs to the tragedy of letters. His misfortunes cannot be laid at any door but his own. His life-long enemy was himself. He had to bear the pangs of utter penury; he had to endure the terrible anguish of his wife's death, after ten years of marriage, though she was only twenty-four when he lost her: but it cannot be said that he was broken by calamity; he broke himself. His story is poig-

nantly wretched. Only the very sternly pitiless can abstain from pitying him. His nature was tainted, but it was not evil. He was not wicked. He died, still quite a young man, a prey to deepest remorse: yet many have passed to their judgment with far less sorrow for far more faults. He was chaste in his own life, as he was clean in his written word.

Vilified unfairly after his death, he was not friendless during life, but he was one of those, not rare, unfortunates whom friendship can hardly serve effectually. His life, sad as it was, was not loveless. He was loved loyally and tenderly in his home, and by those who knew him best and must have known his faults best. Though he could not rely upon himself any more than his friends could rely upon him, upon his sobriety or his effort, yet he could work hard and well for a year together, he could be sober, industrious, patient during periods, till the reckless collapse of effort, patience, sobriety came. Fortunately his judgment rests neither with biographers nor critics.

His genius is not open to attack. It was much greater than himself, though not extremely unlike himself—the best part of himself. He had ideality, too; he had a singular gift of ratiocination and the rare faculty of clothing it with absorbing interest. He was a capable critic. In American poetry he must take a very high place.

But his greatest work, and his most expressive, is to be found in his tales. In them he is wild, eccentric, but the eccentricity and wildness are genuine and real, it is never posed or assumed with self-conscious effort. It is not labored, but splendidly spontaneous and natural. His wildest tales, therefore, interest unfailingly because they appear true. The reader supposes they *are* true, not worked up from some nucleus of fancy. The eccentricity has never the insult of affectation. When he is fantastic, he is not impertinent. He is often *macabre*: but not often morbid. Though he descend for his theme into the very charnel-house, I do not find that one rises from the reading of him with odors of mortality in one's nostrils, the taste of corruption in one's mouth. At any rate, the mortality he treats of is that of the body; he does not lingeringly ponder the death of the soul.

He is as great a master of atmosphere as Hawthorne, and sometimes renders it with greater mastery than Hawthorne,

who is not, even in *The House of the Seven Gables*, with all its elaboration, so successful in this sort as Poe is in the much briefer, hastier *Fall of the House of Usher*. The aim, of course, is not the same in the two stories: one is to induce an impression of spiritual horror, the other to excite an almost physical dread.

Poe can be physically ghoulish. Hawthorne was ghoulish in the ethical order. Neither success can be ranked among the most wholesome of achievements, but the unwholesomeness of Poe's seems to me less stagnant, malarious, than Hawthorne's. Both authors leaned, one in the natural (or the preternatural) order, the other in the spiritual, to the monstrous, the ghastly, the abnormal. Poe cared to surprise, and could do it when he meant to do it. Hawthorne prefers to neglect that element of interest, and has the more arduous ambition of sustaining suspense without it.

Henry James and William Dean Howells were born as far asunder as New York and Martin's Ferry in Ohio: but they belong to the same school in literature—how far intentionally cannot profitably be surmised. Howells was the elder man by half a dozen years, and had published *Their Wedding Journey*, *A Chance Acquaintance* and a *Foregone Conclusion* before the younger produced *The American*. But it is not suggested that the senior's work had any effect whatever on the junior. As to copying, no one can imagine Henry James ever copying any writer but himself, which he did with fervor and fidelity to the end.

Whether Howells regarded James as his literary superior I cannot tell: many other people undoubtedly did, and do so decide their relative positions in the Table of Precedency in letters. But I am not so sure of the infallibility of that pronouncement. Henry James was the more meticulous craftsman, but his work tends to the undesirable climax of containing hardly anything but craftsmanship. The most perfect *ébéniste* must have wood to work on, and if he insists on discarding all but the tiniest chips, he ends by producing only amazing little boxes. They may astound by the perfection of their form and of their polish, one realizes with deep respect the pains and skill that have gone to their completion: but they don't hold much.

Howells wrote with care and a certain trim neatness,

often delightfully, never boisterously, funny and entertaining; he was far, very far, from being a sloven, or being hasty, in his work: but he has a story to get on with, and liked to get on with it; so do his readers, for his story is commonly worth reading if not quite always worth writing, and it interests.

To change the metaphor—the majority of us do not care so much for the mechanism of a watch as to look at its face and ascertain promptly what time of day it is. Mr. James was a little too much of a watchmaker, and cared too much to bid us consider his minute skill in fashioning its insides. Your desire to be told what o'clock it is, he thought impertinent and trivial.

Neither of these authors is consistently equal to himself. Perhaps Mr. James is at his best when at his biggest, when his book is biggest: and Mr. Howells at his best when his work is least protracted. I think both lost in interest what they gained in experience. But Mr. Howells did not attain, with the loss of freshness, that portentous, immaculate perfection that Mr. James did attain.

For aught, I can surmise, it may seem to the genuine devotee of Henry James flat heresy to admire *The American* of 1878 more than *The Ambassador* of 1903, but I confess to that heresy if it be one. And for me *Washington Square* has a charm that its author never attained again. *The Portrait of a Lady*, belonging to the same year, is more attractive than *The Bostonians* of five years later, or *What Marie Knew* of sixteen years later. So is *Daisy Miller*, of 1878, attractive, though in it James had certainly not entered upon his rich inheritance of fineness of manner. Like Jane Austen, he chose to be a miniaturist, but he never attained her subtle, spontaneous mastery of the elected medium. He fell short of charm, which the miniature demands and whose absence cannot be excused in it. Nor was it literary tact to treat in miniature style some of the themes he selected. He shrank from strength or depth of situation: as scrupulously, though less naturally and instinctively, as Jane Austen shrank from tragedy or pathos. That restraint in her we feel to be wisdom and a sense of fitness. The male writer's abstention looks more like timidity, and even contraction of purview. Tragedy would be out of place in Jane Austen's *dramatis personæ*, pathos out of drawing. But there was room, even occasion,

for them among some of Henry James' people. He is, like the Veneering's butler, an Analytical Chemist, and a meticulous workman at his profession.

Howells, but much less obviously, because much less laboriously, was also an analyst. His fingers and pen do not smell of the analytical laboratory and, using a somewhat broader method, he seems to have more vigor than James.

Though Jane Austen discards the use of any violence of event, and relies entirely on the presentation of character in absolutely normal situations, she is too confident of power to be verbose. A character is present to our realization in a phrase or two: it takes Mr. James' reams of insistence to convince us of many of his characters. Words were Miss Austen's delighted servants, and came at her briefest call to do her work instantaneously: words were Mr. James' rather tyrannical masters, keeping him a good deal on the stretch and taking a good deal out of him—though it was a labor of love. Not one line of Miss Austen's could be removed without injury to the page, nor one word out of any line without loss. Many lines could be excised out of many of Mr. James' stories, without the least injury to the whole. His profusion is less generous than extravagant. In very few instances does he even wish to be powerful. In the *Aspern Papers* he does wish it, and who can say he fails? But, if he is there powerful, is he not also unpleasant?

In that short book he conveys, with a success rarely achieved by him, a special and peculiar atmosphere. And that atmosphere is both local and moral. The interaction of the local and the moral is given with real mastery. It is grim and boding: it chills and horrifies. It is ruthless and repulsive. It is everything the writer intended. Here he rises to genuine power, whereas, in general, he arrives at only portentous skill: but the power is so successfully unpleasant that one cannot regret that the writer achieves it so seldom. On the whole, one questions if he were so much a great author as a first-rate man of letters.

I am not aware that anyone has called Howells a great author: as a man of letters he cannot be ranked on anything like the same level as Henry James. But as an author he had advantages over James. He had more humor, and his humor was more easy and unstrained. To the general reader he is

easier reading (a thing that always counts in fiction). His portraiture is much less labored. He can be acute with less trouble. He can be epigrammatic with less obvious intention. In analysis, to which he betook himself when there was no imperative call to that function of the novelist, he was less toilsome than James, but often more tedious. His portraits are often striking, often amusing: but, with all his analysis, he did not always catch with genuine sympathy what greater artists would have seen in his sitters. If he makes us think of Henry James, he does not make us think of George Eliot, nor of the authoress of the perfect *Cranford*. But who would not be sorry if the *Aroostook* had foundered before Mr. Howells had been able to draw the picture of *The Lady*, who was her passenger? Who so narrow as not to be interested in the rise of Silas Lapham, in whose portrait just that quality of sympathy is a-wanting of which, a moment ago, we spoke?

A Chance Acquaintance, A Foregone Conclusion, Their Wedding Journey, A Counterfeit Presentment—who that cares to read real books, would not care to read these? Their truth and sanity, their cheerfulness and wholesomeness, their humanity, their absence of pose or bookishness, their pleasantness, their ease of movement, their wit and fun, how much all these qualities in them attract, retain and please the reader! *The Undiscovered Country* has a darker, perhaps a deeper atmosphere. It is, to use a pompous, rather creaky, reviewer's expression, a human document by no means insignificant or unimportant: it is interesting; but it departs from some of the characteristics that please in the smaller books first cited. Grimness of scene does not suit the author's genius so well, nor murkiness of atmosphere. It is, we feel *en route*, an excursion with a purpose, and the author (like some of the greatest) has more than he can manage in the attempt to handle a *roman à thèse*. *A Modern Instance* is hardly so good as its name: it may be said that this author's book-titles are singularly happy.

It is highly tantalizing to the writer of this brief consideration of some American authors to be compelled by the limits of space, to do so little more than cite their names. Of one of them, Bret Harte, he will not write till he can do so at less haste, and less meagrely.

DEMOCRACY.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

I.

STRAIGHT to our souls the solemn splendor speeds—
An arrow quivering with a fervent light,
A perfumed jasmine-flower, gold and white—
(I hear a murmur as of praying reeds,
I see His lilies where the faint soul feeds—
The rose of love, the burning sword of might!)
O Beauty ever shining in our sight—
That holds the balm and solace of our needs.

The Mass! the Song, the one eternal Song—
That Solomon, the Poet, longed to sing,
It bears us like a boundless, surging sea,
With Love, our pilot, steadily along,
Unto His heart!—here kneel the clown, the king,
Each close to God, each equal, and each free!

II.

Slowly he passed, the last priest in the line,
With stately steps, a figure from the brush
Of Philip of Champagne—there fell a hush
Before the organ spoke in a divine
Recessional—his lace of point so fine
That a slight grasp might all its beauty crush
Stirred at the thrilling of the organ-thrush;
And came this thought: "There walks of Pride the Sign!"

The day declines; against the dusky wall
Stands the confessional; the tinted light abates,
Outside, a rumbling car, the creak of wheels,
A childish song, the seeking mother's call;
Inside, in patience, the proud prelate waits
To shrive the negro boy, who, praying, kneels.

A DOCTOR OF SALAMANCA.

BY D. C. N.



NE day in early March of this year, the historic old University of Salamanca was the scene of a remarkable and unique ceremony. A woman was made a Doctor of Salamanca, and, stranger still, a woman dead these three hundred years! All the pomp and grandeur of an University function enhanced the brilliancy of the occasion. The Reverend Doctors of the Faculty, the titled grandees of the Court of Madrid, representing the King and the royal family, the municipalities of Avila and of Salamanca, the highest ecclesiastical dignitaries of the Church in Spain, all gathered within its venerable walls that day. The world-famed University, which dates from the twelfth century, was about to grant its most coveted degree of Doctor of Theology and confer the symbolic Cap and Hood and Ring upon Spain's greatest daughter, Teresa de Ahumada, the glorious St. Teresa of Jesus.

It is a stately pile, the old University, with a wonderfully carved façade, through whose portals all that is best and noblest in the intellectual life of Spain has passed since St. Ferdinand, King of Leon, by Letters Patent, April 6, 1243, took the professors, students and their property under his royal protection and became its real founder. Then began for it a time of unrivaled prosperity, which for centuries, as Denifle says, made the University "the glory of Spain." Salamanca was under the control of the bishop, and even as late as 1830 the academic titles were conferred in the name of the Pope and King both. Pope Martin V., in the fifteenth century, numbered it among the four greatest universities of the world. In the following century, its courses of theology drew all eyes upon it: it was its "*Siglo de oro*." In the seventeenth century it was the home of the "Salmanticenses"—those famous Carmelite theologians—whose monumental work St. Alphonsus quotes approvingly, and which has ever been esteemed at Rome as a standard work on Thomistic Scholasticism.

And now in the tercentenary year of the canonization of St. Teresa of Jesus, the famous old University, eager to add one ray to the glory which envelopes the dazzling figure of "*La Santa*," arranged this unparalleled honor to her memory. It has often been said that St. Teresa would long ago have been proclaimed a Doctor of the Church, but her sex forbids. The Church has indeed esteemed and accepted her as a teacher—a teacher of prayer and of mystical theology—and in the Liturgy prays God "that we may be nourished by the food of her heavenly doctrine." "God Almighty so filled her with the spirit of understanding, that she not only bequeathed to the Church the example of her good works, but she bedewed it with the heavenly wisdom of her treatises on mystical theology" (Bull of Canonization). "Whoever wishes to lead a life of holiness," wrote Pius X. of immortal memory, "let him but study these, and he will have need of no others. For in them this renowned mistress of piety points out a safe path of Christian life from its inception up to the consummation and perfection of virtue; she sets down accurately the ways best suited for correcting vicious habits, quelling boisterous passions, and effacing the defilements of sin; and she puts before the reader every enticement to virtue. And, in explaining all these matters, she at once shows her admirable knowledge of things divine, and gives proof of her intimate acquaintance with the nature of the human soul, its recesses, its inner workings" (Apostolic Letter of Pius X. to the Order of Discalced Carmelites, March 7, 1914).

The "Golden Age" of Salamanca has departed; today it is a little town of perhaps twenty-five thousand inhabitants. Its two Cathedrals, the Basilica of San Vincente and the church and monastery of the Dominicans may be seen from afar. The old Roman bridge of twenty-six arches still spans the Tormès as it did in St. Teresa's day, for the Saint once trod the streets of Salamanca, and her spirit is ever living in the Monastery of her Reform, which she herself founded in the shadow of the great University whose proudest boast she now is.

The story of the foundation of the Carmel of Salamanca has been told by St. Teresa in the nineteenth chapter of the *Book of Foundations*, but "*es cosa sabrosa*,"¹ as she so

¹ Letter to F. Graçan, October 31, 1576.

naïvely says, it is so absorbingly interesting that it bears retelling.

It was in the year 1570. Teresa was fifty-five years old, and had been occupied with the divinely-imposed task of the Reform of Carmel since 1562. She was resting at Toledo after the establishment of two houses at Pastrana, one for the friars and one for the nuns, when a letter from Father Martin Gutierrez, the Rector of the Jesuit College at Salamanca, reached her with an urgent request to come to that city. The poverty of the place had hitherto deterred the Saint from seeking to establish a house dependent for subsistence on alms; the townspeople chiefly supported themselves by furnishing board and lodging for the students (about ten thousand of them), who were most frequently in arrears with their payments.

However, trusting in God, "Who never abandons, nor ever will abandon anyone who serves Him,"² and moved by the weighty reasons adduced by Father Gutierrez, the Saint easily obtained the permission of the bishop, Don Pedro González de Mendoza, and set about renting a house to receive the nuns. It is not difficult to imagine that St. Teresa found peculiar satisfaction in the thought of this monastery, near the great University where her daughters might have the spiritual direction of Spain's first theologians, a matter of primary importance in her eyes. Piety without knowledge may lead to delusions, and from puerile devotions she wished her nuns to be free, "*de devociones a bobas, nos libre, Dios!*"³

A good-sized house was secured and the Saint set out very quietly with one companion, Mary of the Blessed Sacrament, to take possession. The house was inhabited by students, and it was extremely troublesome to persuade them to vacate it at once, as no reason was assigned for this summary ejection; the utmost secrecy was observed by the Saint on such occasions, until the nuns had safely taken possession of the new Carmel. However, her friends exerted themselves so successfully that towards dusk on the eve of All Saints, 1570, the house, "in a very unseemly state," was left empty for the two nuns. There was no slight work to be done to make it ready for Mass next morning, even though Father Gutierrez sent two of the Fathers to assist in preparing the chapel, for the students

² *Foundations*, ch. xviii., edited by John J. Burke, C.S.P.

³ *Life*, ch. xiii., 24, edited by John J. Burke, C.S.P.

“had little regard for cleanliness.” On November 1st the Rector, Father Gutierrez, said the first Mass—a precious memory through the years, for less than three years (1573) later, he was to shed his blood for the Faith at the hands of the French Huguenots. More nuns were sent for from Medina that same day, but the Saint and her companion spent All Souls’ night alone in the vast and deserted old house. Sister Mary was very timid, and could not get the students out of her thoughts, fearing lest some of them might still be hiding in the many rambling garrets. All the church bells of Salamanca tolling for the dead did not add to the cheerfulness of the situation. “We shut ourselves up in a room wherein the straw was placed, that being the first thing I provided for the founding of the house, for with the straw we could not fail to have a bed. That night we slept on it, covered with two blankets that had been lent to us.⁴ When my companion saw herself shut up in the room she seemed somewhat at her ease about the students, though she did nothing but look about her, first on this side, and then on the other . . . I asked her why she was looking about, seeing that nobody could possibly come in. She replied: ‘Mother, I am thinking, if I were to die now, what you would do all alone.’ I thought it would be a very disagreeable thing if it happened. It made me dwell on it for a moment, and even to be afraid, for, though I am not afraid of dead bodies, they always cause a certain faintness of the heart even when I am not alone. And, as the bells were tolling—it was as I have said the eve of All Souls—the devil took advantage of that to make us waste our thoughts upon trifles. . . . I answered her: ‘Sister, when that shall happen I will consider what I shall do; now let me go to sleep.’”⁵ A typical Teresian answer!

One of the much dreaded students later became Bishop of Barbastro, Juan Moriz, and his “*Supplica*” for St. Teresa’s canonization has come down to us: it is addressed to Paul V., and is dated 1611: “It is with special joy that I have received the Briefs of Your Holiness for the canonization of the venerable virgin, Teresa of Jesus. It is now forty years, since a student at Salamanca, I left the house I occupied for this blessed Mother, who had come to found a monastery of her religious. From that time I have had for her the greatest

⁴ By the Jesuit Fathers.

⁵ *Foundations*, ch. xix., 5.

devotion, both because of her heroic virtues and for the striking miracles that God has granted, and still grants every day, through her intercession.”⁶

With the arrival of Mother Anne of the Incarnation, and Sister Mary of Christ from Medina, Hieronyma of Jesus from Valladolid, Anne of Jesus and Juana of Jesus from Avila, and Mary of St. Francis from Toledo, the monastery of St. Joseph of Salamanca was provided with a community after the Seraphic Mother's own heart, but the house proved very unhealthy, damp and excessively cold. Before a remedy for this evil could be sought, obedience called St. Teresa to the foundation of Alba de Tormès in January, 1571. Returning almost immediately to her distressed Sisters at Salamanca, she was obliged to stop on her way at the Castle of the Count of Monterey, the Countess having secured the permission of the Provincial to have her in her house. During her brief stay at the Castle, two miracles are recorded of the Saint: one was in favor of the little daughter of her hosts, whose life was despaired of. The Saint prayed for the child, and, in vision, St. Dominic and St. Catherine appeared to her, assuring her that her prayer was answered, and that the child would recover. The "*miraculée*" lived to become the mother of the celebrated Olivarez.

Scarcely had she regained her beloved cloister when a longer separation from her Sisters awaited the obedient Saint. Her Superiors recalled her as Prioress of the Incarnation at Avila, and once more she was forced to leave the nuns in their misery. "In none of the monasteries of the Primitive Rule, which Our Lord has hitherto founded, have the nuns had so much to suffer,"⁷ is her own statement of the affairs at Salamanca. Indeed, seeing the troubles they had to bear, the Apostolic Visitor, Fray Pedro Hernandez, had compassion on them, and in 1573 sent the Saint back to them. They were negotiating for another house, and her presence was urgently required.

The Saint, in company with a nun of the Incarnation, Julian of Avila, her devoted and self-constituted chaplain, and several others, set out once more for Salamanca. The journey was by night to escape the intolerable heat of the August sun, and the manuscript accounts tell us how the

⁶ *Año Teresiano*, vol. v., May 6th.

⁷ *Foundations*, ch. xix., 10.

angels lighted the dangerous stretches of road for the privileged spouse of the Lord of the angels. During her absence, St. Teresa had received that most exalted of supernatural favors—the mystical espousals⁸—but her marvelous interior life, which lifted her into another world, where she walked alone with her Lord, did not prevent her from being the most charming traveling companion imaginable! As the talented daughter of John Boyle O'Reilly writes: "She was not in the least a withered ascetic, but a well-bred Castilian lady of winning manner and pleasing appearance, who, in courtesy, dignity and simplicity, embodied in herself the best of Castile. Her robust virility of mind, her complete absence of self-consciousness, help us to understand the love she roused among her nuns, and the respect she gained from the foremost men of her time."⁹ No one could be sad in Teresa's company, "God deliver me from frowning souls—*Dios me libre de santos encapotados*," she exclaims.¹⁰

On reaching Salamanca, Teresa visited the proposed house, and, finding it quite suitable, quickly concluded the bargain. There were many changes to be made, and a chapel to be built, and, hasten the work as she could, it was the end of September before the transfer was effected. There is an anecdote told in connection with the alterations, which makes hard reading for our modern zealous prohibitionists! The master carpenter, in charge of the building, Pedro Hernandez, deposed for the Saint's beatification. He had twenty or twenty-two workmen employed, he relates, when one day the Saint came to a window nearby and bade him give his men something to drink. He answered her that wine was too expensive, costing a *real* and a half a pint (a *real* was worth about thirty-four *maravedis*), and that he had many workmen. However, he sent for enough to give two *maravedis* worth to each man, and took the precaution of increasing his scanty supply with an addition of water. He poured out the portion for each, and had but three or four more to serve, when, glancing in his jug, he perceived that it was as full as when he commenced. At this moment, the Saint returned to the window to inquire if he had done as she desired. "Yes, Mother," he replied, "but I think it has happened as at the

⁸ *Relations*, ch. iii., 20.

⁹ *Heroic Spain*, p. 184.

¹⁰ Unpublished MS. of Anne of St. Bartholomew.

wedding-feast of Cana, and the water has been changed to wine!" "Hush," said the Saint, "*it is God Who has done this.*" "It is easy to see that He has good helpers," returned the carpenters, and calling to his men he exclaimed: "Drink, brothers, your fill, for this is a wine of benediction!" He refilled the glasses, and the wine was not exhausted.¹¹

On the twenty-eighth of September, the Carmelites moved into their new quarters in a downpour of rain, which revealed to them that the roof of the chapel was unfinished, for the sanctuary was quickly flooded. All the notables of Salamanca had been invited for the ceremony to take place the next morning, and it was impossible to prepare an altar in the inundation. Venerable Anne of Jesus, in her juridical deposition for her blessed Mother's beatification, relates what occurred: "Eight o'clock struck, and our holy Mother was still looking at the roof of the chapel, through which the rain was penetrating. I came to her with two other nuns, and said to her very firmly: 'You know, Reverend Mother, how much there is to be done before tomorrow; you really might beg of God to stop the rain, so as to give us time to arrange the altars.' 'Then if it is so necessary, *you* should pray hard,' she said, a little annoyed by the confidence I had so openly expressed in her prayers. I left her, and had hardly returned to a neighboring courtyard when I looked out and saw a cloudless sky, looking as if it had never rained. I went straight back, and said to her in the presence of the same witnesses: 'Your Reverence might really have asked for this fine weather a little sooner!' This time the Saint went away laughing, without saying a word."

With the installation of the community in the new convent, we might well take leave of the Carmel of Salamanca, but its memories of its great "*Fundadora*" are too tempting. In the spiritual Relations addressed to her confessors, there is one to Father Gutierrez which gives an account of the graces she received at Salamanca, chief among them being the wonderful favor granted her one Palm Sunday, when the Host liquefied in her mouth, and it was her Lord's will that the Blood shed in such suffering should ravish her with Its excessive sweetness.¹² But the last days of that Holy Week were passed in indescribable anguish, in that mystical pain of "the

¹¹ Inform. of Salamanca.

¹² Relations, ch. 1v., 5.

absence of God," in a loneliness and solitude so profound that, with the Psalmist, she could exclaim: "*Vigilavi, et factus sum sicut passer solitarius in tecto.*"¹³ Even Easter brought her no consolation, but, hiding the agony of her soul longing for its Beloved, she went to recreation with her daughters. As was her custom on great feasts, she asked one of the Sisters to sing. Isabelle of Jesus, a novice, sang so sweetly of the suffering of living without God, that Teresa was rapt out of herself. The little hymn is well known in Spain:

*Véanos mis ojos,
Dulce Jesús bueno;
Véanos mis ojos,
Y muérame luego.*¹⁴

At the refrain—

Only to see Thee, O Beauty divine!
For this I would gladly die—

the effect was such that, as previously, the Saint had known ecstasies of joy, so now her soul was thrown into a trance through the excessive pain. The nuns bore her to her cell, and on coming to herself the following day, the hymn, known as her "*gloso*," broke forth from the depths of her love-wounded soul, with its piercing refrain: "I die because I cannot die!"

Fénélon says that the accounts given by St. Teresa are "not a story, but a picture,"¹⁵ and if this be so, the nuns she trained may well be its frame. The Prioress at Salamanca was Mother Anne of the Incarnation, Anne de Tapia, a cousin of the Saint, who was accustomed to say to her: "God reward you, my daughter, for training such excellent religious for me;" for from Salamanca many foundresses were drawn, and its mission seemed to be the propagation of the Reform. Venerable Anne of Jesus, whom the holy Mother called "her joy and her crown," and whom St. John of the Cross, her confessor, compared to a seraph, carried it thence into France in 1604, and into the Low Countries in 1607; while another religious of Salamanca, Mother Hieronyma of the Holy Spirit,

¹³ Psalm cl. 8.

¹⁴ *Al Pié del Altar*, D. Miguel Mir.

¹⁵ Sermon for Feast of St. Teresa.

went into Italy and founded a Reformed Carmel at Genoa in 1590.¹⁶

The house first occupied by the great Reformatrix (October 31, 1570), known today as the "Casa de Santa Teresa," is now the property of the Marquis of Castellac. A community of Servants of St. Joseph, consecrated to the education of young girls, has possession of it, and they have transformed the cell of St. Teresa into an oratory, while over the *portecochère* may be seen the window of the large hall, in which the Saint and her companion spent that night of terror caused by the students of the University which, on March 4, 1922, proclaimed her Doctor "*honoris causa*."

¹⁶ *Reforma de los Descalzos*, vol. iii., book ix., c. 2. *Historia Generalis*, by the Congregation of St. Eliæ, vol. i., book 1., c. 32.

THE SISTER OF MERCY.

BY LAURA SIMMONS.

MINE are the broken ones of earth; the poor, the crucified—
Grant me unstinted love, oh, Christ, lest one should be denied!

Behold my alabaster box—my ointment rare and sweet—
My gifts of price wherewith I kneel before Thy holy Feet!

My eager feet—they may not tread the shores of Galilee,
But make them swift in bitter need—tireless in serving Thee!

And when, perchance, with weary limbs and spirit faint I stand—
Help me to bear my cross alone, Thou of the piercèd Hand!

To see Thee face to face! sometimes my heart cries out in vain;
And yet, oh, soul of mine, rejoice! be comforted again!

Have I not known in vigils sad beside some anguished bed
The mystic, lovely Radiance of that sorrowing, thorn-crowned
Head?

THE COMEDY OF EVOLUTION.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.



R. ALFRED WATTERSON McCANN has recently given us a distinctly up-to-the-minute book in its digest and collation of works treating of evolution.¹ He has provided for the reading public a treasure house of quotations. Even a cursory perusal of the book leaves no doubt that its author has read through the literature of evolution thoroughly, and knows it as probably very few professed evolutionists do, except possibly teachers of biology, whose business it is to be constantly occupied with it.

The inevitable conclusion, after reading the book, is that the whole theory of evolution, as it exists in the available literature issued by scientists, is a sad jumble of contradictions, of serious disagreements over even essential elements, while the history of the theory is a succession of definite statements, made in the name of science, followed by just as definite withdrawals of assertions, also in the name of science, though some of these withdrawals were again withdrawn later, or seriously modified. Nothing sure seems to be left, except that the scientists want to hear, as a rule, no mention of creation or of a Creator.

This is the more amusing because all the suggested factors of evolution have been rejected, one after another, and the theory is left very much in the air. Natural Selection, actually selecting, has not been observed, though we have waited patiently and worked assiduously for two generations to find it. Sexual Selection is long in the discard. The inheritance of acquired characters has been proved a myth, yet the chasm between species remains just as unbridged as ever. In spite of all this, a few biologists, but with them a great many people who know little of biology, insist that they can explain the origin of living beings, though just how they are to do so remains as much of a mystery as ever. What is still more

¹ *God or Gorilla: How the Monkey Theory of Evolution Exposes Its Own Methods, Refutes Its Own Principles, Denies Its Own Inferences, Disproves Its Own Case.* New York: The Devin-Adair Co. \$3.00.

interesting is that apparently these good people do not realize that their adhesion to Darwinism is now merely a belief, and not at all a scientific conviction. They have simply handed in their acceptance of what, as Professor Morgan of Columbia declared some years since, has now become the dogma of Darwinian evolution, which they seem to feel that no scientist can refuse to believe in, under pain of major excommunication by his scientific friends.

Let us suppose a young historian with a sense of humor should set himself the task—say about 1960, in the second rising generation from now, just after the centenary of the publication of Darwin's *Origin of Species*—of finding out not merely the events, but the course of thought that preceded the Great War of 1914. By that time, I think, the discussion of the phases of evolution that have interested the past generation most, will have become, to a great extent, academic. Men will then appreciate that, in spite of the amount of interest manifested in it, there is nothing helpful for human thought in the idea that living things, as we know them, just came of themselves, and must be accepted in that way. The young historian would soon discover, of course, that over and over again during the latter half of the nineteenth century, men had been quite sure that they were reaching the genuine factors of evolution, only to find, after a time, that they were as far away as ever from them. In spite of this, the next theory explanatory of descent that came along was accepted just as readily, and men, once more quite sure that now, at last, they had a definite base for the theory of evolution, met again with disappointment.

It seems to me quite possible to get at the humor of that situation as the prospective historian will see it, and I wonder if it would not be possible to suggest some of the things that the imaginary iconoclast of forty years from now will probably say.

The first thing that will strike him because of his interest in finding out the possible sources of the Great War of 1914, will be the emphasis which was placed by the generation just before that war on the "*Struggle for Life*." The exaggerated significance given to it was due to Darwin's book. He called his volume *The Origin of Species*, but he did not discuss origins at all. He assumed an immense number and variety

of living beings in existence, and supposed also the principle of variation. Then he suggested that those that were unsuited to their environment and did not have it in them to make a successful struggle for life, dropped out of existence. The rest remained. His book should have been called by its secondary title, "The Preservation of Favored Races in the Struggle for Life." Indeed, Darwin wanted to call it so, but his friends persuaded him to leave the title, *The Origin of Species*.

The prominence given the struggle for life impressed a number of the younger biologists, and so the Darwinians, who always went much farther than Darwin himself, proceeded to create the impression that this principle applied also to human beings, and that only the men who were able to fight it out successfully against their environment and, above all, against the members of their own species, would survive. This was the famous "survival of the fittest." The principle was applied to nations as well as to individuals.

As can be very clearly seen now from a series of volumes issued before the Great War, these ideas had not a little to do with precipitating that war. An acute struggle was considered inevitable, as the result of biological impulses. The nations would just have to fight it out. During the generation before the war broke out, men had been applying the principle very largely in commercial matters. Competition was the life of trade, and success in competition marked the man who was successful as representing a class of beings whom nature wanted to preserve. The man who went down in competition, was regarded as unworthy of nature's purpose to preserve the fittest, in her great task of making the race ever higher and better than before.

These supposed followers of biology seem never to have realized that there is no such thing as the struggle for life *among individuals of the same species*, except under very special circumstances, as for instance, when there is a famine in the land, or a mother is looking for food for her young, or when males struggle over the female. Apart from these special conditions, what we find among the animals is mutual aid and helpfulness. They have instincts by which they live together in herds and droves and packs, or in swarms or flocks, because thus they are enabled to secure their food to better advantage and protect themselves against their enemies.

This principle of the supposed struggle for existence was a grim joke on humanity. It was presented to us as the gospel truth of science. A great many unthinking people took it at its face value. The nations of Europe went to war, persuaded apparently of its fundamental biological truth. Surely, a future generation will hold the scientists responsible for this.

Professor Cope of the University of Pennsylvania, used to say: "So far as that expression [the survival of the fittest] has any meaning, it is merely a tautology. It means that those who are fittest to live will live, and that, of course, is the assumption contained in the terms. If they are fittest to survive, they will survive." "What we are interested in," he used to add, "is not the survival of the fittest, but the origin of the fittest. How did the fittest to survive originate?" Of this, as I have said, Darwin told us nothing, because his book has nothing to say about origins, but only about survivals and the preservation of favored races in the struggle for existence. He did not emphasize the personal struggle between the members of the species, but all the younger biologists did, until actually a sort of mental delusion was created that they were studying origins.

A still greater joke was "*Sexual Selection*." Darwin argued that the males, being gifted with brilliant colors or with strong fighting qualities, or with sleek appearance or sweet songs, were selected for the sake of these qualities by the females who, under the influence of nature, were thus looking out for qualities for their future progeny. It was all theory, and every investigation that has been made, shows that insects and birds are not at all affected by colors and sounds, and that, as a rule, the female has very little to do with the question of mating. But it took years of observation to upset the facile theory of sexual selection. It was all a case of projecting human feelings and reactions into animals of all kinds, and even into the insects. For a score of years, scientists took it very seriously. Even today our novelists, and not a few of our teachers, and a good many editors and reporters, as well as newspaper writers generally, slip into their writings expressions which indicate that sexual selection is still regarded as a scientific reality and an important factor in biology. The joke is on them, but they do not know it.

About the time that Darwinism came of age, in the eighties of the last century, a practical joke was played upon the "struggle for life" by its step-mother, biology. Most Darwinians, feeling that the master, in his anxiety to be absolutely sure, had not gone nearly far enough, were loud in their declarations of what "the struggle" accomplished for living beings. It was just a question of making themselves, and the living beings that could struggle, accomplish their purposes. The little ancestor of the horse, about the size of the rabbit, or probably a little smaller to begin with, wanted to be bigger and to run faster. He wanted so much to run fast that he touched the ground in his eager haste only with the middle toe of each foot, and did this so constantly that gradually the other toes began to atrophy, and eventually disappeared. His anxiety to get larger made him lift himself up ever more and more, until, finally, he began to run on the toe nail of this middle toe, adding at least a part of a cubit to his stature, and this middle toe became a hoof. See how easy it is for the horse to create himself. We had a whole sheaf of these stories written for the edification of the young; to show them how anybody, who really wanted to, could just change his whole character and, of course, transmit all the changes that he thus acquired to his descendants. The giraffe lengthened his neck just by stretching upwards for the tender shoots at the top of the taller plants, and then passed on his gains to his young. How easy it all was!

In the midst of this idyllic presentation of the significance of the struggle for existence and its wonderful results, there came along, very *mal à propos*, a marplot named Weismann. He made it very clear that *acquired characters were not, and could not, in the very nature of things be transmitted*. Mankind had known this, but had somehow failed to apply it in the question of evolution. We knew that if a man lost his little finger early in life, his children would not be borne with a little finger missing. We would laugh at such an idea. Yet the little horse, having struggled and struggled to win the race that is only for the swift, modified his characteristics in various ways and then proceeded to transmit these characters to his offspring and among them, above all, the incentive to further change. This, too, was transmitted, until the squirrel-like horse original became the Arabian steed of today.

What is the use of looking for jokes when statements like this are lying around loose in what is called serious science?

Of course, the Darwinians would say this is Lamarckian, and not Darwinian. That is good enough as an excuse, but it will not hold for those who know the loose writing indulged in by many who thought themselves disciples of Darwin and who, in schools and through popular lectures, have shaped people's ideas with regard to the meaning of evolution. As a matter of fact, the evolutionists generally, and above all the Darwinians, admitted very grudgingly the truth of Weissman's teaching and were very slow to recognize its full significance. Even now, some of them haggle not a little over it, for if there is no transmission of the changes that take place in living things, how then can there ever have been any gradual improvement in the course of descent. Species would have remained just what they are, and indeed they do so remain as far as we have any evidence, for we have never been able to raise any intermediate species, and that is the crux of the whole matter. In 1880, when Huxley wrote on "The Coming of Age of Darwinism," he declared that, until the gap between species could be bridged, there was no question of any proof for descent, and here we are, forty years after that, without any more proof than he had, and with Weissman's non-inheritance of acquired characteristics staring us in the face.

In every other phase of popular evolution following Darwin's publications, there came the same sort of inconsequence. The existence of a great many "useless organs" in the human body (at one time they counted as many as two hundred of them, the spleen among them, because it can be removed without the organism dying), was supposed to be a very definite proof of evolution. These were vestiges of man's evolution from the animal. They had been left in his body because the process of evolution was not quite complete. Their presence was hailed as one of those happy accidents that serve to reveal nature's ways and her history to us.

I wonder if there ever has been a greater joke than this with regard to the useless organs. Most of these so-called *useless* organs are now considered to be among the most important in the body, so far, at least, as the physiology of man is concerned. Principal among them are the ductless glands,

the thyroid, the thymus, the suprarenals, the hypophysis. These were the *useless* organs of a generation ago, but are now known to be the great guiding organs of human functions.

Other theories had been adduced in the meantime to support evolution. One of them was the "recapitulation theory" stated by Herbert Spencer: "*Ontogeny Recapitulates Phylogeny*," that is to say, translating it out of the Greek, the life of each being, in the course of its development, repeats the history of its descent from all other beings. What a naïve conception it was! It supposed that all the single cells were the same, or so nearly alike as to be considered the same, though every living thing in the world begins in a single cell, and some develop into plants and some into lower and some into higher animals, and some must be comparatively simple in composition and some almost infinitely complex. But the absurdity made no difference. The principle of recapitulation was adopted by educators and especially writers on education as the solution of the problem of educational psychology.

There was only one trouble, as Vernon Kellogg said, for the pedagogue, and that was that "the recapitulation theory is mostly wrong, and what is right in it is mostly so covered up by the wrong part that few biologists any longer have any confidence in discovering the right." And he asks very pertinently: "What then of our generalizing friends, the pedagogues?" But that did not prevent many sociologists from taking up the recapitulation theory and using it as the basis for all sorts of developments in what they would like to call biological sociology. The books written in sociology twenty-five years ago are now largely a huge joke. They exemplify exactly what Josh Billings said shortly before they were written: "It is better not to know so many things, than to know so many things that ain't so."

Probably the greatest joke of all, and certainly the most alluring in its effects on the thinking of our time, is that of the "*Theory of Descent*." According to this, all living things are descended from a few forms, or perhaps a single living form. There is supposed to be no doubt about this in a great many minds. Yet we have no objective evidence *for* it, and a large amount of evidence *against* it. A dozen years ago, Vernon

Kellogg did not hesitate to say: "Speaking by and large, we only tell the general truth when we declare that no indubitable cases of species, forming or transforming, that is of descent, have been observed." We have never seen one species by any chance ever produce another. On the contrary, we know very definitely that species are infertile with one another, and that crossing leads to sterility. There are a few possible exceptions, but these exceptions only serve to show the law that one species cannot descend from another. However, that makes no difference. Every evolutionist is a believer in the "theory of descent." Why? Well, he will tell you it must be so. Now, whenever a scientist says that a thing *must* be so, the expression is used only because he cannot prove that it *is* so. It must be so because the animals resemble each other and, therefore, they must be descended from each other. The distance between that major, and the conclusion from it, begs the whole question.

Many ardent evolutionists seem to think that *man* was never considered *an animal* until Darwinism came. Apparently, they are convinced that up to that time no one had noted the close similarity between the skeleton of all the larger animals and of man, nor the wonderful resemblances between the various organs of the mammals and of man. They seem to forget that when dissection of human bodies was forbidden in the old pagan days, when the pagans had such reverence for the body that they refused to permit human dissection,² animals were used for the study of anatomy. The organs of the pig were considered to resemble so closely those of man, that the anatomy of this animal was the favorite study of even such great physicians and scientists as Galen.

Almost as long as the memory of man runs, certainly as long as there has been any serious philosophy or psychology, man has been defined as a rational animal. Men have always been perfectly sure about the animal part, but, from time to time, they have had their doubts about the rational part, at least for the majority of men. That is the present position, but, surely, no one can think for a moment that we owe it to the evolutionists.

Darwin was one of the last men in the world who had the

² In the Middle Ages there was abundance of dissection, and even the artists dissected very freely.

right to teach anything with regard to the origin or descent of man. He confessed, with no little regret, toward the end of his life that he had lost his appreciation for music and art and poetry, and felt that he had just become a machine for grinding out scientific opinions. The difference between man and the animals, consists more in the power to appreciate music and art and poetry than in any other quality that man possesses. Raymond Lullius once suggested, in the Middle Ages, that he might make a logic machine, and our invention of calculating machines of various kinds would seem to demonstrate that the old Scholastic was correct in his surmise, but no one has ever thought for a moment that he could make a machine that would turn out original poetry and art and music.

One of the quietly humorous points about evolution is the underlying assumption of all evolutionists that living things begin low down in the scale and evolve upwards. This is, of course, a contradiction of all our experiences in physical science. Our clocks run down, but they do not wind themselves up again. All our experience is with force gradually having less and less potential. The life force, however, according to evolutionists, acquires new energy, exhibits new powers and develops new resources as time goes on. As to how it does so, no explanation is afforded. It is just another one of these things that *must* be so. Why must it be so? Because evolution *must* be so. Why must evolution be so? Because we cannot think of anything else to account for things as they are or to explain their origin. Of course, if we cannot think of anything else, meaning we, the scientists, there cannot be anything else, for *we* would surely know it.

With the publication of Darwin's *Origin of Species* in 1859, many people were convinced that the explanation of the coming into existence of all the living beings had now been reached. Matter, through the influence of moisture and heat, acquired life, and then the principle of variation did the rest. Everything living varied from generation to generation, some upward and some downward, and those with the upward tendency, being more suited to their surroundings, were better fitted to exist, and remained in existence, while all the other things dropped out. The mystery of the universe was the easiest thing in the world. There was no need of creation

or of anything, except the ordinary forces of nature, and they came into existence of themselves. Under the influence of some such impression, some matter was dredged from the bottom of the ocean, and immediately was declared to be the intermediate step between non-living and living matter, and was given the learned name of bathybius, which is Greek for deep life (how Greek does help to cloak ignorance!), and after that there seemed nothing more to explain. But, alas for Huxley, who was the sponsor for bathybius and who, I believe, gave it its name, the substance turned out to be something very different, and those who had believed in it became the laughing stock of the serious scientists of Europe.

About seven hundred years ago, dear old Friar Bacon declared that the most important factor for advance in knowledge is the readiness to say frankly "I do not know." When a man knows that he does not know, he is usually quite prepared to make investigations that will lead him to knowledge. On the other hand, Bacon declared that there were four grounds of human ignorance, four basic reasons why men do not advance in knowledge. These are: "First, trust in inadequate authority; second, a force of custom which leads men to accept without question what has been accepted before their time; third, the placing of confidence in the opinion of the inexperienced; and, fourth, the hiding of one's own ignorance with a parade of superficial knowledge." Professor Henry Morley, in the third volume of *English Writers*, after quoting Bacon's four grounds of human ignorance, said: "No part of that ground has yet been cut away from beneath the feet of students, although six centuries ago (Morley wrote over half a century ago), the Oxford friar clearly pointed out its character. We still make sheep walks of second, third and fourth and fiftieth-hand references to authority, still we are the slaves of habit; still we are found following too frequently the untaught crowd; still we flinch from the righteous and wholesome phrase, 'I do not know,' and acquiesce actively in the opinion of others, that we know what we appear to know. Substitute honest research, original and independent thought, strict truth in the comparison of only what we really know with what is really known by others, and the strong redoubt of ignorance is fallen."

ASTROLOGY.

BY SIR BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE, LL.D., F.R.S.



ORDSWORTH exclaimed that he would "rather be a pagan suckled in a creed outworn" than find himself delivered over wholly to a material view of existence. Man was made for God, and if he is ignorant of the true service of his Maker he will run *amok* amongst strange superstitions like Spiritism, Theosophy, Christian Science—all, with the exception of the last, as old as humanity, and with the same exception, coming from the east to pass westward and possessing at least some semblance of a coherent philosophy. Since the war stirred up the sluggish stream of popular thought, there has been a recrudescence of these vagaries, and not least of Astrology, whose motto, if we regard its history, now briefly to be outlined, might well be: "*Expellas furca tamen usque recurret.*"¹ Astrology is an exception, as we shall see, to the other creeds just mentioned in that it has had a day when it enslaved even some prominent Christians. This it was enabled to do because it never was a religion, but always occupied the position of a neighboring, but differing character. Even in our days it has been known to appeal to so sound a Catholic and scholar as the late Marquis of Bute, the original of "Lothair," and to so distinguished a writer as the late Dr. Richard Garnett, keeper of the printed books in the British Museum, who wrote (under a pseudonym) a book in its favor. The history of such a subject is worth consideration, and particularly that part of it which relates to the time when Catholic Europe was the prey of astrologers.

Today astrology is the shadow of astronomy, just as alchemy is of chemistry, but in the earlier ages, even of the Christian era, there was no real distinction between the two first. St. Isidore of Seville (of which place he became Archbishop in 594), that encyclopedia of the knowledge of his day, was perhaps the first to draw a distinction between the two. John of Salisbury, in the twelfth century, distinguished be-

¹ "You may cast it out, but it will always return."

tween mathēsis, the legitimate study, and mathēsis, the illegitimate; other Fathers attributed astronomy to good angels and to Abraham, and astrology to Cham. Astrology was the earlier study, though much true astronomy was mixed up with it.

Kant said that the starry heavens and the moral law within, were the two things which most stirred his wonder, and there is little to cause surprise in the influence which the sight of the starry heavens on a clear night must have exerted on the minds of early races of mankind. To the people of Accad and Sumer, perhaps, and certainly to their successors, the Babylonians, we owe the first stages of astrology, and it was the Chaldeans, as the priestly caste of Babylonia, who carried it to western countries. To these people the firmament was a populous place, and we can see how it was peopled by looking at a celestial globe, an object more frequently to be met with fifty years ago than now. There are Perseus and Andromeda, Hercules, Cassiopea, and many another hero and heroine who had once inhabited this planet. Moreover, the planets themselves, whose ancient names we still preserve, had their intimate connections with colors, metals, and different parts of the human body. Thus Saturn was associated with gray and with lead, and looked after the right ear. Jupiter had white and electrum (an alloy of gold and silver thought to be an independent metal). Mars had red, and ruled the bile, the blood, and the left ear. Venus had yellow, and took charge of the loins and lower limbs. The sun had gold, very naturally, and, equally naturally, the moon had silver. But for what arbitrary reason is unknown, the former was interested in man's right eye and woman's left, and the latter in man's left and woman's right. Finally, we must bear in mind the Chaldæo-Persian doctrine that the souls of men were brought down from celestial heights by bitter necessity to inhabit the bodies of men. As they descended, they traversed each planet and received from each some quality. This is not far removed from the view of Plato, though in his theory the rational soul which inhabited a star, after its creation by a Demiurge, was filled with a desire for the material universe and imprisoned in a body as a process of purification.

It was not wonderful that with views like this, a belief should develop that the planets had an influence on the life

of man, and from this sprang the whole business of judicial astrology or the casting of horoscopes, which depended on a host of complicated rules, but in their essence, on the position of certain planets at the exact moment of a child's birth. It sprang from Babylon, arising perhaps in the seventh century before Christ. It attained great development in Egypt, and less in India, and it was, says Jastrow, in the fourth century that it began its triumphant journey westward. It caught hold of other beliefs, ingrafting itself, for example, on Mithraism, that ubiquitous religion of the Empire. It was so rampant in Rome in B. C. 139, and so dangerous, that the prætor in that year expelled all astrologers from Italy. Cicero, in his *De Divinatione*, denounced astrology, and that in spite of the fact that his tutor, Posidonius, was a distinguished professor of the art. "*Tamen usque recurret!*" the people demanded it; it returned, and ultimately we find Augustus its protector. And so it went on until Constantine, under the influence of Christianity, expelled all Magi and Chaldeans and their followers under pain of death. And so, for eight centuries, Christendom was free from astrology, though it never died out in Moslem Spain.

Yet it was to return. Al Mansur, the mighty, though treacherous, caliph who built Bagdad, attracted to his capital many learned men, chiefly Jews, of whom some had acquired, from Arab sources, a deep knowledge of astrology. Thus, once more from the east the pseudo-science began to make its way westward. The Crusades and the increased contact with the east on the part of the west assisted, and astrology rolled like a rising tide over Europe, now Christian throughout. Its progress was remarkable, and the results similar to those exhibited in pagan Rome. For just as at the earlier period, so at the later, astrologers were everywhere, and everywhere of the first importance. Every court, including the Papal, had its court astrologer, without whose concurrence no important matter was dealt with, even the Emperor and the Pope deciding as to the day on which ambassadors should be received, on the advice of their astrologer. There were professors of astrology, as well as of the legitimate science, in the universities. Nor were they undistinguished men, for the great Kepler occupied such a position in court and cast horoscopes with the best of them. Yet, as we learn from the *De Civitate*

Dei, St. Augustine had denounced astrology as unbefitting Christians, though, by a strange irony of fate, it was in his writings that the argument was to be found whereby it was eventually to effect its entrance into Christendom. John of Salisbury and others, long after Augustine, shared his views concerning it, and even in the thirteenth century, Alexander of Hales denounced the casting of nativities as a superstitious art. Yet it is not so many years afterwards that we find astrology, including the casting of nativities, in full blast in Rome, indeed all over Christendom.

Let us study history and ascertain the explanation of this apparent anomaly. With the knowledge of Aristotle, largely due to Arab sources, came much other Arab learning and, no doubt with it, astrology. Blessed Albertus Magnus and St. Thomas Aquinas, confronted with the task of creating a philosophy on Aristotelian lines, but agreeable to Christian principles, had to meet the questions of the heavenly bodies and their guidance, and, in connection therewith, of their influence on the destinies of human beings. In connection with this, two matters have to be borne in mind. First, that Christian philosophy, up to the time of St. Thomas, was dominated by the teachings of St. Augustine and that he, as everyone knows, was saturated with Platonism, and so held views which may roughly be described as those of Plato Christianized. In the second place, the influence of the Ptolemaic explanation of the universe, still, and for long afterwards, held the field. Such was the environment. As to the problem of the heavens and the motion of the planets, that matter was fully discussed by St. Thomas. If the heavenly bodies are animated, then their "souls" are to be numbered amongst the angels.² But, in reply to the question as to whether the heavens *are* animated, he tells us that the Doctors of the Church hold diverse opinions, but that, whichever may be the case, the faith is in no way involved. As to the relation of the other bodies to the earth, naturally his knowledge, or rather ignorance, was that of his period.

To anyone who bestows but a little thought upon the matter, it must be obvious what the real difficulty was. If all the

² *De Angelorum Natura*, op. xiv., cap. i. For this and the following quotation, *Quodlibet*, xii., art. 8, I am indebted to Wicksteed, *Reactions Between Dogma and Philosophy*.

doings of a man are determined by the position of the planets at the moment of his birth, then free-will and morality are, of course, eliminated. Many writers on astrology, outside the Church, fully admitted this, and in fact it was this which so much commended the practice to the highly fatalistic Oriental. Manilius, the poet of astrology, said: "*Fata regunt orbem, certa stant omnia lege.*"³ Nor were there wanting writers within the Church in the heyday of mediæval astrology, who went too far in the direction of the acceptance of determinism. It was, so Dr. Wedel thinks,⁴ for this cause that Francesco degli Stabili commonly called, as by the writer just mentioned, Cecco d'Ascoli, was, in his seventieth year, burned at the stake (1327). Dr. Wedel says that "his death forms an almost isolated instance in the history of the Inquisition," and certainly neither Roger Bacon, who appears to have gone almost dangerously far along the same road, nor Guido Bonati, one of the most celebrated astrologers of any day, who seems clearly, at least by implication, to have denied free-will, suffered in any way for their opinions. Dante condemned Guido by placing him with Michael Scot, another famous wizard of old times, in the eighth circle of the *Inferno*.

As was hinted earlier, St. Augustine pointed the way out of the difficulty. What that way was, may now be stated as briefly as possible. No one denies, even today, that the weather has an influence on a man, and even on his behavior. A bright sunny day does fill the heart with a greater sense of joy and hope and courage than one on which a snow-blizzard is raging beneath a leaden sky. But the weather is the index of happenings in the heavens. Therefore, some of the heavenly bodies, to wit, the sun, do exercise an influence on human doings. If the sun, why not the moon? The word "lunatic" gives the reply of our forefathers. So do the terms, "jovial," "martial," "saturnine," convey their response to the further question—why not the planets? Yes, but these influences are corporal only in the first place, and exercise whatever effect they may exercise on our actions only in a secondary and pre-

³ "Fate rules the world, all things are determined by law."

⁴ For much of that which follows I am indebted to the very excellent and scholarly study of *The Mediæval Attitude Toward Astrology* of Dr. T. O. Wedel, Instructor in English in Yale University, published by the Press of that University, 1920, a work which we can very heartily commend to the notice of all students of the Middle Ages, as well as to all interested in philosophy.

ventable manner. In other words, our will can prevent our actions being determined by our lower parts, however much they may be affected by the weather or the heavenly bodies. "*Sapiens dominabitur astris*,"⁵ is a phrase used by the Angelic Doctor and many another Christian writer. Nobody knows where it originated. It has been attributed to Porphyry, in whose works, however, the learned Dr. Wedel has failed to find it. The *locus classicus* is still the *Summa* of St. Thomas. To put the matter in a nutshell, we need not be surly and ungenerous and generally objectionable, however much dull, thundery weather may have upset our livers. St. Thomas did condemn judicial astrology or the casting of horoscopes, but to no effect. The door which he opened was narrow, but wide enough to let in a flood of astrologers and their practices, so that, as already stated, even the Papal Court, as well as others, was provided with its official consulter of the stars.

Then came Copernicus and the gradual acceptance of his cosmogony, which stripped our tiny planet of its precedence in the system of the universe. That gave a considerable shock to astrology, and Rabelais and Ariosto helped to laugh it out of serious consideration on the continent of Europe. In England, Swift, writing as Isaac Bickerstaffe, by his handling of Partridge, an astrologer of that day, with whom he played as a cat does with a mouse, drove it out of the minds of all but the most ignorant. Yet, from his earliest days up to now, the present writer cannot remember any time that "Old Moore's Almanack," the predictions in which claim to be of astrological origin, was not being produced and sold and presumably paying its way. And at the present day, astrologers, with crystal gazers, clairvoyants, mediums, and all the rabble rout of occultism are making a splendid harvest out of those still occupied in trying to build altars to an unknown god.

Tamen usque recurret!

⁵ "The wise man will be master of the stars."

MIKE.

BY THOMAS B. REILLY.



T was no idle curiosity that sent me hurrying east Harlemward in search of my recalcitrant friend, Michael Anthony Farello, more popularly known in his immediate neighborhood as "Mike." Anything at all might have happened in the five weeks since last I had tried to save him from the folly of his thoughts and, perhaps, the clutch of the law. Not only was he camping on the trail of a false god, but he had reached the stage of visions, and was preaching false prophets.

My friend, Michael, was willing to stake his salvation on the proposition that all men—with or without collars—had an inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, a conviction that no one in his right senses would dream of disputing. But from this point on he became delirious, and argued himself into an apostolic certainty that he had been defrauded of at least two-thirds of his birthright. Wherefore, with the vehemence of his race, he demanded the extinction of the capitalist, the abolition of property, and the instant *per capita* distribution of the present currency of the realm. And this, in spite of the fact that he was otherwise practical to a degree, and blessed with a sense of humor.

To make matters worse, Mike's stormy eloquence played hob with the peace of the neighborhood. He had, in his own language, a certain gift of popular oratory, which had secured for him a small, but vociferous, following. His position, from any slant, boded mischief, if not misfortune. And it was with a laudable desire to save him that I hurried onward toward the storm centre of his bristling presence.

It needed only the briefest of glances to show that the five weeks' interim—unavoidable as it was—had been fatal. The little shop with its bench and knives, awls and waxends, had given place to a more colorful, but less philosophical, business in fruits and vegetables. Mike, together with his better half and their seven claims to the gratitude of

posterity, had vanished. Had he, in his impassioned demands for the other two-thirds of his birthright, brought about an unmitigated breach of the peace? Had the forces of law and order, conscious of their duty, swooped down upon him? Was he even now languishing in prison? If so, where was Rosa Maria, the wife of his bosom? Where were those seven innocent claims to the plaudits of posterity? The light was out—but where was Mike?

It was in the mid-swing of these uncertainties and vain conjectures that the stalwart form of an old acquaintance, Officer Timothy Gleason, hove into view.

"Bun jawrn," called out Tim, his blue, Irish eyes twinkling. Tim was inclined to tackle an occasional tongueful of the Tuscan felicities.

"You're looking prosperous," he went on, "in spite of the prices. What's on your mind?"

"Where's Mike?" I asked, pointing to the sadly altered shop.

"Gone," replied Tim laconically.

"How long since?"

"Week ago today," said Tim, with a contemplative twirl of his stick and a calculating survey of the fruit stand.

"Where?" sought I.

"Nobody knows," said he. "Simply faded away—bag and baggage. Still, it's no more than I expected."

I encouraged him with a glance of inquiry.

"You can't repair shoes, reform the world at the same time, and get away with it," announced Tim dogmatically.

"Hm-m," said I. "And yet he was perfectly sane in all other respects."

"He was a first-class cobbler," agreed Tim. "And he had the trade of the neighborhood."

"And a good little wife," I added, thinking.

"He had—that," affirmed Tim, musingly. "Some women put up with a lot for a little."

I stood frowning, anxious, disturbed.

"Mike wasn't himself for the month past," said Tim. "Something must have happened, though I haven't the rights of it. Not a word out of him. And he kept shy of the old crowd. It was pretty nearly time."

"A blessing," I agreed fervently.

"It was that and more," came the rejoinder. "The Captain's had an eye on him for a bit of while back. Mike must have gotten a tip."

Tim's revelation was just what I had been fearing. "Strange, he should have left no word," I remarked.

"They never do," said Tim, "not when they leave in a hurry. Was it looking for him you were?"

"I've been more or less worried about him," I confessed.

"Gray hairs come soon enough," was the quiet reminder.

"Perhaps he finally realized where his nonsense was leading him," I threw out hopefully.

"Oh, he wasn't altogether crazy," remarked Tim. "He had a great gift of the gab. There's little harm in those lads. They never bluff themselves. They think they can talk themselves into a better job. Some of them do. They're born that way. Mike was a good cobbler, but no politician. If he was—" Tim paused and twirled his stick reflectively.

"Well," I urged, lest he forget to drop the pendant pearl of wisdom.

"He'd have followed the logic of the situation and let well enough alone. Never start anything you can't finish—especially the reformation of the world."

A few minutes later, I was on my way to the West Side. I lingered awhile under the trees of the Park, where I fell to thinking of Mike and his contribution to the curve of human activities. My thoughts took me back to a day when, in an unexpected burst of confidence, he had spoken of himself and his past.

A paternal foresight, it appears, had seen to it that Mike should have a liberal education in the art of cobbling shoes. Not that Mike would have chosen this particular field for the display of his talents—not much! And the memory of his enforced avocation always rankled. His most solemn decree was that none of his offspring would ever be called upon to master the business end of an awl or the art of a waxend. And yet, in his own case, paternal foresight wanting, the world would have been deprived of a thoroughly competent cobbler, who kept faith no less with posterity than with his customers. That it would have saved these troubled times from another political tinker, who thirsted mightily for justice and a whack at the other fellow's chattels, is a moot question.

In younger days, under Neapolitan skies, he had found Rosa Maria Tordello surpassing fair as a fact and distractingly insistent as a memory. Now Rosa Maria was an orphan, whose pathway through life had always been eased by a fond and mindful uncle. His name was Luigi Tordello. He had already made his way and his mark in the New World, and was a man to be reckoned with by those at home. Wherefore, little Rosa Maria opened her heart to him and, while asking his advice, besought his blessing. Luigi, however, was a conservative. He suggested the test of time, and casually cited the possibilities of the New World. Hence, there were tears and a parting, a ship pitching relentlessly across the windy Atlantic, and Michael Anthony Farello at odds with himself in the steerage.

Love, of course, conquers all things or, failing, outwits them. Two years later, on a rare spring morning, my friend, Mike, met and escorted the wonder-smitten Rosa Maria from the marvelous sights opening northward from the Battery sea wall to the more home-like scenes that fringe Jefferson Park. They were married, and, of course, were happy. A fortnight later they received, from the Southwest, a letter of simple well-wishes from the resigned, but obviously skeptical Luigi.

And yet what is one tiny speck in the otherwise luminous amber of felicity! That, at least, was the opinion of little Rosa Maria. As for Michael Anthony? Well, you see, as he subsequently confessed, it was only human nature for a man of talent, who had taken to himself a twig of the Tordello tree, to harbor expectations. The fact that a paternal solicitude had doomed him to the narrow limits of a cobbler's bench, was no proof at all that he was in his right place. To be sure, he could not lift himself by his boot straps—certainly not! But give him even half a chance! He asked no more.

But then what could you expect from a man of Tordello's vision! Because of a few surplus dollars, he counted himself wiser than those whose backs were bent to sterner burdens. Nay more! Why should any man take pride unto himself because each morning, after a substantial breakfast, he could walk forth richer by an unearned increment. The prevailing theory of economics had a criminal twist in it—somewhere. No wonder that men of talent were forced to waste their genius on waxends, skiving knives and sole leather! Away

with this criminal precipitation of the unearned increment! Away with privilege! On with the square deal!

No wonder I was worried about my good friend, Mike. And Rosa Maria! The thought that, in the five weeks of my unavoidable absence, he had gone from bad to worse, invited the suspicions of the local authorities, and then fled to scatter elsewhere the poison of his doctrines, left me apprehensive, forebodeful.

A week later found me actually enjoying the bracing September days in an adjacent county to the north. Not that I had forgotten Mike. Time and again, a vision of his little shop would flash across the mind, and I would hear him again verbally fashion the world anew according to the pet theories of his particular school, and see him conclude his argument with a prodigious whack of his hammer on a piece of sole leather. And always at the end of these vivid memories would be the pleading countenance of Rosa Maria.

And then, with a shock that left me dumb and incredulous, the thing happened. The paragraph was tucked away in the lower left-hand corner of the county weekly. I read it for the third time, and then resigned myself to the worst. The sound of the last trumpet couldn't have been more startling than the import of this authoritative notice, which began with the solemn declaration: "At a Special Term of the Supreme Court," and ended by publicly authorizing and directing, on the strength of a petition and affidavits, and the consent of his wife, that forty days hence one Michael Anthony Farello assume the name of Michael Anthony Farrell—and no other!

The inference was all too clear. My friend, Mike, slipping away from his old haunts, had sought to hide himself under a new, if legally changed, name. He had even forced little Rosa Maria to give her consent to this piece of subterfuge.

There was only one thing for an honest friend to do: pick up the trail of this fugitive plotting mischief under an assumed name, give him fair and final warning, and stand by to rescue an innocent wife and children. As for Mike's present whereabouts—that was comparatively simple. The county seat was less than two miles distant. An examination of the petition and affidavits would point the trail.

I was still pondering Mike's craftiness, when the little daughter of my host placed a letter in my hand. The missive had been forwarded from the city. It was written in Mike's very best chirography, every letter meticulously formed, with here and there a gay little flourish that bespoke a steady hand, serene mind, and more or less joyful heart. By not so much as a tremor of the pen was there aught to suggest an uneasy conscience. The only suspicious element was in the brevity of the missive. And yet, for all its clarity, I was no wiser than before. The letter, written, of course, in Mike's native language, read:

VILLA ROSA,
YORKTOWN HEIGHTS, N. Y.

DEAR FRIEND:

A thousand pardons for not letting you know in advance our change of address. But we have been very busy. There were so many things to think of and to be done in a hurry. Besides, since you had not been to see us for more than a month, we expected you daily.

We are now comfortably settled in our new home, and lack only the honor of your presence to make our joy boundless. In the hope that you will visit us without delay, and thereby complete our happiness, I take the liberty to subscribe myself your true friend, ardent admirer and devoted servant,

M. A. FARELLO.

And there you were! Villa Rosa, if you please! But—what had happened? There was no use in making two bites of this particular cherry. My host's car stood idle. There was an excellent auto route map of the county in the rack. To consult the one, and impress the other was a labor of mingled love and duty.

Three quarters of an hour at fair speed, and I found myself under the same patch of sky that hovered above the fugitive. By dint of an inquiry or two, I soon triangulated his exact whereabouts. Five minutes later, in a spot that would have charmed the eye of a world traveler, I stood gazing upon the legend, "Villa Rosa," neatly painted in letters of blue on a piece of board fastened to a more or less rustic gate. To push through the gateway and seek what mystery lay at the end of the onward path was the work of a moment.

A sharp turn in the path brought me in sight of an old-fashioned farmhouse, snuggled among trees and shrubs, colorful flower beds and the bloom of many grapes. It was a vision only less entrancing than the mystery that lay behind it all.

I was still lost in my surprise, when from somewhere among the grapevines a voice hailed me. A second later, with radiant smile and outstretched hands, Mike came hurrying forward.

"Great-a-Scott!" he exclaimed, grasping my hand, and pumping it vigorously. Then, lapsing into his own tongue, went on: "A thousand welcomes to Villa Rosa! You received my letter—yes? You could not understand—no? Rosa said you were angry. But I said: 'Wait, you'll see, he'll come.' For a certainty, she'll be glad to see you, believe me! And she has something to tell you—but yes!"

And pausing, he struck a proprietary attitude, and waved a proud gesture toward the house, the garden, the vineyard, the orchard, and inquired: "Tell me, what do you think of it?"

"You don't like the place?" sought Mike, misunderstanding my silence.

"Like it!" I exclaimed. "It's—why, it's a little paradise. But—"

"Ah-h," murmured Mike, appeased, contented. He looked up at me quizzically a second, then, with a more or less enigmatic smile, suggested: "But—you don't understand—eh? You'd like to know all about this sudden change. Perhaps, you think we were crazy to buy this little farm?"

"You mean you own it?" I sought, frowning wonderment.

"Sure!" he threw out, vigorously. "Twelve hundred and fifty dollars cash."

"Cash!" I repeated, in deeper than ever.

"Sure!" said Mike. "And we've got two hundred in the bank for a rainy day."

"Well, well," I murmured. And it was only by a great effort that I throttled the temptation to ask this recent enemy of the root of all evil how he had "raised it." Nay, how he reconciled his present proud proprietorship of smiling acres, money in the bank and unearned increment with his recent fiery pleas for the abolition of such iniquities, and his wild clamor for an instant *per capita* distribution of the currency of the realm. And the fifteen hundred dollars—more or less?

What did they represent? Savings? Impossible. Loot? I would not believe it. Subsidy? Improbable. I gave it up. Sufficient for me to congratulate the renegade on his abjuration of the great modern heresy. But before I could frame my compliments, a joyous cry came floating down from the neighborhood of the farmhouse. It was little Rosa Maria. I could see her standing on the porch, waving her hands excitedly.

"Eh!" said Mike with a shrug, "now you'll hear something."

"Just what?" I sought, seeking to gain a hint.

"Not a word," he dissented, shaking his head. "Rosa will tell you the news. She does all the talking—now."

He paused to give me the benefit of a quizzical smile, then remarked: "It does her good. It helps her forget."

And, as I looked at him inquiringly, he enlightened me:

"You see, she thought I was going out of my head, for sure. She felt very badly about it—naturally. Of course, she didn't understand. But now everything is all right."

"I'm glad of that," was my honest assurance. "It was high time you got rid of that nonsense."

"Nonsense!" he flashed at me.

"You were on the road to anarchy," I charged him.

He looked at me, shook his head, smiled compassionately.

"You don't understand this thing," he informed me. He considered silently a moment, then concluded: "Perhaps, it's just as well you don't."

And the next moment little Rosa Marie, eyes brimming with happiness, smiled a second at her husband, then impulsively held out her hand to me. And in her soft, lazy Neapolitan speech she welcomed me as one that had been lost and was found again.

An hour later, during which, and under the proud leadership of Mike, I enjoyed a personally conducted tour of Villa Rosa, I was tendered an informal, but none the less appreciated luncheon—*al fresco*, if you please—in the rear of the farmhouse and under an arbor that was sweet and heavy with purpled grapes.

But as yet not a word, not a whisper, from Rosa Maria as to what it was all about. But then she was really very busy, with one eye on the table and the other on a group of more or

less uncertain satellites visible in the offing. Toward the end of the luncheon, however, Mike, accompanied by the seven lesser stars, deleted himself from the setting, and left little Rosa Maria smiling at me across the table. After a few hesitant preliminaries, she approached the heart of the matter. And, as I sat listening, a glimmer of light began to filter through the fog.

"Yes," she confided, "he was the best of husbands. He loved his children. He loved his home. He worked hard. But he was never quite satisfied. We never seemed able to get ahead. Always there was something to take our savings. It was this thing, then that for the children, although seven are only a handful—"

"May you and your kind inherit the earth," thought I to myself.

"And then," she went on, with a frown here and a gesture there, "he took up this thing about money and property and government. He was never done talking. He had everybody upset. I was half out of my mind. I wrote and told Uncle Gigi about it. I told him about you, and how you did everything to make Michael see the folly of his words. But the only answer I ever got was: 'I understand, but patience, patience.' How could he understand and talk like that! And then, suddenly, you stopped coming. I said to myself: 'He thinks there is no hope for my husband.' It was more than I could bear. I saw nothing but prison for Michael and disgrace for his children. It was then I begged Uncle Gigi to come take the children and myself home with him, thinking this would bring Michael to his senses. And then—" She paused, and looked round about her, smilingly. "I can't seem to realize it even now. Michael received a letter. It was from Uncle Gigi. Michael kept it for three days before letting me see it. I don't know what he thought, nor how he felt, though he smiled and smiled. And when I read the letter, I couldn't understand it myself. Uncle Gigi said he had heard how well Michael was doing and what a fine family he was bringing up, and that, perhaps, Michael could do still better if he had a little capital, and that if he thought fifteen hundred dollars would help, why he was more than welcome to it. And a draft for the money was in the letter! A miracle, if ever there was one!"

Rosa Maria leaned forward, and with black, flashing eyes tacitly challenged me to name anything half as wonderful as this or such a perfect old dear of an uncle as that. Of course, I couldn't, and didn't. Instead of which, I brought her at once to the point by remarking:

"And so you invested it in this little paradise?"

"Immediately!" she replied. "I didn't lose a second. I wanted to get Michael away from temptation. Besides, he is very fond of the country. He will make a great success of the farm, you'll see! It is an opportunity, something he has always wanted. It's all for the best, don't you think?"

"You've done a very wise thing, and done it in time," I assured her. "And I don't mind telling you now that I was really worried about him. His talk might have gotten him in serious trouble."

"Yes, indeed," she agreed. "He was in with a bad crowd down at Colucci's wine place. I told Michael he'd have to break off all such relations when we came up here."

"And how did he take that?" I asked, curious.

"Eh!" she exclaimed with an expressive shrug. "He simply laughed at me, and said: 'Don't you worry about me. I'm all right—now.'"

She regarded me wonderingly a moment, then from the pocket of her dress drew forth and handed me a blue-covered document. It was a certified copy of the order legally changing their name.

"I wanted him to make a clean start all over again," she confided.

"Oh—I see," said I, scanning and returning the document.

"And I made him take out his final papers for citizenship a week ago. He'll vote this year," she said proudly.

"Better and better," said I. "Now you are real Americans."

"Eh!" she informed me. "We always have been. It is a grand country. It is a wonderful land. All you need, as Michael says, is an opportunity."

"Is he satisfied, do you think?" I asked.

"Michael?" she returned, drawing back, eyes sparkling. "You'd scarcely know him. He is so happy he laughs even in his sleep. But, yes! And he is already planning great things. Of course, you mustn't let on that I've told all this. I am sup-

posed to tell you only about Uncle Gigi and our new name. I think Michael feels ashamed of his past. But I don't think he realized what he was saying or doing. Do you?"

"Of course, he didn't," I affirmed promptly. "The very fact that he is so happy here in the country proves that."

"Do you like the place?" she sought. "Did you notice the beautiful views?"

"Yes, indeed," I returned. "And the views are as beautiful as the name above the gate—Villa Rosa."

A faint tide of color stained her cheeks. And with a flash from her slumberous eyes, she confessed: "It was the first thing Michael did when we got here. He is like a boy again—in some things."

I was about to make a rejoinder when Mike, a basket of mingled fruits and vegetables balanced on one shoulder, and accompanied by seven grape-stained faces, brought the dual conference to a close.

It was not until a half hour later, and then only on the promise that I would come the following week and spend a full day at Villa Rosa, that the happy twain consented to my departure. Mike, shouldering the basket of fruit, which he insisted I take along as proof of the existence of a new order of things, accompanied me as far as the car. He strode along beside me with all the conscious dignity of a landed proprietor, trying hard to achieve satisfactory gestures with his one free hand, but making up for it with a continual battery of inimitable smiles. When I teased him about his new name, he merely looked at me with pained resignation. But when I mentioned Luigi Tordello, he regained his faith in human nature, and remarked:

"Uncle Gigi is a fine man. He knows what is what, you bet!"

"You should invite him to Villa Rosa," I threw out earnestly.

"You think that would make him feel good?" he sought reflectively.

"It ought to," I replied. "It has made me feel ten years younger."

Mike smiled a moment, but said nothing. A few strides farther along, he came to a halt, looked up at me wonderingly, and said: "I'll tell you a secret, only you mustn't tell Rosa."

"You've already invited Gigi?" I exclaimed, leaping at a conclusion.

"You bet!" said Mike warmly, as we moved on. "He promises to come next year—sure. We're not telling Rosa a thing about it. She'll be much surprised, eh? She has been a good little wife to me."

"Yes, indeed," I agreed. "And I hope you'll always make her as happy as she is today."

"She's just like a little girl again," he informed me with a thoughtful smile. "Like the little girl that used to laugh at me in the Giardino Nazionale in Naples." He regarded me somewhat playfully a second before concluding his thought: "I think she's almost in love with me again—what do you think?"

"You rascal," said I, laughing, "of course, she is. And you came near breaking her heart."

"Oh, it wasn't as bad as all that," he returned. "I think she was frightened just a little bit. But—everything's all right now. It's no good remembering things like that. It's enough to think of what one has now."

"Well," said I, "you've got a lot more than you deserve."

"Perhaps," he admitted, with a twinkling glance up at me, "but you don't know just what I paid for all this fun."

"Fun!" I exclaimed, frowning.

"Sure!" he asserted. "It was a good joke—a great joke." He chuckled in merriment.

"I don't see it," said I with a look, "and good jokes are scarce."

"Sure," he agreed, carefully depositing the basket on the floor of the car. "They keep a long time. Some day when I'm an old man—like this," he bent over an imaginary cane, "and you're an old man—like that," he stroked an imaginary pair of whiskers—"I'll tell you all about this thing. Then you'll be as wise as I am. And we'll have a good laugh together. But you must never tell Rosa. You'll give me your promise?"

"Providing you never talk political nonsense again," said I.

"Never again," he rejoined solemnly, but with a far-away twinkle in his eyes.

"We'll shake hands on that," said I.

And as our grips lingered, then parted, and the car began to move, he called out: "It will take a wise man more than a little while to find that joke, all right!"

At the top of the grade that was to take me out of sight of Villa Rosa, I drew up and looked back. Mike, still standing at the gate, waved me a parting salute. I returned it, and went on, conscious of several doubts and a problem. For instance, did my good friend, Mike, really know what he was saying and doing in that recent phase of his career, when the social, political and economic worlds trembled under the thunderbolts of his impassioned oratorical assaults? Was he really ashamed of his past? Was there a method in his madness? Michael Anthony's native sense of humor serves to strengthen these legitimate doubts.

As for the problem, that is much more difficult. It was all very well, and a cause for rejoicing, that the great modern heresy had lost a champion; that to the hundred millions had been added another citizen with landed interests and money in the bank; that Rosa Maria should once more be her own light-hearted self; that Mike should laugh even in his sleep: but who, really, was the arch-conspirator behind this uproar in behalf of Mike's inalienable birthright?

Whose, really, had been the master mind to bring about this inspiring renaissance of peace and hope, love and happiness? Was it the desperate and determined Rosa Maria that deserved the credit? Should the medal go to one distant Luigi Tordello, whose quiet song had been "patience, patience?" Or does the crown of immortelles properly descend on the brows of one Michael Anthony, whose persuasive oratory had caused the captain of a precinct to sit up and take notice? Who knows?

NOVALIS.

BY A. RAYBOULD.



It is a long cry from Novalis to our day—from eighteenth century romanticism to twentieth century impressionism—but antitheses are interesting; and contrasts, if violent enough, may offer points of similarity.

The experiences of Novalis by Sophie's grave, however different in their results, were not unlike those claimed by many modern advocates of the occult, nor, seeing that faith and love remain ever the same, are his religious songs very different from some of our Catholic hymns of today. *Wenn alle untreu werden* might be a child's hymn to the Sacred Heart, written yesterday:

Though all should prove unfaithful,
Yet I would faithful be,
That on this earth some gratitude
Might still be found towards Thee.

Oft' must I weep, and bitterly,
That Thou hast died for me,
And that among Thy children
So few now think of Thee.¹

Many, too, of his pseudo-mystic early lyrics have much in common with the would-be mystic songs of the hour, uniting, as they do, supernatural longings with all too earthly desires. Novalis, happily, unlike many of his modern prototypes, succeeded in merging the earthly in the wholly spiritual and in passing from human to divine love. It is the reality of this change, more, perhaps, than its poetical expression, which has made his writings a treasure store for all who seek in faith a solution of life's ills, and in the love of Christ a healing for life's sorrows.

Religious from childhood, conversant in his youth with some of the great Catholic writers of the Middle Ages, more

¹ *Spiritual Songs.*

keenly alive than perhaps any other writer of that day to the influence of Catholic thought upon the Romantic movement in Germany; believing that no re-birth was possible for Europe but through reconciliation with the old Church, Novalis is, from the Catholic standpoint, if not the greatest, the most important of the Romantic writers. His brilliant defence of the older Catholic ideals in *Die Christenheit oder Europa*,² his spiritual songs, full as they are of the personal love of Christ, and of an ardent, tender devotion to Christ's mother, have made of this great thinker, this poet among poets, almost a Catholic author, though he died before he had actually accomplished his intention of entering the Church.³

To Novalis all the greatness of the past was the outcome of Christian belief and feeling. For him the preaching of Christianity was the one great event in the world's history—the one event that had given to man's life its true meaning, lifting it from the dust to the courts of heaven; to him Christianity was the one great inspiration which had produced all that was best in life, in literature, in art. No one felt as keenly as he how religion had become orphaned and deprived of its lawful rights—none fought so bravely as he against the spectre of unbelief. He lived in a time of religious revival, even in rationalistic Germany. Brentano was sitting by the bedside of Catherine Emmerich, writing down her revelations on the Passion; Friederich von Schlegel and the elder Hardenburg had become Catholics; the whole Romantic movement was impregnated with Catholic feeling, but no other defended the older Christian ideals so openly and constantly as did Novalis.

Novalis, the poet, believed that the archfiend of unbelief

² "These were beautiful, brilliant days when Europe was a Christian land—when one Christianity occupied the Continent. Rightfully, did the wise head of the Church oppose the insolent education of men at the expense of their holy sense, and untimely, dangerous discoveries in the realm of knowledge. . . . The insurgents separated the inseparable, divided the indivisible Church, and tore themselves wickedly out of the universal Christian union, through which, and in which alone, genuine and enduring regeneration was possible. . . . The old Catholic belief was Christianity applied, become living. Its presence everywhere in life, its love for art, its deep humanity, the indissolubility of its marriages, its human sympathy, its joy in poverty, obedience and fidelity, make it unmistakably a genuine religion. It is made pure by the stream of time, it will eternally make happy this earth. Shall not Protestantism finally cease, and give place to a new, more durable Church?"

³ Sheehan, *Under the Cedars and the Stars*, p. 237, mentions that Hofner always maintained that Novalis was certainly a Catholic; and quotes a number of authorities to support that statement.

could best be combated by the propagation of Christian poetry; thinking that through religious poetry humanity, frozen by the ice of unbelief, might again be warmed and enlightened. And his was the noblest effort made by any of the Romantic writers to attain to the idea of some perfect harmony in art, literature, public and home life. For Novalis, the thinker and the poet, in whom all knowledge quickly dissolved itself in feeling, all understanding in imagination, all things visible in things invisible, all actuality in poetry, it was but one step to romanticize the world and all things in it. Poetry with him was a first principle, the creative and upholding power of order in the world; the crown of all human development; the bridge from discord to harmony and from doubt to certitude:

Faith is to the poet what reason is to the philosopher.

Love is the goal of the world's history, the Amen of the universe.⁴

For Novalis the one great certitude was that man can only know himself in God, and find healing through the Divine Redemption. Small wonder that, at last, he found no field for his ideals but in the atmosphere of Catholicity, still smaller wonder that he became the poet of spiritual desire:

Where love is freely given,
And parting is no more,
Full life forever flowing
Upon th' eternal shore.
One night of bliss unending
One long sweet perfect song;
One joy, God's face before me
Through all the ages long.⁵

Friederich von Hardenburg, otherwise Novalis, was born in 1772 in the province of Mansfield, studied philosophy in Jena, where he came under the influence of Fichte and Schelling. Later, he studied law in Leipzig and in Wittenberg, and devoted himself for a short time to the practice of law. He won the hearts of all who came in contact with him, not only by the richness and variety of his intellectual gifts, but also by the charm of his personality. The friend of many

⁴ *Fragments.*

⁵ *Hymns to the Night.*

of the great men of that great period, notably of the Schlegels, himself one of the most important figures of the Romantic movement, Novalis was looked upon by his friends as a prophet, as the very spirit of the romantic idea, as the personification of poetry. Unfortunately, the seeds of illness were sown already in his extreme youth, and the loss of his child bride, and of his elder brother, developed in his sensitive nature the germs of consumption, and he died at Weisenfels in 1801 at the early age of twenty-nine.

He wrote much, but all his work is fragmentary except *Christenheit oder Europa*, a noble plea for the revival of Christian ideals and a recognition of the Catholic Church as the only possible teacher of the masses—a small work, but written in strong and original prose; his famous *Hymns to the Night*, written partly in verse and partly in rhythmized prose, and, of course, his short poems, the best known of which are *The Spiritual Songs*. Even *Heinrich von Ofterdingen*, a novel in a fairy tale, or rather a series of fairy tales in which each tale is an allegory—a book written as a direct antithesis to Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*—is not finished; while much of his philosophical and miscellaneous writing remains mere fragments of fragments.

The loss in extreme youth of one to whom he had given all the romantic devotion of his boy heart, left an indelible impression upon Novalis' life and writing, for, like Dante and many another, he found in youth his Beatrice. His love for Sophie is perhaps too exotic and rare quite to win our sympathy; she comes to us through his pages rather as a spirit than a woman, one of those fair illusive images, half child, half angel, who know how to draw beyond the grave the souls of those who have loved them. Sophie had been hardly betrothed to Novalis when she left him forever, but through her loss he became a poet. By her grave he became a thinker and a mystic, and through the greatness of his sorrow he turned from earthly things to God. "Once as I wept bitter tears, as my hopes dissolved by sorrow all melted away—as I stood beside that barren mound, that mound that in its narrow darkness hid all my life's meaning—lonely as none more lonely could be, driven by unspeakable anguish, bereft of all force, a mere thing of misery: and as I looked around for help, not knowing how to go either backwards or forwards, clinging

with endless desire to that extinguished life, there came to me out of the blue distance a faint twilight glimmer from the heights of my former blessedness. Suddenly new birth bands were loosened in my soul, and as all worldly desire fled from me, so fled also my sorrow. My sad longings melted away into a new and measureless world. It was thou—oh, intoxication of the night!—that then, as heaven's own slumber, didst come to me. I seemed raised above the earth and able to look down upon it with a newly-born spirit. The mound was changed to a dust cloud, and through the cloud I saw the face of my beloved: I took her hands; in her eyes eternity slumbered; from our tears a sparkling and unbreakable chain was formed. Upon her neck I wept my new life's blissful tears. It was the first, the only dream, and since it I feel unshaken faith in the heaven of the night, and in its light, the beloved." ⁶

The passage of his soul from human love to divine may be somewhat obscure, the images used to express his mystic flights may prove a stumbling block to those who seek in him only the religious poet, but it must be remembered that he had not quite found the anchorage of a determined faith, and that he was a mystic. The mystic often delights in daring, even in sensual, images; but it remains fairly certain that through human love he did attain to the divine; and it is in his expression of the soul's striving after, and possession of, divine love that his genius finds its highest expression. It is not so much in the oft-quoted "*Hinüber wall ich*" in the first of his *Hymns to the Night*, that we find the true Novalis, but rather in the concluding lines of the last hymn, replete as they are with Christian faith and love, and full of the mystic's undaunted hope of finding all things in God.

Novalis' courting of death, his portrayal of death as the greatest and most desirable moment of life, may be considered morbid and unhealthy—his own bad health may have in some measure accounted for it—but to the mystic, Death and its image, Night, are always subjects of glad contemplation; and to the Romantic writer, who lives in the heroic past rather than in the prosaic present, death must seem desirable as the only real link with that past. To the romantically minded, death is the one heroic event; to the truly religiously minded, death is but the portal to God; to the mystic, life is rather

the dream, and death, the reality. Novalis was a Romantic writer—he was deeply religious, and he was a mystic. To him, personally, death was sweet and desirable; for death alone could restore to him his girl bride, death alone could show him the face of Mary, heaven's queen, whose beauty he had sung; death alone could lull him to sleep in the Father's arms:

A dream will burst our bands apart
And sink us in the Father's heart.⁷

Death was the only door to "Jesus, the Beloved."

It is not as a maker of literature, not as a writer of perfect lyrics, or of vigorous and imaginative prose that Novalis makes an ultimate appeal; but rather as an original thinker and as a deeply religious writer. He had a message to give to the world: that message was the promise of finding all things in God. Nearer to our time than the old mystics, living when the full tide of rationalism was sweeping over Europe, the personal friend of those men whose philosophy has become a byword for infidelity, Novalis stood firm on the rock of spiritual truth, and was the defender of Christian ideals, even finding his way to the threshold of the Catholic Church. Pietist rather than mystic in his own life, he comforts us, perhaps, more than the great mystics, seeing that it was not in the abstract idea of the Deity that his spirit took its flight, but rather in the intimate personal love of Christ and of Christ's Mother.

In a world that had turned away from faith, he preached the crying need for religion, and in a world chilled by the cold winds of rationalism, he preached a gospel of love. Poetry as the handmaid of love was the weapon he personally chose to enlighten and warm his own generation and those which might follow.

⁷ *Hymns to the Night.*

New Books.

BISHOP BARLOW AND ANGLICAN ORDERS. A Study of the Original Documents. By Arthur S. Barnes, M.A. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$4.00 net.

In his preface, the author states that if this book had been written twenty-five years ago, it would have had value as a contribution to the discussion regarding the validity of Anglican Orders. "Now," says Monsignor Barnes, "that the question has been decided by authority at Rome, the book has no longer the same controversial value." The hope is expressed that the study may be justified on purely historical grounds. It may be said that this hope is justified fully. Although the author feels that the book may have little or no practical influence on the controversies of the day, it is difficult to understand how a careful reading of *Bishop Barlow and Anglican Orders* can leave any reader unmoved. True, the question of Anglican Orders has been settled; but Monsignor Barnes has done real service to all who are interested in the subject. He shows that the historical side of the case alone would have justified the conclusion of His Holiness, Leo XIII., and the Commission appointed by him.

The purpose of the book is to throw new light on the story of Bishop Barlow—a story so curious as to warrant the telling—and also to indicate the connection of various historical incidents, which have remained obscure up to the present time.

In a summary paragraph, the matter is put with praiseworthy clarity and succinctness: "From the first, the Catholic objections to Anglican Orders took two main forms, the one historical and the other theological. It was argued, that is, either that the historical chain had been broken, and Apostolic Succession thereby lost; or else that, even if the material succession had been retained, the form of service employed had been insufficient to hand on the grace of Holy Order, so that the same result had followed. The Commission might, it would appear, have based its findings on either of these arguments, or on both combined. . . . Because Leo XIII. did not care to use the argument from history, having all that he needed ready to hand in the argument from theology, they (Anglican controversialists) have spoken as if he had pronounced the historical argument unsound and devoid of utility, which is very far from being true."

The plan of the book is well conceived. The author points out that Bishop Barlow is the link that connects present Anglican

Bishops with their Catholic predecessors. This makes the detailed account of Barlow's life of paramount importance. Barlow's career is traced minutely. The wealth of detail which is given is ample proof of the pains taken by the author. Monsignor Barnes shows how Barlow's religious convictions, so to call them, seem to have been dictated wholly by a temporizing spirit, which allowed him to veer from Catholic faith to any amount of Protestant negation. After all possible allowances have been made, and after Barlow has been given the benefit of many doubts, his protean character leaves his honesty open to the gravest sort of question. Even when one admits the bare possibility of some sort of excuse for Barlow's double-dealing, due as some of it may have been, to the utterly chaotic condition of the England of his day, it remains to be said that his dealings are hard to explain on any ground other than bad faith.

That great question which is raised by Monsignor Barnes is this: was Barlow ever consecrated at all? The evidence, as the author says, is in great part negative; but it is presented in a way that is quite convincing. The results of the Act of Royal Supremacy are traced plainly, and the fact that there is not one single document extant, out of the fifteen that might and ought to be available, is more than significant. In other words, there is no record of Barlow's consecration which would pass as being adequate.

Possibly, the most striking piece of evidence is furnished by the curious proceedings in the case of Bishop Bonner, the Catholic Bishop who was the object of much plotting on the part of his enemies. Twice he refused to take the Oath of Royal Supremacy. The second refusal was more than likely to cause his indictment for high treason. In giving his reason for refusing the second time to take the Oath—a refusal, be it said, that was hailed with delight by his enemies, who were confident that it would prove his undoing—the Catholic Bishop stated that Dr. Horne, the Protestant Bishop, who was to administer the Oath, was “no Bishop at all, but only plain Dr. Horne.” To confirm his statement, Bishop Bonner then demanded proof of Dr. Horne's consecration. That proof failed, because when Barlow's name was reached in the Protestant line of succession, no satisfactory record could be adduced, by means of which he could be accounted a true bishop. The astonishing thing is this, that the proceedings against Bishop Bonner were dropped. If Barlow's consecration could have been proved—and there ought to have been proof, and to spare, if any record existed at the time—Bishop Bonner, the Catholic Bishop, could have been executed for high treason, on the ground that he had refused a second time to take

the Oath prescribed by the King. The simple fact that no such proof was forthcoming must be taken to mean that it did not exist, and that Barlow was a "bishop" only in virtue of the fact that Henry VIII. had put into practice his Royal Supremacy, and had created the new bishop by royal decree.

Examination of the Patent Rolls shows that in the Roll for 1536, there has been mutilation. It is in this mutilated Roll that the record in question should be found.

With regard to Parker's consecration, there is a silence of fifty years that is ominous, to say the least of it. The mystery and silence which surround the consecration of Parker gave rise, naturally enough, to the wild tales like the "Nag's Head Fable," and other queer stories.

A careful reading of Monsignor Barnes' book will disclose at once the admirable scholarship and accurate construction as a result of which he reaches his conclusions. It seems hardly necessary to add that the book is excellently written, and that there is abundant reference to documents. A good summary of contents, and index, taken with a valuable appendix, add much to the usefulness of the book.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE AND THE CATHOLIC FAITH. By A. M. Bellwald, S.M. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.50.

This volume contains a full account and an excellent criticism of Christian Science from the Catholic standpoint. The author has a wide acquaintance with St. Thomas, and he illustrates or confirms his text with apposite footnotes from the writings of the Angelic Doctor. He sketches well the career of Mary Baker Eddy, the sibyl and prophetess of this new revelation. Hers was not a lovely life, nor an attractive character. She left her only son to be reared by strangers. She made life impossible for her second husband, and married again during his lifetime. She was not truthful, she was not honest, and of the ardent longings and mystic flights of truly holy souls she had not the faintest conception. But she was an able and energetic organizer; she was capable of enormous labor; she appreciated thoroughly the value of a dollar—in fact, to use an expressive vulgarism—she sensed that large numbers of people asked nothing better than to be fooled, and she was both capable and desirous of fooling them. Her numerous quarrels with erstwhile friends and protégés, her repudiation of once trusted lieutenants, the selfishness, bitterness and unholy strife displayed, make spicy, but most unedifying, reading. And there is something exceptionally loathsome and repulsive in all this, when one remembers that the chief

actress in these inglorious and sordid escapades posed as the Teacher of the Race, and at times, with blasphemous audacity, did not shrink from putting herself on a par with our Redeemer Himself.

Still she achieved an astounding worldly success. A perfectly uneducated woman, whose writings largely consist of pretentious emptiness and silly twaddle, she was looked up to as an oracle by thousands; and a homeless wanderer, whose relations had all grown weary of her, she died worth three million dollars.

In his criticism of Christian Science, Father Bellwald points out that its basis is Pantheistic; that whatever religion it contains is borrowed directly from the New England Unitarianism; that its moral code is merely a refined Epicureanism; that this life and its good things are the really important issues for the Christian Scientist. A passage from Father Woods, quoted on page 156, sums up in terse and vigorous language the Catholic mind on Christian Science: "Christian Science is not a harmless craze. It is one of the most diabolical of anti-Christian systems, and in it the visible promoters are but tools of the prime-mover, the devil. He goes about seeking to deceive men, and would gladly use all the powers of his angelic nature to snatch souls from Christ."

MOSES AND THE LAW. A Study of Pentateuch Problems by Fathers of the Society of Jesus. Edited by Cuthbert Lattey, S.J. London: G. C. Griffiths & Co.

This book embodies a series of articles by a group of Jesuit scholars on the main problems presented by the first five books of the Old Testament. The Days of Genesis, The Alleged Sources of Genesis I-III, The Flood, The Antiquity of Man, The Ark of the Covenant, Wellhausen and the Levitical Priesthood, The Chronology of the Pentateuch, Genesis and Evolution, The Religion of the Pentateuch—these titles indicate the scope of the volume. They should rivet the attention of the intelligent Catholic layman as well as of the priest, for the problems are of prime importance for a grasp of the fundamental issues at stake between those who stand for the historical character of the Pentateuch and those who impugn it. Each essay bears the impress of sound scholarship, and sets forth in a sane and simple manner the solution of questions, with which the character of the Old Testament as a whole is bound up. Between ultra-conservative views on the one hand, and the vagaries of rationalism on the other, the writers steer an even course, formulating principles which, while simple in themselves, are easily lost to view. In the

essay on the Days of Genesis, Father O'Hea emphasizes the fact that the aim of the inspired seer was to sum up the creation of the world, not with an eye to the chronological sequence in which its several parts appeared, but with a definite logical scheme in his mind. Similarly in the article on the Antiquity of Man, Father Parsons shows clearly that the Bible makes no claim to furnish us with a chronology of prehistoric times, while Father Agius, writing on Evolution, points out that what the evolutionist has to prove is just the thing he assumes—the actual evolution of human psychical functions from those of brutes. The book is an admirable example of fine Catholic apologetics. Couched in simple language and facing burning questions frankly and fairly, keeping close the while to the norm of Catholic teaching, it is a brief, and yet comprehensive, presentation of the Catholic position on questions of the highest importance to the faith.

ITALY, OLD AND NEW. By Elizabeth Hazelton Haight, Professor of Latin, Vassar College. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50.

To write a good book about Italy requires scholarship, imagination, and an open mind, in addition to literary skill. But sometimes people who have not these items of equipment essay the task, with results either inadequate or deplorable, or both. Miss Haight's volume may be somewhat inadequate, as almost any book on Italy is, but it surely is not deplorable. So far from being a matter to weep over, it is a book that is a real delight. Scholarship the Professor of Latin unquestionably has, and she loves beauty and thrills to its voice. "One of my greatest joys in Rome has been my window," begins the author in a poetic simplicity that characterizes the whole volume. For Miss Haight, like all wise souls, evidently believes that simplicity is the keynote to the most enduring harmonies of life.

Many people go to Italy every year with the desire to bring back a little culture; and they succeed sometimes in spite of themselves. But Miss Haight took her culture to Italy, and brought it back a more finished product—because of herself. For to seek the pleasant places about the Forum, with Horace in hand, will make both the Forum and the friend of Mæcenas a more vivid element in one's life. To philosophize about Vergil in Mantua will make the little city a dearer thing and Vergil a more living influence. And this is what Miss Haight did. With the Roman poets as her guides, she leads us over the paths they beckon her to follow.

But the book is not all a glimpse of scholarship; for the

author glimpses modern life as entertainingly as she visions the old. It is refreshing to read the chapter, "Tea Drinking in Rome," and with Miss Haight to become enthusiastic over *spumone* or *cassata Siciliana* at Aragno's, for instance; or to dine *al fresco* at the Castello dei Cesari on the Aventine. For a Catholic it is delightful to find the author sensitive to the loveliness of a First Communion, and full of feeling for the beauty of Italian devotion to Our Lady. It is a further evidence of the author's poetic insight and her love of truth, that she does not repress her admiration for the things that do not touch closely her own spiritual life.

A HANDBOOK OF SCRIPTURE STUDY. By Rev. H. Schumacher. Vol III.—The New Testament. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$2.00.

Catholic Scripture scholars are becoming very active in recent years, and are furnishing the reading public with Biblical literature of the highest quality. Dr. Grannan's introduction is followed by a work on the New Testament from the pen of Dr. Schumacher, Professor of New Testament Exegesis in the Catholic University of America. The third volume is first to appear in the series undertaken by Dr. Schumacher. The other two are promised in a short time.

The present volume treats of the books of the New Testament. The contents of each book are briefly stated, and the authorship is studied. Then follows the collection of testimony, in the early Patristic literature, as to the authenticity of the books. The date, the place, the language of the original are discussed and settled in the light of historical evidence. Special problems concerning each book of the New Testament are considered, and the solution is indicated in brief, concise language. The decisions of the Biblical Commission, where such have been given, are stated at the end of each chapter.

The student of the New Testament will find in this work an invaluable aid. As a scholarly compendium of the problems of the New Testament, the work has not been surpassed by any text-book in English. The Seminarian and the professor will find in Dr. Schumacher's treatise a reliable source of information, gathered with years of patient research, sifted and summarized. The bibliography is not voluminous, but is very choice. Some of the "old reliables" are omitted from the list of books, but their places are taken by more recent and equally sound works. The publisher deserves great credit for clothing this scholarly work in a most presentable form.

THE BOYHOOD CONSCIOUSNESS OF CHRIST. *A Critical Examination of Luke ii. 49.* By Rev. P. J. Temple, S.T.L. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$3.50.

In the domain of religion, the most important subject that can engage the attention of serious minds is the Person of the Founder of Christianity. Round about Him have ebbed and flowed through the centuries the changing tides of human speculation, and, as Father Temple well points out, never has He challenged searching inquiry so deeply and so widely as during the past fifty years. In that inquiry, with all its momentous issues, it is the Consciousness of Christ, as expressed in His words and deeds, that constitutes the supreme object of study—the final test, the ultimate determinant. The volume before us deals with one phase of that Consciousness—the Boyhood Consciousness of Christ as it is found embodied in the first recorded words of Our Lord: “Did you not know that I must be in the (things) of My Father?”—a verse more familiar to our ears in its more common rendering: “Did you not know that I must be about My Father’s business?” (Luke ii. 49.) To the study of these few words, Father Temple’s volume is devoted.

Our author traces the history of the text through the early centuries, citing the interpretation of the great scholars of those days. From the age of the Fathers he passes to the Middle Ages, and then, coming to modern times, sets forth the welter of conflicting theories that have raged round the Lord’s first words. He sums up the case thus far: “The early Church saw in Jesus’ first recorded words an expression of real Divine Sonship. This interpretation was supported through the centuries, and is upheld by certain conservative Protestant, as well as Catholic, scholars of the present day.”

Having traced the history of the question, Father Temple sets himself to the study of the text itself, establishing its historical trustworthiness, delineating its background, and, in a masterly piece of exegesis, scrutinizing the words one by one, showing that not only Divine Sonship is contained in it, but also Messianic Consciousness. In the two following sections, he completes his analysis. He studies the context of the words—first, the immediate context, and then the remote context, rounding out and pressing home his interpretation, showing how admirably the first words of Christ are in accord with all the testimony which the Gospels render to the Person of the Lord. The reader lays down the volume with the conviction that there are no signs or hints in the Lucan verse, or in any text of Scripture, of any dawning of the consciousness of Divine Sonship, or of any time when

Christ's self-consciousness of Divine Sonship was wanting to Him. With a wonderful knowledge of all that has been written on the subject, with clearness and cogency of argument, with sureness of touch and simplicity of word, Father Temple proves that "there never was a moment when Christ did not know exactly the nature of His filial relation to God."

Father Temple has given us a volume with which all students of Christology must in future count. It is something more than a fine piece of Apologetic—it is the most helpful contribution to the defence of the Christian religion that has come from a Catholic pen in some years.

On page 8 an obvious misprint gives the date of the death of St. Cyril of Alexandria as 144 instead of 441. An equally patent misprint on page 196 should be corrected in a second edition.

The comprehensive bibliography enhances the value of the volume. In such a well-chosen list *The Person of Christ in Modern Thought*, by E. Diggs La Touche (London: James Clark & Co.), is worthy of a place.

MARIQUITA. By John Ayscough. New York: Benziger Brothers.
\$2.00 net.

To say of this novel that it is in every respect both worthy and characteristic of its author, is to speak in terms of praise, such as we have not always been able to apply to Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew's recent works. In reading them, wistful memories of his earliest achievements obtruded themselves, persistently suggesting comparisons. Thoughts of *Marotz* and *Dromina* recur in the present instance, but only to assign to *Mariquita* the same exalted rank as theirs. It is an association of supreme excellence solely; there is no similarity of varied scene and romantic, dramatic action. The author has concentrated upon one personality, the girl, Mariquita; and her environment is "a vast sun-swept, breeze-swept upland," an Arizona ranch, of whose owner she is the only child, his housekeeper and servant. Her dead mother was a Protestant, her father, of Spanish and Indian blood, is just enough of a Catholic to have baptized her himself and sent her, at the age of ten, to the nuns at Loreto, beyond Denver. She was recalled home five years later: and for five years more she lived the life of "a born contemplative," humble and ardent, unself-conscious, unquestioning, seeing in all the physical world about her a manifestation of God's love, in every condition and homely duty, the expression of His welcome will.

To our mind, the author has surpassed himself in this intimate study of a crystalline spirituality, made fascinating and

lovely by his artistry. A memorable picture is that of Mariquita wending her way to the shade of a tree-clump out upon the prairie where, every day, she hears Mass "her own way," for the nearest church is fifty miles distant. There she follows, out of her book, the Ordinary of the Mass, her face turned in the direction of the spot whither in heart and mind she is transported, her old, far-distant school, with its chapel and its Tabernacle; ringing a bell at the Elevation, "though she could elevate only her own solitary soul." The story proper opens with the introduction of circumstances, which ingeniously, though simply and plausibly, reveal her vocation to her and prepare the path for her entrance into the Carmelite Order.

The book has a twofold appeal. Not only is it an interpretation of the soul of a contemplative, it is also a special plea for the Contemplative Orders. In the apology of one of the characters, Sister Aquinas, replying to her non-Catholic listener's verdict of "uselessness" pronounced upon the Carmelites, and in his own further comments, the author makes an eloquent defence and exposition of this high calling, a burning protest against the materialism and selfishness that seek to belittle it. Sister Aquinas mentions "a chaplain" who informed her that nothing pleased his soldiers so much as to hear him tell them about the Contemplative Nuns. If, as we venture to suspect, the said chaplain was our author, the strange, significant statement is easy to believe. They must be exceptional readers, Catholic or not, who would not feel the charm of the understanding and sympathy with which the characters are drawn, principal and auxiliaries alike, the little, warm, human touches, the outcroppings of delightful humor.

The content is somewhat shorter than the average, affording one compensation, however, in thus bettering the chances for reading it under the freedom from interruption that we all desire when absorbed in a work of art.

WILLIAM DE MORGAN AND HIS WIFE. By A. M. W. Stirling.
New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$6.00.

A novelist with a career so extraordinary as Mr. De Morgan's ought to provide material for a splendid biography, and Mrs. Stirling has done her best. As the title indicates, however, the canvas has been widened to include Evelyn (Pickering) De Morgan. This seems expedient because the novelist was, during more than forty years of his life, a designer of pottery, tile and stained glass, while his wife executed many notable paintings in the Pre-Raphaelite tradition. But the book is likely to seem, as a result, more concerned with kilns and studios than with liter-

ature, and thus to repel the smockless reader, though he cannot fail to enjoy the wealth of excellent illustrations. No pains have been spared by the author to make her narrative complete. She has some of Boswell's thoroughness—and of his platitudes. Still, like that immortal admirer of the Doctor, she permits her subject to talk and write letters copiously, so that his keen humor and fine grace of character make a host of pages worth lingering over. From the literary point of view, one would have preferred a somewhat more critical biographer. To let the exuberant Professor Phelps do all the talking about *Joseph Vance* is just a bit naïve. Nor is the clumsy dragging-in of De Morgan's argument with Father Vassal-Phillips over ritualistic details an index of good judgment. All things considered, however, De Morgan lives in this book very much as he probably did live—a middle-class Englishman, despite his inventive genius and artistic temperament, the truest inheritor of the vitality and kindliness of Dickens.

AN INTRODUCTION TO PHILOSOPHY. By Wilhelm Windelband. Translated by Joseph McCabe. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$4.00.

An eminent professor can hardly be expected to write an elementary treatise on his subject; and even should he attempt it, his chances of success are slight. For his teeming knowledge and deep thoughts defy condensation, and above all simplification. Monsignor Batiffol, for instance, has written no "Primer of Primitive Catholicism," nor has Kautzsch produced an "Elementary Hebrew Grammar." Professor Windelband's *Introduction to Philosophy* has a simple title and, on account of its moderate size, an ingenious air. It is in reality a most difficult work, and fit only for those who have already received a thorough grounding in philosophy.

The author examines the deep and ever-recurring problems which have exercised the minds of men from the beginning—substance and accident, causality and time, the origin of knowledge and its validity, the various shades and degrees of truth. These questions occupy the first part of the present volume. Its second part deals with what the author calls axiological problems, or questions of value. Under this rubric, ethics, æsthetics and religious questions are considered. Of all these recondite and elusive matters wide surveys are presented, surveys possible only to one who had read enormously, thought deeply and acquired, from reading and personal reflection, a complete mastery of his subject. Many ancient philosophers and practically all modern ones, are mentioned in these pages, with, however, one significant

exception—there is no reference made to Catholic philosophy. It is true, St. Augustine gets a line or two, Descartes a brief paragraph or two—surely, a meagre showing for a philosophy that boasts a succession of almost twenty centuries. Moreover, many assertions occur to which no Catholic can subscribe. The book, therefore, is suited only for those who will accept the *ipse dixit* of no master however eminent, but can gauge accurately for themselves wherein truth and falsehood lie.

A sentence taken from the closing pages of the volume shows eloquently its despairing gospel: "Our inquiry began," says Professor Windelband, "with the unsatisfactoriness of knowledge: it ends with the unsatisfactoriness of life" (p. 351). A philosophy which voices that conclusion is lethal. It is powerless to uplift humanity or develop the divine in man.

THE CATHOLIC SPIRIT IN MODERN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

By George N. Shuster. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.00.

The very title of this book invites and intrigues. For here is a subject to which no student of literature or religion can be indifferent—a phenomenon of which even the "general reader" must be aware, because of the countless separate analyses and examples in recent pages. To have all these threads gathered together in a single pattern, these color-facets synthesized and resolved back into pure light, were "a consummation devoutly to be wished:" is it also a consummation too great for a single hand within a single volume, one wonders?

In general scope and intent, Professor Shuster's work is magnificent. Beginning with "The Days of Lost Tradition" and the mediæval affiliations of Kenelm Digby, it rightly devotes some seventy-five pages to Newman and the Oxford Movement. Then comes a chapter on Aubrey de Vere, Gerard Hopkins, and Coventry Patmore. But it is not until *after* Francis Thompson and a group somewhat equivocally described as "Inheritors"—they become even more equivocal when they are found to include such consummate artists in prose and verse as Alice Meynell and Louise Imogen Guiney!—that we meet a treatise on "Ruskin, Pater, and the Pre-Raphaelites," with Lionel Johnson thrown in for good measure. Such shuffling of the cards, such crossing and reversing of the currents is curious and confusing to the reader. Again, it is delightful to have the modern "Chroniclers of Christendom," from Lingard to Wilfrid Ward, brought together for appreciation and to follow the adventures of Chesterton, the "journalist," and Belloc, the "historian." But few readers will feel that justice has been done to the many-sided genius of Robert Hugh Benson; and

fewer still will enjoy that note of patronage toward the venerable and versatile "John Ayscough," or the dismissal of Mrs. Craigie in less than a sentence.

The chapters dealing with "The Voice of Ireland" and "Vistas of the Catholic Spirit," seem to suggest that various portions of this extraordinary book may have been written as separate essays and later brought rather hastily together—which would go far toward explaining the qualities and the defects of the whole. Professor Shuster has the gift of pungent phrase, as when he describes Miss Agnes Repplier as "the ghost of Jane Austen wedded to the spirit of Montaigne;" yet, taken all in all, his chapter on the "American Contribution" is probably the most uneven of this whole uneven volume. Here one finds thoroughgoing appreciation of Charles Warren Stoddard and Father Tabb, but a total inability to appreciate any of the rarer lyric work of Joyce Kilmer. While the writings of Archbishop Ireland are highly praised, Archbishop Spalding is ignored until a final division rightly called a "Miscellany."

It seems like mere caviling to cite further the omissions—or commissions—in contemporary judgments. Yet one is forced to take this strangely dual volume seriously, since it ranges all the way from illuminating, first-hand criticism to cursory journalistic cataloguing. It is difficult to conceive any work which more imperatively needed to be written—or to cite another which more imperatively needs to be revised. If it could, as a whole, be brought up to the mood of its own best moments, it would become a critical achievement of enormous value.

THE POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY OF DANTE ALIGHIERI. By John J. Rolbiecki, A.M. Washington: Salve Regina Press, Catholic University of America. \$2.25 net.

This valuable study is a Doctor's dissertation, submitted to the Faculty of Philosophy of the Catholic University. As such, it bears the scholar's earmarks of references to original and secondary sources, a critical estimate of other studies bearing upon the subject, and a logical and authoritative presentation of the argument. It is a volume for students of history and philosophy, rather than for the lay reader, although the latter will find in it much that is stimulating and suggestive.

The author explains the note of a longing for universal peace and the brotherhood of mankind that characterizes the works of Dante. He undertakes to present a survey of the political philosophy of Dante, his conception of the destiny of man, and of the ideal state or political system through which that destiny might

be realized. With this object he examines critically Dante's theory of law and of the origin, necessity, aims, and organization of the State. Dante's conception of the relation between Church and State is next discussed, and a final chapter surveys Dante's plan of universal empire. Interesting evidence is presented to show that while Dante believed in unity of government, he was not, as has been generally stated, in favor of absolute monarchy. The central government, he held, should be limited to those matters which were common to all men. Evidence is also presented showing that Dante believed in the sovereignty of the people, in the sense that the rulers should be regarded as officials and servants of the people.

CONSIDERATIONS FOR CHRISTIAN TEACHERS. By Brother Phillip. Baltimore: John Murphy Co. \$1.75.

Brother Phillip is the Superior General of the Christian Brothers, and his considerations are addressed directly to his own spiritual children; but, dealing as they do with the basic principles of Christian pedagogy, they will, and should, find a much larger audience. In some of the seventy meditations, the supernatural element is predominant; others are more practical, dealing with the discipline of the classroom; but in them all, as Bishop Shahan says in his introduction, one finds the pure spirit of the Gospel as applied to the guidance of youth. Every page is freighted with professional wisdom, the fruit of ripened experience; better still, with this natural endowment, the author has combined most apposite quotations from Holy Writ, from the conferences of the founder of his Institute, St. John Baptist de la Salle, or from the writings of notable French educators, like Dupanloup. Not only the great community to whom it is immediately addressed, but every Christian teacher should have this book constantly at hand. It belongs to the third group of Bacon's famous classification, one of the select few to be chewed and digested.

EVERYDAY CIVICS. By Charles Edgar Finch, Director of Junior High School Grades and Citizenship. Rochester, N. Y.: American Book Co. \$1.20.

During the last two years, many publishers have been presenting new text-books in community civics. This may be taken as an indication of dissatisfaction with the work in civics as it has been conducted. It may also indicate that those who are interested in social studies are coming to some agreement concerning the purposes of teaching social subjects.

Charles Edgar Finch's book, *Everyday Civics*, is written for pupils between the ages of twelve and fifteen. Participation in activities, rather than information, is emphasized. The school, the playground, and the neighborhood are the laboratories in which it is planned that civic truths are to be tested.

Some of the matters brought up for discussion, investigation, and action are: Living together, so that the members of a community may contribute something, as well as get something; understanding of means of carrying out purposes of government; progress in government obtained through centuries of toil, suffering and bloodshed; the machinery of government.

The plan is a commendable one—one which deserves the attention of teachers. Many will wait with interest the results, which may come from a trial of the book in the classroom.

FOOD, HEALTH AND GROWTH. A Discussion of the Nutrition of Children. By L. Emmett Holt, M.D., LL.D., formerly Professor of the Diseases of Children in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

This is a series of lectures delivered at the Medical School of the Leland Stanford Junior University in San Francisco at the end of last year, in the Lane Lecture Series. As might be expected from Dr. Holt's recognized thoroughness and broad knowledge of the subject of children's health, it is a very practical and complete presentation of present-day knowledge on the subject. We have only come to realize in recent years how much such knowledge is needed. Investigations in schools in various parts of the country have shown that not a few of the children of well-to-do parents are sub-normal in nutrition, not because of lack of food, but because of definite deficiency in the variety of their food. Many of them do not eat enough of the fresh vegetables, and not a few of them fail to secure in their dietary sufficient of the calcium salts and of phosphorus, which are so important for the growth of the skeleton and for the building up of resistive vitality to disease. Dr. Holt's book will be of very great value, then. The work is published in connection with the Child Health Organization, of which Dr. Holt is the President. He has emphasized in it the need for increased interest in child health if we are to save the lives of many children, a very vital need in face of the decreasing birth rate. Dr. Holt quotes Dr. Osler's address to a public health meeting in Baltimore, in which he said:

"We have a disease in this city more widely prevalent than tuberculosis, more fatal than cancer, one that causes many more

deaths every year than the intestinal diseases of children.' The audience, the physicians as well as others, wondered what the Doctor had in mind—when, after continuing in the same strain for some minutes, he announced that 'the disease is Baltimore apathy.' I fear this disease is not confined to Baltimore."

THE VEHEMENT FLAME. By Margaret Deland. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$2.00.

Faulty construction and a plethora of material are accountable for the surprising fact that, in this instance, Mrs. Deland has obscured her intention almost beyond identification.

Presumably, her objective is a study of jealousy, the "vehement flame," consuming Eleanor, the wife, and twenty years the senior, of Maurice Curtis, aged nineteen. This theme calls for a more intensive treatment than has been employed. Jealousy does not dominate Eleanor's erratic mentality; it is merely additional to many exasperating attributes and deficiencies that exceed it as contributory factors in the inevitable unhappiness of this inexplicable union, and in Maurice's infidelity. So small a part is played by the unusual disparity of years, that we wonder why the author introduced it. In fine, we find no clue to Eleanor's personality. She lives and dies elusive, isolated and unconvincing,

Not so with Lily Dale, the girl of the underworld, Maurice's partner in a sordid affair into which the affections do not enter. All that relates to her is done with a sure, skillful touch that imparts vitality to Maurice, also, as he progresses, with the passing of time, from frightened anger and shrinking at the birth of the son, whose existence is a reproach, to love and shamefaced pride. This phase is so well handled that we imagine for awhile that we have, at last, discovered the author's real purpose, expressed in Lily's furies of jealous resentment over Maurice's anxious efforts for improvement of the ungrammatical, fibbing, pilfering little son, whom she is ruining.

Our impression is strengthened by Eleanor's death, self-sought, with the avowed object of enabling Maurice to marry Lily, thus gaining control of his child; therefore, our anticipations are keyed high as we begin the last chapter, wherein Maurice announces his future plans to his friends, the Houghtons, and their daughter, Edith, whom he loves and who loves him. Much has been said, and reiterated, of his bitter repentance for the long-past sin, his soul-searchings, in which he has forever set aside himself, his desires, ambitions and personal happiness, to consider the one thing that matters—his boy's welfare. He now gives, as the result of these profound and painful reflections, his

belief that the end to which he has devoted himself would be not achieved, but defeated, by marriage with Lily, because of her quarrelsome jealousy of his influence. It sounds genuine, and is convincing; but it is followed by an extraordinary debate, a far-rago of inconsistencies and evasions, ending with the establishment of his personal happiness by prospective union with Edith.

This futile, stultifying finale is not the sort of thing we are accustomed to receive from the author. No one hitherto has shown clearer apprehension of the momentousness of spiritual issues, the uncompromising nature of sincere repentance. The locale of the story is Mercer, already familiar to us through her novels, *The Awakening of Helena Richie* and *The Iron Woman*. Remembering the exactness with which the mills of God ground in Helena's case, we have wondered if, at the back of Mrs. Deland's mind, there is not—or was not, in this book's incipency—a projected sequel to be based upon the actual awakening of Maurice Curtis.

VERGIL. By Tenney Frank. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$2.00.

This work by the professor of Latin at Johns Hopkins University is excellently done. Professor Frank classes it as a biography, but it is equally a discussion of the authorship of certain poems attributed to Vergil, and of the significance, particularly personal and historical, of his other works.

One of the most interesting of these discussions concerns the famous fourth Georgic with its allusion to the child whose coming will bring the Golden Age. It was largely the veiled and prophetic allusion in this poem to the (as was supposed) coming of Our Lord, which gave rise to the mediæval opinion that Vergil was a prophet and magician. Said Newman: "Vergil's single words and phrases, his pathetic half lines, gave utterance, as the voice of nature herself, to that pain and weariness, yet hope of better things, which is the experience of her children in every time."

Professor Frank's chapter on "Materialism in the Service of Poetry" is particularly illuminating and valuable. At times, the author "lets himself go," and gives us in a vivid page sidelights upon Ventidius, Cornelius Gallus, "the brilliant, hot-headed, overgrown boy, whom everyone loved," and Horace, who for an hour dreamed of a distant Utopia beyond the din of civil war, a dream St. Augustine and Coleridge (and many another, no doubt) were to dream in later days.

This biography is not lengthy, a fact which will commend it

to the general reader no less than to advanced students of Latin. The latter particularly will be glad of it, with its patient scholarship and its many stimulating pages.

ANGELS AND MINISTERS. By Laurence Housman. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$1.50.

This little book consists of four plays of "Victorian Shade and Character," written in the simple and beautiful prose of a poet. In it Mr. Housman seeks to catch the atmosphere of what we call the Mid-Victorian Era and to present vivid, intimate, and yet delicate glimpses of Queen Victoria, Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone and Mr. Morley.

The playlet, "Possession," is called "A Peep-show in Paradise," and while, in conception, it reminds one of Barrie, it just fails to show the inimitable J. M. B.'s brand of delicately ironic humor. "His Favorite Flower," which ironically makes the point that the statesman's suffering springs from the consciousness, not that his people fail to appreciate him, but that they praise him for the blunders he has made and the unhappiness he has caused them. "The Queen: God Bless Her!" suggests Victoria in the Highlands for an intimate quarter of an hour with her great Tory prime minister, the description of whom is the best thing in the book. Another playlet is the "Comforter," portraying Mrs. Gladstone in the rôle, which she fills with a maternal tact and understanding of her husband, not only beautiful but true to her character.

This little book is worth while; there are in it poetic insight, grace and a delicate handling which mark the real poet.

DE BEATA VITA; Soliloquiorum Duo Libri; De Magistro; De Immortalitate Animæ. Sancti Aurelii Augustini Tractatus in Usum Scholarum Adaptati, curante F. E. T. (Philadelphia: Peter Reilly. 35 to 40 cents each.) As far as the mass of men are concerned, the treasures of Patristic lore are inaccessible in the oblivion to which they are practically consigned. Only priests, as a rule, are privileged to read the words and hear the voices of the saints and scholars who, in the early days of the Church, built up the fair temple of Christian truth. It was a happy idea of Father Francis E. Tourscher, of St. Thomas College, Villanova, to bring within the reach of our Catholic schools a few interesting treatises of St. Augustine. Father Tourscher showed excellent judgment in his selections; he has, indeed, taken for his purpose real gems of our Christian classics. *De Beata Vita* carries the reader to the conclusion that only in the knowledge of God can true happiness be found. *Soliloquiorum Duo Libri* are monologues on the soul and God. *De Magistro* is a little treatise on the nature and function of language, leading up to the truth that not by words, but

by Christ, the spirit of man is taught. *De Immortalitate Animæ* is a study of the human soul, its nature and destiny. These booklets, enshrining as they do the reflections of one of the master minds of all time on themes of perennial interest and importance, could profitably replace some of the works of pagan classics that we put in the hands of our students of the Latin tongue.

A brief running commentary would light up these little editions of Patristic classics, and closer proof-reading would bar some misprints which, however, are so obvious that not even a tyro will be halted by them.

A SIMPLE LIFE OF JESUS FOR HIS LITTLE ONES, by a Sister of Notre Dame. (St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. Cloth, 85 cents.) Those who have read and enjoyed *The Children's King* and *First Communion Days*, will welcome this little volume by the same author, for it breathes a spirit of piety and devotion and the story of the Life of Jesus is told in the simple language that characterizes her work. The illustrations are exceptionally good, being selections of some of the best works of the Old Masters. We heartily recommend it.

HOLY SOULS' BOOK, edited by Rev. F. X. Lasance (New York: Benziger Brothers. Prices: \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.75 and \$3.50, according to binding desired), is a complete prayer book, including special prayers in behalf of the Souls in Purgatory, and will be of especial interest to those who have a great devotion to the Holy Souls.

BENEDICTIONALE, edited by Rev. J. B. O'Connell (Dublin, Ireland: The Kenny Press), is a liturgical publication of special practical value to parish priests. It gives the full rite for exposition of the Most Blessed Sacrament at different times and feasts, and includes the hymns and special prayers ordered by the Pope to be recited in various seasons. The American edition has been prepared, the publisher's announcement states, with the aid of an American prelate. The book is tastefully printed, and in *format* and composition speaks well for the progress of the publication in Ireland of liturgical books. Once in the far past, Ireland led the world in artistic book making. May America help her in her noble efforts to regain such supremacy.

MEDITATIONS ON OUR BLESSED LADY for every day of the Month of May, by the Very Rev. J. Guibert, S.S. Authorized translation. (Baltimore, Md.: O'Donovan Brothers. \$1.25.) These Meditations were dictated by the Very Reverend author while pinned to a bed of sickness, which ended in death. They are, therefore, the last words of a truly apostolic priest whose other writings are well known and have been of great help to unnumbered souls. While arranged especially for the Month of May, these meditations can be used at any time, and will undoubtedly help those who use them to a deeper appreciation of the Mother of God.

POEMS, by Louise Hart. (Boston: The Cornhill Publishing Co. \$1.50.) This unpoetic age, strange to say, is singularly productive of versification. And, stranger still, the majority of the melodists are, if not infant prodigies, nearly always youthful. Take, for example, the diminutive Louise Hart, whose free verse was first written down at the age of four, but in whose latter poetry, as in the best French *Vers Libre*, rhymes occur more and more frequently. There are, of course, many groans from the critics, who maintain that her promises were best nourished in silence, and yet one would be unwilling to miss her *Poems*, published at the age of eleven. Although Louise Hart is Wordsworthian in that her verse sings of the beauties of nature, her work is at the same time strikingly original. It tells the wonders of the sea and the rain, the trees and the butterflies. There is, too, the coloring of distinct imaginative power. It will, indeed, be interesting to watch the development of little Miss Hart, who wrote as early as 1917 such verse as this:

"Now the Sea foams,
And from it rises the Maiden of the Sea,
The clouds come dimly over,
And hide my Sea-Maiden from me."

MY AMERICAN DIARY, by Clare Sheridan. (New York: Boni & Liveright. \$3.00 net.) Mrs. Sheridan has dedicated her book "to those I have met in this country who have not misunderstood me." One wonders just how many there are who do not misunderstand Mrs. Sheridan. What one can understand is that a sculptor is not necessarily a writer. Mrs. Sheridan came to the public's attention by her exploit in traveling through Russia to Moscow, and there doing the busts of Lenine and Trotzky and the other Bolshevik leaders. Her art may be of the highest perfection. However, when she leaves her studio and poses as a radical thinker, she becomes at once merely a noisy, chattering person of no profundity of thought, with no appreciation of the underlying principles of philosophy, either of government or life, and a person distinctly of the type of parlor Bolshevik who listens enraptured to the sound of his own voice.

RUSSIA IN THE FAR EAST, by Leo Pasvolksy. (New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.75.) It is the aim of this book to furnish a background for a clear understanding of the Russian situation in the Far East; a situation which, in the mind of the average American, is hopelessly complex and confused. Mr. Pasvolksy's account unravels it all, throwing upon it the light of a remarkably lucid analysis and that of numerous texts of treaties and documents.

The rise of Russian imperialism and its eastward expansion to the Pacific; its conflict with Japanese ambitions culminating in the disastrous passage at arms in Manchuria and at Port Arthur; the ensuing Russo-Japanese intrigue, secret treaties, and masked understandings at China's expense; the advent of the Bolsheviks and the rise of anti-

Bolsheviki movements in Siberia; Japan's prestidigitating and fishing in the troubled waters of the Russian revolution, all these are concisely passed in review. By far the most instructive chapters, however, are those dealing with the mischievous activities of the Third International and the workings of the Soviet diplomacy in the various Asiatic communities. The policy of Soviet Communism is essentially one of propaganda and deceitful tactics. That the Soviets are ready for reasons of expediency to utilize non-Communist agencies and to allow even uncongenial allies a passing triumph, as a means of furthering the ulterior purpose of disrupting their institutions, is a secret confessed by more than one Soviet leader. It is this utter want of trust and faith in the present masters of potentially powerful Russia that creates perhaps the most disturbing problem for international security and well-being. Incidentally, one may gain from *Russia in the Far East* an enlightened glimpse into some of the reasons of the American Government's attitude towards the dictators of Moscow.

COLLEGE STANDARD DICTIONARY, abridged from the Funk & Wagnalls *New Standard Dictionary of the English Language*, by Frank V. Vizetelly, Litt.D., LL.D. (New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. Cloth, \$5.00 net.) The publishers claim for this work that it is "designed primarily to meet the needs of the student in college or university," and it would seem that their claim is justified, for, besides answering questions as to pronunciation, definition, spelling, etymology, etc., of any English word that may be encountered, it gives modern idioms, and is also a biographical dictionary, as well as a dictionary of classical, mythological, and Biblical terms. These latter features all appear in the body of the work, the only "Appendix" being the section relating to "foreign words, phrases, etc., current in English Literature." The *College Standard Dictionary* brings its information down to the present day, giving such data as the date of the election of Pope Pius XI., of the signing of the Treaties at the Washington Conference on the Limitation of Armaments, and the establishment of the Irish Free State.

THE CORONA READERS—*Third Reader*, compiled by Maurice Francis Egan, Brother Leo, and James H. Fassett. (New York: Ginn & Co. 68 cents.) The names of the compilers of the *Corona Readers* are sufficient to speak for their excellence, and the *Third Reader* of the series, with its carefully selected poems, legends, religious and educational stories, and excellent illustrations, will be found a useful and a pleasant addition to the text-books used in schools.

Other educational books received are *Le Tour de la France*, by G. Bruno (80 cents), an attractive and instructive reader, through whose pages the pupil visits points of interest in France; *Pour Apprendre à Parler*, by François J. Kueny (\$1.20), easy lessons in French Grammar and conversation; and *Brief Spanish Grammar*, by A. M. De Vitis (\$1.40). All from Allyn & Bacon, New York.

ENGLISH LYRICS and *Lancashire Songs*, by George Hull. (Preston, England: J. Kitching.) The first half of Mr. Hull's volume gives the graceful meditations and reveries of an English Catholic who manifestly loves, and sometimes achieves, poetry. Its second part, fenced in by Lancashire dialect, will win fewer pilgrims outside of the initiated. The book is an uncommonly fine example of "private printing," which one would like to see emulated on this side of the Atlantic.

THE BOOK OF ETIQUETTE, by Lillian Eichler (Oyster Bay, N. Y.: Nelson Doubleday, Inc. Two volumes. \$3.50), is a veritable compendium of the best social usages. The introductory chapters point out the charm and tests of true refinement, laying excellent bases upon which to build the details of etiquette. They invite to the discipline of good manners and courtesy. The book makes pleasant, easy reading, and the chapter headings and sub-headings enable one to obtain instantly exact information on any specific convention. It is altogether worthy of commendation to young people, and to all who would know how best to meet social exigencies and conform to social usages.

THE SKY MOVIES, by Gaylord Johnson. (New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.) In this little volume three very inquisitive and acquisitive children learn much about the moon, the sun, the motion of the earth and the other planets of our solar system. The information conveyed is soundly scientific and deeply interesting, the manner, for the most part, adapted to the understanding and enjoyment of children. At times, however, the language is too grown-up, and the reviewer questions whether, at other times, the effort to meet the child mind is not overstrained. The introduction of the fairy element tends to confuse rather than enlighten. Legend and folklore fall into place more naturally. An entertaining example is the interpretation of "Jack and Jill" as a "description of the way the moon waxes and wanes." A very attractive feature of the book is the arrangement of fine pictures of the moon's phases so they may be shown as a "movie" by rapidly turning the pages. The copious illustrations are, for the most part, both artistically and scientifically perfect. It is unfortunate that the book's excellence on this score should be marred by dummy figures, much out of drawing, wherever the children appear in illustration.

THE DIVINE STORY, a short Life of Our Blessed Lord written especially for young people by Rev. Cornelius J. Holland, S.T.L. (New York: Blase Benziger & Co., Inc. \$1.00 net.) *The Divine Story* is a new printing of a work already presented to the public, since it was copyrighted by the author in 1909, and contains a letter of recommendation from the Bishop of Providence, dated 1910. The present edition is tastefully bound in dark green and is adorned with several familiar illustrations. It can be heartily recommended for children, to be read to them by their elders, and later to be put in their own hands to be read by themselves.

TOPLESS TOWERS, by Margaret Ashmun (New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.00). In this book there is rather too much made of the immoral sex-relations to which a great city lends cover. In the end, the heroine, freed from the chains of the pseudo-refinements of women's clubs, musicales, antique furniture and formal luncheons, chooses the hardships of life on a ranch as the wife of a good man; and makes the choice, not blindly, but counting the cost.

THE recent additions to *The Modern Library of the World's Best Books* (New York: Boni & Liveright. 95 cents each) are two volumes of short stories by English authors: *Men, Women and Boats*, by Stephen Crane; *Tales of Mean Streets*, by Arthur Morrison, depicting life in London's East End, and *Passages from the Diary of Samuel Pepys*, with an introduction by Richard Le Gallienne, who edits the book.

FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

Le Dogme Catholique dans les Pères de l'Église, par Emile Amann. (Paris: G. Beauchesne. 7 fr. 50.) The object of this volume is to place the principal Patristic texts, which confirm and explain the great truths of Catholic dogma, within the immediate reach of everyone interested in religious matters—especially students of theology. How the Christian Church, from the beginning, teaches the fundamental articles of her creed in the same manner; how this "perpetuity of faith" should strengthen Christians of our day, is what the author wishes to show by an appropriate selection of texts, borrowed from the Fathers of the Church. The selections are classified in chronological order, but at the same time the authors have been divided as much as possible into the various schools to which they belong. It appears to be the best method of presenting both the development of Catholic dogma and its essential unity. Short introductions, placed at the head of each series of selections, enable us to grasp very rapidly the importance of each of the testimonies stated. An analytical table also helps us to divide the different Patristic texts of which the book is made up into each of the principal theses of theology.

L'Intelligence Catholique dans l'Italie du XX.^e siècle, par M. Maurice Vaussard. Preface by Georges Goyau. (Paris: Librairie Le-coffre. 7 fr. 50.) Although Italy, by her art, her history and some of her writers, has never ceased to attract the attention of the public, even the élite in our own country are badly informed with regard to the profound movements of contemporary Italian life. The cultured traveler, who boasts of knowing his Italy, passes close to them without perceiving them. In a penetrating and rigorously impartial work, M. Vaussard throws light upon the "*milieu Catholique*," by a careful study of its most representative men. His analysis of the lives and works of the great political and intellectual leaders of the Italian Catholics of the twentieth century, will be read with deep interest by all interested in Italy and in Catholic life throughout the world.

Recent Events.

France.

After a month of the usual alarms and threatened, though unexecuted, excursions by France into the Sarre Valley, the German reparations problem received two unexpected alleviations. The first came on August 31st from the Reparations Commission, which, while refusing the out and out moratorium requested by Germany, has relieved her of further monthly payments for the rest of 1922, requiring her instead to give as security her Treasury bills due in six months, and payable in gold. Under the former arrangement, Germany was to have paid 270,000,000 gold marks every month till the end of 1922, these monthly payments going to Belgium under a priority agreement. Now Belgium has agreed to accept German Treasury six-months' notes instead. While this decision itself is of little economic importance, since it merely postpones for a few months German cash payments, piling them on top of what is due next spring, it is of very great political importance because of two related results, namely, rescuing from one more crisis the *entente* between England and France and doing away, for the present, with any necessity or threat of military action.

Even more important than the decision of the Reparations Commission, was the agreement entered into on September 5th between Hugo Stinnes, the German industrial magnate, and Senator de Lubersac, President of the Federation of Coöperative Societies of the French Liberated Regions, representing 130,000 proprietors in the devastated areas. By this agreement, thirteen billion francs worth of made-up material, bricks, mortar, cement, etc., will be sent from Germany to the French, and credited to the indemnity account. These negotiations, which were really an extension of the Wiesbaden agreement, sponsored last year by the late Herr Rathenau, were authorized by the French Government, which is expected soon to ratify the agreement. France's objection to the Wiesbaden agreement, was based on the ground that reparations in goods, and especially services, would be prejudicial to French workers, but in the present arrangement this difficulty seems to have been successfully provided against. The agreement is already credited with having relieved the tension between France and Germany.

On August 11th, the French authorities began the deportation of five hundred "German undesirables" from Alsace-Lorraine. This was the first of the "other progressive measures" threatened by the French Government in answer to Germany's stand against continuing compensation payments to reimburse French holders of German securities. Altogether 1,560 persons are to be expelled, these being either those who were denied French citizenship or failed to apply for it.

On August 17th, Premier Poincaré ordered the return to Paris from Washington of the French Debt Commission, headed by Jean V. Parmentier. M. Parmentier's mission to America, it was explained, was merely to outline to the American Refunding Commission the financial situation of France, and he was not empowered to say when France could begin payments, but it seems clear that there was some disappointment in the results achieved. A further outcome of the French attitude was shown in a note addressed to the British Government by M. Poincaré, on September 1st, replying to Lord Balfour's recent note on Inter-Allied indebtedness. In this note the French Government proposed that a conference be called of all those nations interested in war debts, plainly including the United States without mentioning that country by name. Until such a meeting is held, and until arrangements are made for the payment of German reparations, the French Government declares that it cannot promise payment of its war debts. The British response to this note has been favorable, and the meeting will probably occur in November, when, the fall elections being over, it is hoped that the American Government will participate.

The two commissions of the Chamber of Deputies, to which were referred the treaties signed at the Washington Disarmament Conference, have suspended their work owing to the lack of certain documentary material from Washington. On the other hand, Great Britain formally ratified the Treaties on August 10th. Japan has ratified the Treaties, but will make no move for exchange of ratifications with the United States, until they have been formally approved by France and Italy.

A strike of 22,000 men, including dock workers, tramway and gas workers and masons, broke out at Havre towards the end of August, and lasted for several days. During the course of the strike, three persons were killed and over fifty wounded, but the attempt of the Communists and other labor extremists to drive the French workers into a general strike throughout the country failed.

On August 28th, the battleship *France*, 23,000 tons, one of

the prides of the French Navy, struck a rock off Quiberon Bay in the darkness of early morning, and went to the bottom in seventy-five feet of water. All but three of the nine hundred officers and men of the crew were rescued. The loss reduces France's first naval line by one-seventh of its fighting strength, and brings the French Navy down to an equality with Italy's. The battleship was replaced, however, by a vessel of similar type, as the Washington naval agreement gives France the right to replace any unit lost by accident.

It was announced, on September 5th, that approximately 500,000,000 gold francs of the 1,948,000,000 of French gold on deposit with the Bank of England since 1916, as guarantee for credits advanced by Great Britain to the French Government, would soon be returned to France. It is planned to continue the payments against which the gold was hypothecated until the entire amount is returned. This return is important, as giving somewhat greater liberty of political action to France, which has felt some humiliation at having such an enormous part of its gold held abroad.

According to the Paris correspondent of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, up to September 1, 1921, the French Pension Office had received 2,500,000 claims for pensions or allowances, of which 1,712,000 were granted, being thus distributed: among the incapacitated, 830,000; among widows and orphans, 447,000, and among parents, 413,000. Fifty-nine thousand of the incapacitated were totally invalided and 60,000 suffered disability, amounting to from eighty to ninety-five per cent.

Extraordinary measures are under consideration by the French Government to remedy the slow death of the French nation by the decline in the rate of births. Statistics published on September 6th from the ten largest cities, showing a ten per cent. decrease in births on a basis of the figures for 1921, have aroused the press, which predicts 8,000 fewer births than deaths this year, in the entire country, as compared with last year. The first revelations of this crisis were made in June, when statistical experts demonstrated that France would be entirely depopulated within two hundred years unless a solution were found. Among the remedies suggested are: "State adoption" of illegitimate, as well as legitimate, children of poor parents; governmental assistance for young married couples; increased pensions for poor parents of large families. Even polygamy has been advocated in certain circles, but this has not been looked on with favor, from practical, as well as moral reasons, it being argued that if a man hesitates to take one wife, it is ridiculous to suggest several.

Germany.

The month was marked by food riots throughout Germany, particularly in Berlin, necessitating repression by the police.

The price of bread increased forty per cent., meat prices rose twenty-five per cent., and the price of sugar doubled. Each rise in price fanned the smoldering anger of the working classes, whose wages fail to meet more than a small share of the daily food costs of their households. The Government and municipal authorities throughout the country are marshaling their forces for the herculean task of minimizing the hardships threatened on account of exorbitant prices demanded for food and fuel. Chancellor Wirth states that the number of needy at present is from four to five million, most of whom are concentrated in the metropolitan centres. The Lord Mayor of Berlin stresses the need for general diligence and self-control in meeting the tense economic situation, and waging war against profiteers. He is of the opinion that wholesale deaths of children are threatened, unless feeding measures are adopted, declaring that "eighty per cent. of our children are under-nourished and fifty per cent. tubercular." Attention is also called to the shortage in coal. The price of briquettes recently rose to 250 marks per centner (about 110 pounds), as compared with the previous price of 106 marks. Coke for cooking purposes is quoted approximately at 435 marks per centner.

Among other measures taken for the alleviation of the situation, the Imperial and State Governments and municipal authorities have contributed about 1,200,000,000 marks for the relief of persons without private incomes; the sick and accident benefits are to be increased, and the Imperial subsidies for destitute persons and men disabled in war, and for the support of war sufferers, have been doubled. Many families in Dresden, Hamburg and other centres are in dire straits because the banks have been unable to supply paper money for the payment of wages.

Another feature of the month's news from Germany is the cessation of numerous newspapers, many of them failing outright and others reducing their output from daily to weekly issues. No fewer than one hundred and forty-four newspapers suspended in July. The August report is not yet in, but it is expected that it will reach, and perhaps surpass, the figures for July. This disappearance of journals *en masse*, many of them of considerable importance, probably is unparalleled, and is due to the enormous rise which has taken place in the cost of newspaper production. Paper, for instance, is now four hundred times dearer than before the war, and the cost of other materials has risen to almost as

great an extent. Wages, of course, have been enormously increased, and home news service becomes daily more expensive. As for foreign news service, owing to the fall of the mark, only a few wealthy newspapers can afford it.

Towards the middle of August, Count Hugo Lerchenfeld, the Bavarian Premier, and other Bavarian representatives succeeded, after prolonged negotiations with Chancellor Wirth and his Cabinet, in composing their differences with the Central Government at Berlin. Both Governments signed protocols meeting the difficulties which arose recently over the enforcement of the Republic's new defence law. Bavaria agreed to rescind the ordinance adopted by her, in which she assumed special privileges in connection with the operation of the law. The Federal Government, in return, gave guarantees not to infringe upon Bavaria's sovereignty.

On August 10th, an agreement was signed in Berlin by representatives of the United States and Germany, providing for a mixed claims commission to determine the amount of American claims against Germany. Early in September, President Harding named Justice William R. Day as the third member of the commission, who is to act as umpire on all disputed points, the German member being Dr. Diesselbach, of Hamburg, an attorney. The American member is not yet named.

On August 18th, the Economic Council of the Empire decided by a small majority to increase the assessment on exports, in order to make the amount correspond with the present depreciation of the mark. The surcharge on customs was fixed at one hundred and seventy-four per cent. for the period between August 23d and August 29th.

Germany's new measures against the importation of luxuries are of a stringent character. On September 1st, the Ministry of Economy announced that, from that date, the unrestricted importation of raw tobacco would be prohibited, and that measures would also be taken to restrict the importation of various food-stuffs. The restrictions will be removed, it was announced, whenever adequate protection has been assured by increases in customs duties.

On August 31st, the Berlin *Vorwärts* announced that negotiations for the fusion of the Majority and Independent Social Parties was proceeding favorably, and that a joint session would probably be held late in September.

Towards the end of August, a message from Berlin stated that the German Government had received a note from the Council of Ambassadors, declaring that the High Court at Leipzig in its

trial of war criminals did not make sufficient efforts to disclose the truth, that the Court acquitted a number of defendants who were guilty, and imposed too light sentences on those convicted. For these reasons, the note said, the Allies reserve the right, under the Versailles Treaty, to deal with the cases themselves, and, eventually, to sentence the defendants by default.

Late in August, an outbreak of pogroms in Kattowitz, Silesia, was reported in a special dispatch from Beuthen. Crowds looted the food shops conducted by Jews, and beat Jews wherever encountered in the streets. The pogroms are said to have been inspired by reports that the Jews were responsible for the high price of food. Most of the victims were Jewish merchants, who migrated to Kattowitz from Poland and Galicia.

On September 2d, the German Government sent a note to the League of Nations, entering a fresh protest against the presence of French troops in the Sarre district. In May of last year, the Berlin Government entered a similar protest, which brought a reply from the President of the Sarre Government Commission, explaining that the French troops were not a force of occupation, but a garrison placed at the disposal of the Commission to enable it to fulfill its duties under the Peace Treaty.

Russia.

Chiefly as a result of the engagements entered into at the Washington Limitation of Armaments Conference, the Japanese Government, early in September, began the evacuation of Eastern Siberia, and troops of the Far Eastern Republic have occupied the town of Sanchung, less than one hundred miles north of Vladivostok. Other minor localities were evacuated by the Japanese on September 2d, and the important point of Novo Nikolaievsk, on the Amur River, will be evacuated on September 22d. Far Eastern Republican troops at Khabarovsk, one hundred and fifty miles north, are preparing to march down to occupy Novo Nikolaievsk when the Japanese leave. If the Japanese fulfill the promise to evacuate Vladivostok, it is clear that the White Government of Merkulov, now ruling there with the collaboration of one of Kolchak's Generals, Diederich, will be unable to withstand the Far Eastern Republicans. Recent dispatches from the Far East declare the Vladivostok Government has inaugurated a White terror, which adds to the unpopularity its exactions from the peasantry already have evoked. Indeed, ever since the fall of Kolchak, the White movement in the Far East, alternately supported and bullied by the Japanese, has been little more than organized banditry. Vladivostok, under control of the semi-inde-

pendent Far Eastern Republic, will mean that Russia will once more have a Pacific outlet, since the Chita Government, at least in foreign policy, is evidently subject to the control of Moscow.

Delegates from Moscow, Chita, and Tokio, resuming the abortive conference of Dairen of several months ago, met early in September at Chang Chun, in Manchuria and, after several days' sessions, adjourned on September 7th to enable the delegates to communicate with their Governments. The Moscow Soviet is desirous of negotiating a general agreement with Japan, and to that end is anxious to obtain recognition of the Soviet Government by Japan. If, as seems likely, however, Japan refuses to consider the question of recognition first, Russia will, on the resumption of negotiations, consent to postponement of that issue, and take up other problems.

Despite favorable crop reports, and statements to the effect that no further relief work was necessary, it now appears that Russia faces her worst winter, more from disease than hunger. The American corn rations were cut off on September 1st throughout Russia, except in the Crimea and the Ukraine, where the horrors of famine still continue and where a comparatively heavy American relief programme for the feeding of children will be carried on next year. It is estimated that 3,000,000 children will be fed in the Southern Ukraine this winter, and about an additional million in the rest of Russia.

That there is at present a radical reaction from fairly liberal principles in Russia, is apparent from several reasons, among others from a recent resolution passed by the Petrograd Soviet, in which the stand of the Soviet delegation at The Hague, in refusing to recognize the rights of foreign owners, was approved, and an appeal made to the Government to maintain this principle inviolate. Zinovieff, the President of the Petrograd Soviet, with Karl Radek, represents the pure Communist-International element among the Bolsheviki. His uncompromising tone at the recent Communist Congress is taken to have been responsible for the recent measures to expel all persons hostile to the Soviet régime. Wholesale arrests of intellectuals have been taking place throughout Russia, and in the last few weeks approximately 1,500 persons, charged with secret counter-revolutionary activity, have been exiled. On September 5th, fifty-five persons were sentenced to death in South Russia, and the Ukrainian Court at Kiev sentenced to death forty-eight members of Petlura's Cossack bands, which, in connection with General Tutunuk's forces, revolted against the Ukrainian Soviets. From Moscow a recent dispatch states that Archbishop Benjamin, Metropolitan

of Petrograd, and the others condemned for interfering with the seizure of church treasures were executed by a firing squad in Petrograd on the tenth of August.

Late in August and early in September, several unconfirmed reports came through of rebellion in Southern Russia, the head of the rebellion being placed at Odessa, which was said to have proclaimed South Russia and the Crimea independent of Moscow, and to have called on all citizens to unite against the "Communist usurpers." It is not believed, however, that these sections would be able to make an effective stand against the Bolshevik Army, which was furthermore strengthened, late in August, by the mobilization of the men born in 1901.

For several weeks, the American State Department has been negotiating, through Alanson R. Houghton, the American Ambassador at Berlin, with representatives of the Moscow Government with regard to the attitude of the Soviet authorities should the American Government consider sending an expert technical commission to Russia to study and report on the economic situation. The question is in the hands of the Soviet Government now for decision.

According to a statement issued on September 5th by the United States Department of Commerce, American exports to Russia and to the new nations formerly embraced in the Russian Empire, for the first six months of 1922, were nearly ten times as large as the imports for the same period. For Soviet Russia, including the Caucasus, the difference was even more striking. While the American imports from that country totaled only \$21,609 in value, the American exports were \$11,756,282, or more than five hundred times as much. Lithuania is the only former Russian State from which more goods were imported to America than America exported.

The capital of the new Russian State Bank under the auspices of the Soviets has been fixed at 2,000,000,000 rubles. In addition, 200,000,000,000 paper rubles have been put at the disposal of the bank by the Government. It is stated, the bank's official money-lending rate has ranged between eight and twelve per cent. a month, which would be ninety-six to one hundred and forty-four per cent. per annum.

Greece.

The Greco-Turkish War, which for several months had subsided to quiescence, took a sudden and dramatic turn late in August, when the Turks opened a successful offensive in Afiun-Karahissar, a vital key position on the Berlin-Bagdad Railway in Asia Minor,

forcing the Greeks to retire westward. The Turks immediately followed up this success by a series of others—first, by the capture of Eski-Shehr, the principal stronghold of the Greeks on the northern fighting front, and, several days later, by the capture of Ushak, an important point on the southern line, with the result that the Greeks were driven in on Smyrna, their principal town on the coast.

The origin of the Greek disaster is ascribed largely to the designs of King Constantine on Constantinople, and the recent transference of 50,000 of the Greek troops from Asia Minor to the Thracian frontier, in order to make a demonstration against Constantinople, thus greatly impairing the strength of their Anatolian Army. It seems evident that the Turks shrewdly took advantage of this situation, and launched their offensive at a critical juncture and when it was least expected.

On September 14th, the remnants of the Greek Army abandoned Smyrna to the advancing Turks and embarked for Thrace. With the seizure of Smyrna by the victorious Kemalists began a terrible conflagration, which swept the city, reducing the Armenian, Greek, and European sections to ashes, and causing a property loss estimated at one billion francs (or \$75,000,000 at the present exchange rate). Along with this went massacres of the defenceless non-Turkish populace, the number of victims being estimated at first at 1,000 or 2,000, and being placed, according to the latest report to the *London Times*, as high as 120,000. It is thought, however, that this latter figure includes the killed, wounded, and others who have suffered in consequence of the capture of the city and the conflagration that followed.

The conflagration is ascribed by Turkish officials to the result of the exchange of rifle shots between the invading Turkish Army and the Greeks and the Armenians, the latter of whom attacked the Turks from churches and houses. On the other hand, the Greeks said that the Turks deliberately fired the city in order to evacuate the entire Christian population and conceal the traces of their misdeeds, a theory which seems borne out by the fact that the Turkish quarter is the only section of the city that was spared.

Italy, France, and Great Britain have notified Mustapha Kemal that he must respect the neutrality zones on both sides of the Straits of the Dardanelles and Constantinople; fixed by the Treaty of Sèvres, and the British Asiatic fleet has been instructed to allow no Turkish troops to cross from Asia to Europe. The American Government has joined with the Allies in preparations for emergency relief at Smyrna.

Austria.

Austria's economic situation, which has been growing steadily worse and worse, forecasting a breakdown of the machinery of government and the total collapse of the country, was brought urgently to the attention of the world by the activities during the month of Dr. Ignaz Seipel, the newly-appointed Austrian Federal Chancellor, and incidentally the first priest to become a prime minister since the seventeenth century.

Dr. Seipel's opening move was a conference on August 21st at Prague with Premier Benes of Czecho-Slovakia, in which he took up the question of the dissolution of Austria as a separate entity and its incorporation as a member of the Czecho-Slovakian Federation. The significance of this became immediately apparent with the counter proposal by Italy, on the following day, that Austria become a part of Italy. So great, indeed, was Italian opposition to Austria's annexation to any other of her neighbors, that on August 24th the Italian Government addressed a note to the Governments of Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Germany, Jugoslavia and Rumania, reiterating its opposition to Austria's union with Germany or her entry into the Little Entente, and stating that, if Italy were confronted with such an accomplished fact, she would consider it a *casus belli*.

Behind the protest of the Italian Government, lies Italy's fear of the policy of France in Central Europe, the underlying principle of which is the formation of an anti-German coalition. To this end, France is unequivocally opposed to Austria's union with Germany, but as Austria is doomed if she continues in her present state of isolation, France has conceived the plan of getting Austria into the Little Entente, thus isolating Germany politically, as well as financially and economically. On the other hand, Italy, which lived for years with the constant nightmare of having a powerful Austro-Hungarian Empire as a neighbor, is now confronted with the possibility of seeing the States which composed the Dual Monarchy uniting in a new federation, just as anti-Italian as the old one but strengthened by the addition of Serbia, Rumania, and Poland.

Nothing came of the Italian project of annexation, the proposal of which was officially denied later by the Italian Foreign Secretary. After Dr. Seipel had held a series of meetings at Verona, Paris, Berlin, and London, he was finally referred to the League of Nations meeting at Geneva, where, on September 6th, the Austrian Chancellor, in a powerful and favorably received speech, impressed on the Council of the League the grave plight in which Austria found herself. He warned the League that

Austria would take measures to break the economic ties surrounding her unless the League was able to come to her aid. Austria, he declared, was ready to accept such control of her finances as would not affect her sovereignty, but rather than sacrifice her sovereignty, she might prefer to merge herself into a large economic entity. At the conclusion of his speech, the League Council immediately appointed a committee, which is now studying the whole Austrian question, receiving statistics and other information from the Austrian delegation in attendance at Genoa. The committee represents Great Britain, France, Italy, Austria, and Czecho-Slovakia. It is commonly recognized that Austria furnishes the most important case that has yet come before the League.

As indicating the increasing gravity of Austria's financial condition, the following table shows the number of Austrian paper crowns required at a given date to purchase a pound sterling: January 31, 1922, 12,000; February 28th, 20,500; March 31st, 32,500; April 30th, 35,000; May 31st, 48,500; June 30th, 84,500; July 7th, 96,000; July 15th, 127,000; July 22d, 145,000. By August, the price of the pound sterling in Austrian crowns had risen to 250,000, as contrasted with 3,100 a year ago, and 620 at this date in 1920. A shirt, which cost six crowns before the war, now costs 200,000 crowns, and since August 1st of this year the price of both bread and meat has increased one hundred per cent.

The Third Assembly of the League of Nations began its sessions at Geneva on September 4th by electing as President, Augustin Edwards, a Chilean delegate and Chilean Ambassador to Great Britain. The importance of this Assembly lies chiefly in two subjects: the Austrian situation, of which an account is given above, and disarmament. For more than a year the League's temporary Commission on Disarmament, under the Chairmanship of Lord Esher, has been at work on a complete statistical analysis of all the factors that bear on the question of armaments, and on September 8th it made a preliminary report showing that in more than a score of countries restrictions of military outlays had been begun. Great Britain reported a reduction of fifty-five per cent. in naval tonnage, France thirty-six per cent., Italy forty-nine per cent., and Japan fifty-nine per cent. In land armaments, France reported a reduction of 200,000 men under arms and shortening of the term of military service by half. Sweden also reported the cutting of her military service in two; Italy reduced the period of service and suppressed eighty-eight battalions of infantry; Po-

land reduced her army of a million men to 260,000; Japan made reductions, but failed to give the figures; while Switzerland reduced from seventy per cent. to fifty-five per cent. the proportion of her men eligible to military service.

According to a proposal presented by the Earl of Balfour to the Council of the League several days before the Assembly met, a commission was to be appointed, presided over by an American, to supervise the rights of the various religions in the holy places of Palestine. The proposed commission would be divided into three sub-commissions, composed of Christians, Mussulmans, and Jews. To this scheme the Vatican is reported as unalterably opposed, as, according to the *Osservatore Romano*, "if the telegraphed report of the Balfour proposal is accurate, it is evident that the rights of Catholics would be impaired, as they would be in a minority on the three sub-commissions, and the last word would rest with the president of the commission, who would be an American Protestant."

Holland.

The Permanent World Court held its final session at The Hague on August 10th, and adjourned until June 15, 1923, unless an extraordinary session is called before that date. Final decision was made in two advisory cases presented by the League Council—one, whether the International Labor Organization was competent to regulate the conditions of agricultural laborers, decided in the affirmative; the other, whether the examination of proposals for the organization and development of methods of agricultural production fell within the competence of the International Labor Organization, decided in the negative.

September 15, 1922.

Editorial Comment.

With this issue, "The Catholic World" appears under new editorial management. Rev. John J. Burke, C.S.P., is to devote all his time to the National Catholic Welfare Council. His successor as editor of "The Catholic World" is Rev. James M. Gillis, C.S.P.

THE eighteen years of Father John J. Burke's service as editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD and manager of the Paulist Fathers' apostolate of the press, may be expressed in a word—devotion. To fulfill Father Hecker's ideal in the inception of the work deserved and demanded his utmost power; and he gave unstintingly.

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THE CATHOLIC WORLD, when Father Burke took charge of it, in September, 1904, was an illustrated monthly of popular appeal. He believed it was his duty to restore it to the higher literary standard set by Father Hecker. Gradually, illustrations were eliminated, manuscripts were subjected to a more rigid criticism, although this often left the editor with an empty file when the day approached for setting the magazine. But Divine Providence never failed to send something, just in time, and the magazine never missed an issue. Writers of fame or promise were sought out, leisure was found to visit, to discuss, to outline, to invite contributions, until editor and contributor met in common enthusiasm to promote the service of the mind in the cause of God. The lean years were rewarded with plenty, manuscripts of worth became abundant, and welcome testimonials proved the work "well done."

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THE driving force in all Father Burke's contacts was the apostle's greed for souls. He drew to him every worker in the establishment, talked with them personally, and, taking them as he found them, by example, by counsel and command, he nerved them to the realization of their powers in a spirit of devotion only second to his own. What should be done for God, could be done, and there was none too mean to do his part and bear his responsibility: all things could, and *must*, be done in Him Who strengtheneth. This spirit of consecration, one might say of vocation, in the per-

sonnel of the Paulist Press work, cultivated and fostered by Father Burke, is the rich inheritance and support of his successor.

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THE first landmark in the past eighteen years of THE CATHOLIC WORLD's history was its Golden Jubilee in April, 1915. The list of notable contributors and of noteworthy articles given in the Jubilee number is a record of accomplishment. Here the editor summed up the policy and purpose of the magazine: "To draw men by the capable, intelligent expression of Catholic truth; to make fairness and beauty of style an index of the fairness and beauty within; to show that Catholic truth illumines, fulfills all, and leads man to the supernatural life of Jesus Christ, was the lofty purpose of Father Hecker when he founded THE CATHOLIC WORLD. For fifty years his mission has endured. May God grant us and our successors many, many years to continue it for His glory and the glory of His holy Church; for the welfare of souls and the well-being of our beloved country—America."

A second literary landmark was the Shakespeare centenary number of 1916, containing valuable articles from Shakespearean scholars. But Father Burke's editorial years were crowned by the "Dante Centenary Number," of September, 1921, which won a Dante Memorial Medal from the National Dante Committee of the Italy America Society.

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CONVERSANT with every detail of the mechanical work of the press, Father Burke directed his unflagging attention towards physical betterments and growth. Linotypes superseded hand setting. A larger press room, presses of newer model, improved offices were indications of increased work, necessitating, finally, the removal of the business offices from the original building assigned to the Paulist apostolate of the press.

The plant was unionized, and additional work had to be taken on to meet the additional cost of output and of betterments.

The publication of books and pamphlets, always an integral part of Paulist work, was vigorously pushed under Father Burke's management.

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CALLED now to devote all his time to an even greater work than that of THE CATHOLIC WORLD and the Paulist Press, Father Burke leaves behind him a record of devotion and achievement which it will be difficult, if not impossible, for his successor to duplicate. We shall count our work successful if we can but maintain the standards he has established.



THE time seems opportune for a restatement of the editorial policy of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. But, by way of preliminary, let us assure those readers who have learned to know and to approve our traditional methods—that there will be no radical change. We hope to improve. Perhaps, we may even say, in the lingo of the latest health-philosophy, “*Day by day (or month by month), in every way we grow better and better.*” But we expect to grow better, not by means of any newly-devised magic formula; but by a natural development, following principles laid down by the founders and observed by the successive editors of this magazine. These principles we take to be as follows:

* * * *

FIRST, we are, or we shall try to be, modern in our spirit and in our method of expressing the truth. This may seem difficult to those who think of the Catholic Church as merely the “old” Church. But the miracle of the Church is that she is the oldest and the youngest. And Truth, like God, and like the Church, though ancient, is ever new. Father Hecker, the chief founder of the Paulist Community and the first editor of the magazine, has said: “The Eternal-Absolute is ever creating new forms of expressing itself. It is for this that we were created; that we may give a new and individual expression of the Absolute.” If the new is but the reëxpression of the old, Truth ceases, is no longer living.

We believe, therefore, that there is no excuse for following antiquated methods, or encouraging archaic forms of literary expression, simply because, being Catholic, we belong to an “old” Church.

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FURTHERMORE, we value the modern civilization no less highly than the ancient or mediæval. We are not so dedicated to the past as to fancy that the present is worthless. There happens to be just now, amongst many Catholics, a renewed devotion to mediævalism (using that much-abused term in its good sense). And this is good, if only as a just reaction against those who have taught that “nothing good could come out of” the “Age of Faith.” Recently, some of the very best scholars and writers, both Catholic and near-Catholic, have presented the beauty of the mediæval system so alluringly that it would be impossible not to share their enthusiasm.

Nevertheless, we remain unconvinced of the inferiority of the modern. We shall not damn our own times to exalt the

times of our ancestors. Moreover, we shall not be, mere *laudatores temporis acti*. We shall not too frequently indulge in the nugatory occupation of "pointing proudly to the past." We shall not "sing the songs of long ago." We shall not grow dithyrambic over the "good old days." Not that we think that the present times are perfect. We have created no fool's paradise for ourselves. The present days are not even "good enough." But they are the best we have ever had. Previous times have all been worse. We say this, not forgetting the war and its aftermath. Bold? Perhaps so, but we think that we have justification. Personally, we are not disposed to argue the case. But while we shall open our pages to the champions of the mediæval, or the ancient, we shall not close them to any worthy author who wields a pen in defence of our much berated "modern civilization."

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WE say that we are modern. Let us express the idea more concretely. For example: The fate of the National Catholic Welfare Council in 1922 is a matter of more vital interest to us than, let us say, the doings of the Council of Elvira in 306. An article on H. G. Wells catches our attention more quickly and holds it more firmly than one on Pico della Mirandola. As a phenomenon, Mrs. Eddy interests us more than Cagliostro. "Christian Science" amazes us, and amuses us, more than the ancient worship of Isis. Conan Doyle, with his spirit photographs, is more entertaining than the Cumean sybil. Thomas A. Edison seems more worthy of a "write-up" than the alchemists of the Middle Ages. Henry Ford and his "flivver" are more important than Diogenes and his tub. We respect the opinions of the boys who would rather hear stories of "Babe" Ruth than of Hercules. And, though we may seem shamefully philistine, and hopelessly unromantic, we confess that the foundation stones of a new church in the most unpicturesque, modern, American city, are more significant than the ivy-clad ruins of a mediæval abbey, seen in the mystic moonlight. The church looks to the future. The ruin speaks only of the past. But the future is infinitely more thrilling than the past. And any church crowded to the doors ten times every Sunday is more soul-satisfying than an empty Gothic Cathedral, dating from the thirteenth century.

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NOT that we despise the past. But to us the past means nothing without the present, and if the present is, as some seem to think, altogether deplorable, then the "glorious past" has been in

vain. A backward-looking church, or a backward-looking society or individual, is, to all intents and purposes, dead and buried. "Where thy treasure is, there is thy heart also," and if both thy treasure and thy heart are buried in the past, then thou art in the tomb, even though thou know it not. It was no cynic who first said: "Let the dead past bury the dead."

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SECONDLY, we are—not merely by accident of birth, but by conviction—Americans. This cardinal principle was also expressed by Father Hecker: "So far as is compatible with faith and piety, I am for accepting the American civilization, with its usages and customs. Leaving aside other reasons, it is the only way by which Catholicity can become the religion of our people. The character and spirit of our people must find themselves at home in our Church in the way those of other nations have done; and it is on this basis alone that the Catholic Church can make progress in this country." . . .

The reason given by Father Hecker, "leaving aside other reasons," may seem to be a reason of expediency, but it is, none the less, a good apostolic principle. It is a truism that we can do little, if any good, for a people whom we do not love. If we were publishing a magazine or preaching the Gospel in China, we should try to love the Chinese: if in Japan, the Japanese: if in Tierra del Fuego, we should, as far as possible, develop an affection for the unfortunate natives of that desolate region. We think that St. Paul was able to make himself "all things to all men," because he loved all men.

Some years ago, we met the Bishop of Hakodate, who had at that time labored in Japan for twenty-five years. We inquired his opinion concerning the judgments sometimes passed upon the Japanese people; that they are dishonest and "immoral" beyond others, and that they are a "race of agnostics." "Not in my province," he answered quickly. "My Japanese are a simple, innocent, lovable people." We loved and admired him for that statement. St. Francis Xavier would have said the same thing.

But, fortunately, we do not have to learn to love America and the American people. To paraphrase a line from Boyle O'Reilly, we "would rather live in America than in any other land." That will sound decidedly "Main Street" to the sophisticated, who enjoy the anti-American tirades of H. L. Mencken and George Jean Nathan, and perhaps to many others who have recently learned to affect a contempt for all things American. Be it so; we repeat that a sincere love and admiration for America

is one of the corner-stone principles upon which THE CATHOLIC WORLD has built, and will continue to build.

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THERE are other principles to which we adhere. They will appear from time to time in these pages, either explicitly or implicitly. But let us conclude with the most important of all principles, not peculiarly our own, but which we share with all Catholic publications. We give them in Father Hecker's words:

To practise absolute and unswerving loyalty to the authority of the Church, whenever and wherever expressed, as God's authority upon earth, and for all time.

To seek, in the same dispositions, the true spirit of the Church, and to be unreservedly governed by it as the wisdom of the Most High.

In the midst of the imperfections, abuses, scandals, of the human side of the Church, never to allow ourselves to think or express a word which might seem to place a truth of the Catholic faith in doubt or to savor of the spirit of disobedience.

With all this in view, to be the most earnest and ardent friend of all true progress, and to work with all our might for its promotion through existing authorities and organizations.

TO resume the comparison between our times and centuries that have passed. We confess that we have little sympathy with the lament of the anti-moderns, "There never was a time like this." We believe that, but in the sense in which they do not mean it. We have, indeed, "troubles of our own," but, if there is any consolation in comparisons, the ages that have gone have had worse troubles than ours.

We may lament that when the nations met at Versailles to reconstruct a badly damaged world, the fate of civilization was in the hands of such a group as Clémenceau, Orlando, Lloyd George, and the unhappy Mr. Wilson.

It would have been more desirable, of course, if we could have had a reincarnate Gladstone, Chatham, Thomas Jefferson, and George Washington. But we might have fared worse. If we had "summoned spirits from the vasty deep," Pluto might have sent us Talleyrand, and Metternich and Frederick the Great, and Napoleon Bonaparte. But the Lord saved us from such as these.

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THERE are those who attribute most of the political misfortunes of recent days to the Kaiser. But the Kaiser, with all his faults, is a better man than his forbears, Frederick Barbarossa

and Henry IV. The mediæval Hohenstaufens caused more calamity than the modern Hohenzollerns. The Poles think, rightly enough, that they were most outrageously treated by Von Hindenburg. But, if they will consult their own traditions, they will recall that, compared with the Tartars of the thirteenth century, who devastated, and all but depopulated, whole provinces, Von Hindenburg was a mild-mannered gentleman.

The Belgians execrate Von Kluck. But the Irish could tell them that, in contrast with Cromwell, Von Kluck was as a dove, or a suckling babe. "Atrocities" were more atrocious, and more frequent, in the "good old days."

We all are inclined to imagine that the recent war was the "worst ever." Perhaps so, but let us not forget that mediæval and ancient wars were generally pressed to the point of the extermination, or at least the decimation, of a conquered people. In former times, the Allies would have devastated Germany. In the Thirty Years' War, in the seventeenth century, fifteen millions in Germany alone were killed, directly or indirectly.

Or take the greatest present worry of our statesmen, Bolshevism. It is an ugly phenomenon, but there have been worse in times past. Our Bolsheviki are, thus far, pretty well confined within the boundaries of one country, or two. But in the fifth and sixth and seventh century, the original Bolsheviki, the barbarians, were trampling over every country in Europe. We have Lenine and Trotzky. In those days they had Attila and Alaric and Genserik; to say nothing of Mohammed and the Moslems.

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TAKE moral and social conditions. Our day is not without its vices. Some observers think that we are decadent. But morally sick as we are, we are healthier than ancient Corinth, or mediæval Florence, or Paris in the days when courtesans ruled the kings.

In our generation there is not a little of infidelity—not heresy merely, or indifference—but sheer infidelity. But we have no Voltaire, and no Nietzsche. Here in America, we have not even an adequate successor to Bob Ingersoll.

Again, we hear the modern alarmists complaining of what they call "infiltration of paganism" into Christianity. We wonder what they would have made of the deeply paganized Christianity of the Renaissance, when, under the intoxication of the New Learning, men called God Jupiter, confounded Christ with Apollo, and made none too clear the distinction between the Blessed Virgin and Venus. If our modern reformers, even Catholics, were confronted with the conditions that faced Savonarola,

they would be driven to schism or to suicide. If they were face to face with the world of St. Catharine of Siena, as depicted in her *Dialogue*, they would have gone mad.

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INCIDENTALLY, it may be recalled, that the Catholic religion always survived these various crises. The Church always extricated herself from those "impossible" situations. She saved not only herself, but civilization. And she is not particularly frightened by our comparatively trivial modern crises. Conditions have always been bad. But they always become better. Our readers remember the story of the pessimist, who, during an unusually protracted "spell" of bad weather, exclaimed petulantly: "Is it ever going to clear!" "It always did," said the optimist.

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HOWEVER, that is aside from the point. We were considering the lament of those who cry: "There never was a time like this." Perhaps not, but again and again, there have been times worse than this.

Therefore, we do not believe in whining and groaning about the sins of the modern world. The world may be in a bad way, but we cannot cure it by telling it that it is about to die. Our modern civilization may be, to a degree, hysterical, but we shall not cure it with more hysteria.

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HERE is a curious anomaly. We Catholics are more hopeful for modern civilization than are they who built modern civilization. We cannot be said to be the creators of the modern system, yet we do not consider it altogether hopeless. We believe that the world has a future. Many of the "moderns" hardly dare believe as much. We are more modern than the moderns. H. G. Wells, for example, seems to have an actual fear that the world is to be utterly destroyed and that we are doomed to another thousand years of barbarism. Here in America we have been deluged of late with visitors and lecturers from Europe, and almost all of them have been prophets of doom. We rather imagined that they were only trying to give us a bit of a fright. They had an "axe to grind." They wanted us to go into the League. They wanted us to cancel their debt. So they tried to make us think that conditions over there were desperate. So we thought. But it seems that they really mean what they say. They truly dread the probability of the dissolution of the entire political and social system. Now, they were the creators of that system and, until recently, they were very boastful about it. But they have

lost confidence in the work of their own hands. They fear that the elements that were meant to upbuild civilization, may bring about its destruction. Steam, electricity, high power explosives, may be used constructively or destructively, and it seems that their destructive use may outrun their constructive use. The chemists and the electricians may turn out to be worse enemies of civilization than the Vandals, the Goths, and the original Huns. The Frankenstein fantasy threatens to become a reality.

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IT is odd, in these circumstances, to find Christians of the old tradition saying to the authors of modern civilization: "O ye of little faith." We Catholics, who believe in the spiritual and the supernatural, were left out of the scheme created by the scientists, but now they may soon call us in again. They were the creators of modern society. We shall be its saviors. Of course, to save it, we shall have to depaganize it. Readers of Hilaire Belloc will remember how powerfully and how ingeniously he maintains the thesis that the ancient Roman civilization was never really destroyed by the barbarians. It was Christianized, and thus saved from annihilation. If modern civilization is in danger of dissolution, the Church will doubtless be expected to repeat the process, and save the world.

IN view of the hubbub created by Clare Sheridan's interview with Rudyard Kipling, one may reasonably ask: "Is Kipling merely an isolated jingo, or is he the voice of John Bull?" If he speaks only for himself, why pay so much attention to him? But when Kipling speaks, he is answered by Clémenceau, Geddes, Weeks, Borah, and half a dozen other leading United States Senators; by practically all the newspapers in this country and by the greatest of the foreign journals. Yet he has no official position. He is no statesman. He is not even an historian. He is, as the politicians would say, a "mere" novelist and poet. Then why is he taken so seriously? We think the answer is that the whole world supposes Kipling to be the mouthpiece of the great mass of the people of England. If that supposition is justified, the interview, even though it be disowned, is of momentous importance.

THE most famous of the phrases coined by H. G. Wells, in fact, the résumé of his philosophy is "the race between education and catastrophe." If the fate of civilization depends on that race, we Catholics are certainly doing all in our power to help Educa-

tion to win. In New York City alone there are more than one hundred and fifty-five thousand children in our parochial schools. In all the nation there are nearly two millions. It would cost the public schools nearly two hundred million dollars to educate those two million children. It costs us more than forty million dollars, in addition to the tax levied upon us for the public schools. Even so, we think it worth the price, for we entertain a conviction that the kind of education we provide is the only kind that will ward off "catastrophe."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

ALLEN & BACON, New York:

French Composition and Grammar Review. By Joseph S. Galland, Ph.D. \$1.40.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

On the Run. By Francis J. Flinn, S.J. \$1.00 net. *The Love of the Sacred Heart.* Illustrated by St. Mechtilde. \$2.00. *A Jesuit at the English Court. The Life of the Ven. Claude de la Columbière, S.J.* By Sr. Mary Philip. \$1.25 net. *The Values Everlasting.* By Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S.J. \$1.25 net.

BONI & LIVERIGHT, New York:

Beyond Rope and Fence. By David Grew. \$2.00. *The Singing Captives.* By B. B. C. Jones. \$2.00. *They Call Me Carpenter.* By Upton Sinclair. \$1.75. *Babel.* By John Curnos. \$2.50.

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA PRESS, New York:

The Catholic Encyclopedia. Supplement I. Vol. XVII.

GEORGE H. DORAN Co., New York:

The Altar Steps. By Compton Mackenzie. \$2.00.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York:

Americans by Choice. By John Palmer Gavit. \$2.50.

THE MACMILLAN Co., New York:

Preaching and Sermon Construction. By Paul B. Bull, M.A. \$2.50.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:

War and Armament Loans of Japan. By Ushisaburo Kobayashi, D.C.L. \$2.25.

FOUR SEAS Co., Boston:

Studies in the Chinese Drama. By Kate Buss. \$5.00 net.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN Co., Boston:

Chico, the Story of a Homing Pigeon. By Lucy M. Blanchard. \$1.75.

C. A. NICHOLS PUBLISHING Co., Springfield, Mass.:

A New Larned History for Ready Reference Reading and Research. Vol. I, the work of J. N. Larned. Revised by Donald E. Smith, Ph.D., in 12 volumes.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co., Philadelphia:

Cornac's Folly. By Gilbert Parker. \$2.00.

MATHE & Co., Chicago:

Mr. Francis Newnes. By C. C. Martindale. \$1.50 net. *Jock, Jack, and the Corporal.* By C. C. Martindale. \$1.50 net.

CHARLES C. LEE, Charleston, Ill.:

Songs of the Ambraw and Other Verses. By Chas. C. Lee.

B. HERDER BOOK Co., St. Louis:

Discourses and Essays. By John Ayscough. \$1.25 net. *Life of Mother Mary of Saint Maurice. Second Superior-General of the Society of Marie Réparatrice.* By a Religious of the same Society. Translated from French by Mary C. Watt. \$2.75. *The Arabic Versions of the Pentateuch in the Church of Egypt.* By Joseph Francis Rhode, O.F.M. \$2.50.

WORLD METRIC STANDARDIZATION COUNCIL, San Francisco:

World Metric Standardization: An Urgent Issue. Compiled by Audrey Drury. \$5.00.

ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE, Toronto, Can.:

Zeal in the Class-room, Pastoral Theology for Clergy and Religious Engaged as Teachers. By Rev. M. V. Kelly, O.S.B.

PIERRE TÊQUI, Paris:

Petit Manuel des Congrégations de la T. S. Vierge Troisième Edition. 1 fr. *A Jésus par Marie ou la Parfaite Dévotion à la Sainte Vierge.* Par Abbé J. M. Texier. 3 fr. 50.

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WHERE ALL ROADS LEAD.

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

I. THE YOUTH OF THE CHURCH.



UNTIL about the end of the nineteenth century, a man was expected to give his reasons for joining the Catholic Church. Today a man is really expected to give his reasons for not joining it. This may seem an exaggeration; but I believe it to stand for a subconscious truth in thousands of minds. As for the fundamental reasons for a man doing it, there are only two that are really fundamental. One is that he believes it to be the solid objective truth, which is true whether he likes it or not; and the other that he seeks liberation from his sins. If there be any man for whom these are not the main motives, it is idle to inquire what were his philosophical or historical

EDITOR'S NOTE.—We know that the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD will rejoice with us in the fact that we commence, in this number, a series of articles by Mr. G. K. Chesterton, on his recent conversion. For many years, we have considered him as a near neighbor and a good friend. But now he has become "one of the family." In the Editorial Comment of last month, we said, among other things, that there are those "who think of the Catholic Church merely as 'the old Church.' But the miracle of the Church is that she is the oldest and the youngest." It gives us a particular joy to have Mr. Chesterton mention this "miracle" as one of the "strongest of all the purely intellectual forces that dragged him towards the truth." All Catholics will welcome him to the Fold, but we think that none can greet him more cordially than those who enjoy THE CATHOLIC WORLD. For we and he are of the same spirit. The articles will be published synchronously in America and in England. On the other side of the ocean they will run in *Blackfriars*.

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or emotional reasons for joining the old religion; for he has not joined it at all.

But a preliminary word or two may well be said about the other matter; which may be called the challenge of the Church. I mean that the world has recently become aware of that challenge in a curious and almost creepy fashion. I am literally one of the least, because one of the latest, of a crowd of converts who have been thinking along the same lines as I. There has been a happy increase in the number of Catholics; but there has also been, if I may so express it, a happy increase in the number of non-Catholics; in the sense of conscious non-Catholics. The world has become conscious that it is not Catholic. Only lately it would have been about as likely to brood on the fact that it was not Confucian. And all the array of reasons for not joining the Church of Rome marked but the beginning of the ultimate reason for joining it.

At this stage, let it be understood, I am speaking of a reaction and rejection which was, as mine would once have been, honestly, if conventionally, convinced. I am not speaking now of the stage of mere self-deception or sulky excuses; though such a stage there may be before the end. I am remarking that even while we truly think that the reasons are reasonable, we tacitly assume that the reasons are required. Far back at the beginning of all our changes, if I may speak for many much better than myself, there was the idea that we must have reasons for not joining the Catholic Church. I never had any reasons for not joining the Greek Church, or the religion of Mahomet, or the Theosophical Society, or the Society of Friends. Doubtless, I could have discovered and defined the reasons, had they been demanded; just as I could have found the reasons for not going to live in Lithuania, or not being a chartered accountant, or not changing my name to Vortigern Brown, or not doing a thousand other things that it had never occurred to me to do. But the point is, that I never felt the presence or pressure of the possibility at all; I heard no distant and distracting voice calling me to Lithuania or to Islam; I had no itch to explain to myself why my name was not Vortigern, or why my religion was not Theosophy. That sort of presence and pressure of the Church I believe to be universal and ubiquitous today; not only among Anglicans,

but among Agnostics. I repeat that I do not mean that they have no real objections; on the contrary, I mean that they have begun really to object; they have begun to kick and struggle.

One of the most famous modern masters of fiction and social philosophy, perhaps the most famous of all, was once listening to a discussion between a High Church curate and myself about the Catholic theory of Christianity. About half-way through it, the great novelist began to dance wildly about the room with characteristic and hilarious energy, calling out, "I'm not a Christian! I'm not a Christian!" flapping about like one escaped as from the net of the fowler. He had the sense of a huge vague army making an encircling movement, and heading him and herding him in the direction of Christianity, and ultimately Catholicism. He felt he had cut his way out of the encirclement, and was not caught yet. With all respect for his genius and sincerity, he had the air of one delightedly doing a bolt, before anybody could say to him: "Why do we not join the Catholic Church?"

Now, I have noted first this common consciousness of the challenge of the Church, because I believe it to be connected with something else. That something else is the strongest of all the purely intellectual forces that dragged me towards the truth. It is not merely the survival of the faith, but the singular nature of its survival. I have called it by a conventional phrase "the old religion." But it is not an old religion; it is a religion that refuses to grow old. At this moment of history, it is a very young religion; rather especially a religion of young men. It is much newer than the new religions; its young men are more fiery, more full of their subject, more eager to explain and argue than were the young Socialists of my own youth. It does not merely stand firm like an old guard; it has recaptured the initiative, and is conducting the counter-attack. In short, it is what youth always is rightly or wrongly; it is aggressive. It is this atmosphere of the aggressiveness of Catholicism that has thrown the old intellectuals on the defensive. It is this that has produced the almost morbid self-consciousness of which I have spoken. The converts are truly fighting, in those words which recur like a burden at the opening of the Mass, for a thing which giveth joy to their youth. I cannot understand how this

unearthly freshness in something so old can possibly be explained, except on the supposition that it is indeed unearthly.

A very distinguished and dignified example of this paganism at bay is Mr. W. B. Yeats. He is a man I never read or hear without stimulation; his prose is even better than his poetry, and his talk is even better than his prose. But exactly in this sense he is at bay; and indeed especially so; for, of course, the hunt is up in Ireland in much fuller cry than in England. And if I wanted an example of the pagan defense at its best, I could not ask for a clearer statement than the following passage from his delightful memoirs in the *Mercury*; it refers to the more mournful poems of Lionel Johnson and his other Catholic friends:

I think it (Christianity) but deepened despair and multiplied temptation. . . . Why are these strange souls born everywhere today, with hearts that Christianity, as shaped by history, cannot satisfy? Our love letters wear out our love; no school of painting outlasts its founders, every stroke of the brush exhausts the impulse; pre-Raphaelitism had some twenty years; Impressionism, thirty, perhaps. Why should we believe that religion can never bring round its antithesis? Is it true that our air is disturbed, as Mel-larmé said, "by the trembling of the veil of the temple," or "that our whole age is seeking to bring forth a sacred book?" Some of us thought that book near towards the end of last century, but the tide sank again.

Of course, there are many minor criticisms of all this. The faith only multiplies temptation in the sense that it would multiply temptation to turn a dog into a man. And it certainly does not deepen despair, if only for two reasons; first, that despair to a Catholic is itself a spiritual sin and blasphemy; and, second, that the despair of many pagans, often including Mr. Yeats, could not possibly be deepened. But what concerns me in these introductory remarks, is his suggestion about the duration of movements. When he gently asks why Catholic Christianity should last longer than other movements, we may well answer even more gently: "Why, indeed?" He might gain some light on why it should, if he would begin by inquiring why it does. He seems curiously

unconscious that the very contrast he gives is against the case he urges. If the proper duration of a movement is twenty years, what sort of a movement is it that lasts nearly two thousand? If a fashion should last no longer than Impressionism, what sort of a fashion is it that lasts about fifty times as long? Is it just barely conceivable that it is not a fashion?

But it is exactly here that the first vital consideration recurs; which is not merely the fact that the thing remains, but the manner in which it returns. By the poet's reckoning of the chronology of such things, it is amazing enough that one such thing has so survived. It is much more amazing that it should have not survived, but revival, and revival with that very vivacity for which the poet admits he has looked elsewhere, and admits being disappointed when he looked elsewhere. If he was expecting new things, surely he ought not to be indifferent to something that seems unaccountably to be as good as new. If the tide sank again, what about the other tide that obviously rose again? The truth is that, like many such pagan prophets, he expected to get something, but he certainly never expected to get what he got. He was expecting a trembling in the veil of the temple; but he never expected that the veil of the most ancient temple would be rent. He was expecting the whole age to bring forth a sacred book; but he certainly never expected it to be a Mass book.

Yet this is really what has happened, not as a fancy or a point of opinion, but as a fact of practical politics. The nation to which his genius is an ornament has been filled with a fury of fighting, of murder and of martyrdom. God knows it has been tragic enough; but it has certainly not been without that religious exaltation that has so often been the twin of tragedy. Everyone knows that the revolution has been full of religion, and of what religion? Nobody has more admiration than I for the imaginative resurrections which Mr. Yeats himself has effected, by the incantation of Celtic song. But I doubt if Deirdre was the woman on whom men called in battle; and it was not, I think, a portrait of Oisín that the Black-and-Tan turned in shame to the wall.

THE POETRY OF ALICE MEYNELL.

BY RAY EDRIDGE.



WHEN Alice Meynell writes a poem there is a sound in English letters like the clear ringing of her own "Chimes" in a night of clouds and wind: "A verse of bells takes wing, and flies with the cloud." It is a brief, infrequent sound, of quite unmistakable quality, which serves to emphasize the darkness and to contrast sharply with the voices of the wind. Compared to these eerie libertines, it has the reality and the constraint of chimes, telling plainly of time and of the Eternity that enfolds and ends it.

What is this quality? It might seem easy to determine, for Mrs. Meynell has not written much; there is a remarkably even level of excellence throughout her work, and very few atypical poems. Moreover, as she herself says, she is "a poet of one mood:"

. . . In your ears
I change not ever, bearing, for my part
One thought that is the treasure of my years. . . .

Then one should be able to divine that thought and demonstrate the nature of this quality that makes her work unique. So it might seem at first sight. But life defies analysis, and Mrs. Meynell's poems are preëminently living things. Her thought lives in their structure as the soul lives in the body, excelling, informing, but dependent, and the crude dissection of paraphrase leaves but a lifeless platitude.

Her genius was fortunate in its nurture. To that she owes faith, philosophy, exquisite refinement, and, without doubt, many characteristics of the spirit which irradiate her art and are eloquent of the apprenticeship of which she speaks in "A Father of Women." Rarely has careful and devoted master been so rewarded by the event, and not the least of that reward is the filial devotion with which she sings to him:

O liberal, constant, dear!
Crush in my nature the ungenerous art
Of the inferior; set me high, and here,
Here garner up thy heart.

Thus well equipped, Mrs. Meynell entered the flood-tide of Victorian letters, and was soon recognized as a writer of distinction. Her already trained mind was sharpened by contact with the acknowledged leaders of that day, and it is well for us to hear her when she speaks of those great names, lest we listen too readily to a certain, contemporary, mushroom spirit proffering, with shallow confidence, new lamps for old.

But for all that, those "laboring, vast, Tellurian galleons" were approaching the uncharted seas. That fleet exhibited, it is true, superb, individual seamanship, but ultimate harborage was already deemed doubtful by many, but the sound laws of navigation were written in the heart of the newcomer. Tennyson might "hope to meet" his Pilot; Alice Meynell carried her Pilot aboard, and would keep past question the incalculable tryst. An extraordinary virility characterizes all her work. But perhaps strength is a less invidious word. One remembers the poem, "St. Catherine of Siena," an unanswerable rebuke to any possible vanity of sex.

Thompson, singing of Mrs. Meynell in "Love in Dian's Lap," asks:

How to the petty prison could she shrink
Of femineity?

But this was a qualified utterance and exonerated by the sequel:

Nay, but I think
In a dear courtesy her spirit would
Woman assume for grace to womanhood.

Looking at Sargent's portrait of this wife and mother of a family, with her poetry in our mind, we read in those sad features the burden and the suffering of life borne with a high courage.

Her philosophy is age-old and sure; and it is in the exact

contemplation of truth in its intellectual, rather than in its emotional, aspect that she finds her happiest, characteristic inspiration. There is a thought ever recurring in this poetry. It appears constantly in the earlier poems, and it has found expression in the latest.¹ We have Quality beleaguered by Numbers and Succession. Essence at the mercy of accident. In a word, we have the soul of man borne down by Time and Change, and at shift to declare its high lineage in the teeth of these vandal conquerors.

Her thought, in varying context, so often gravitates to these considerations, that one may be allowed to guess at some secret of the spirit peculiarly characteristic of Mrs. Meynell. One imagines her on guard in some innermost citadel against the molestations of Time, which, for all their daring intimacy, shall not touch her soul.

"Builders of Ruins" sketches the completeness of Time's conquest over material achievements:

We build with strength the deep tower wall
That shall be shattered thus and thus.

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And where they wrought, these lives of ours,
So many worded, many souled,
A North-West wind will take the towers,
And dark with color, sunny and cold,
Will range alone among the flowers.

And here or there, at our desire,
The little clamorous owl shall sit
Through her still time; and we aspire
To make a law (and know not it)
Unto the life of a wild briar.

Mrs. Meynell accepts this inevitable metamorphosis of the material with folded hands and without bitterness. She will even regard as a benediction such quiet fruition, for the victor brings in his train many things as beautiful as those he has deposed.

Solace our labors, O our seers
The seasons, and our bards the days;

¹ "Time's Reversals," *London Mercury*, December, 1921.

And make our pause and silence brim
With the shrill children's play, and sweets
Of those pathetic flowers and dim
Of those eternal flowers my Keats,
Dying, felt growing over him!

Time's ravages of our towers may leave Mrs. Meynell unmoved; but when he lays his hand upon the temple of our flesh, he touches the outposts of the kingdom she so jealously guards, and there is an answering stir of power and a counter-blow that stays the full conquest so long as the singer lives. Memory and Love shall preserve Youth and Beauty from Time's estrangements:

Hide, then, within my heart, oh, hide
All thou art loth should go from thee.
Be kinder to thyself and me.
My cupful from this river's tide
Shall never reach the long sad sea.

But this inexorable assailant presses his war, and the singer contemplates her own penultimate defeat. There can be few sadder poems in our language than "The Letter of a Girl to Her Own Old Age:"

Only one youth, and the bright life was shrouded.
Only one morning, and the day was clouded.
And one old age with all regrets is crowded.

From out that innermost citadel comes a sound of tears.

Mrs. Meynell allows no mention of a larger hope than this life holds, to solace us here. There is a hesitation to credit age with the comforting philosophy of youth. This "Letter" is a tender reaching out of Youth and Joy to Age and Sorrow, and to speak to Age in terms of the hope of untried Youth might seem, too, like presumption:

I have not writ this letter of divining
To make a glory of thy silent pining,
A triumph of thy mute and strange declining.

The declining is still piteous whatever ultimate glory await the fainting traveler.

Thus far, Time has but touched the heart. In "San Lor-

enzo's Mother," he has pierced it, and out of dereliction there comes the sure and quiet note of the victory that overcometh the world:

There is One alone Who cannot change;
Dreams are we, shadows, visions strange;
And all I give is given to One.
I might mistake my dearest son.
But never the Son Who cannot change.

Here is the victory hardly won, and at long last. Many defeats have gone to the making of it, and the heart is old that speaks thus. It is the best that most of us can do: to learn to live when we have all but done with living. But in the sonnet, "The Young Neophyte," an unearthly wisdom crowns our youth, and the triumph is all anticipatory rather than all but retrospective. This sonnet might well be read in conjunction with "The Letter" and the two poems contrasted. In some respects, they are so alike. In both of them, youth looks forward to the day of the faded brow and the feeble knee. In both of them, there is emphasized the idea of abiding identity after much change. Yet the respective notes of the two poems are utterly dissimilar. In the one, there are tears throughout. In the other, a most significant smile. In the one, Youth entreats Age to ponder upon the past. In the other, Youth, with steadfast eyes, gazes beyond the future, ignoring the tapers and trappings of the death chamber itself, and sees that "Son Who cannot change" and Who is the Death of Death and the Ruin of Hell:

"O mors, ero mors tua; morsus tuus ero, inferne!"

Mrs. Meynell often shows us her deepest thought in flashes. In "The Neophyte" this tell-tale thought is but a fleeting parenthesis. But how pregnant and how invaluable!

O rash! (I smile) to pledge my hidden wheat.

Without that parenthesis, the note of faith would be absent throughout, and the poem, although still beautiful, would have kept wistfully upon the plane of the natural. That little parenthetic touch is the slight movement of strong wings,

lifting the frail creature into the realm of the supernatural and on to the sure plane of grace.

The transfiguring thought is not always so effortlessly effective, but it always has a quality of suddenness and of the unusual; it cannot be foretold; it comes from a depth deeper than is anticipated. It is not just depth, esoteric, desolate, the achievement of a gifted modern. Where Mrs. Meynell leads, there is nothing formless nor vague. There is clear-cut outline, detail, amplitude, a prepared, familiar region where the singer has dwelt. That exquisite poem, "A Thrush Before Dawn," is a notable example of this phenomenon. Most poets would have been content with the first four stanzas, telling of the pictures conjured up by the singing of:

That wonderful one, alone, at peace.

Indeed, how could they not be content? What beauty there is in all of them, and, perhaps, especially in the third:

And first first-loves, a multitude,
The exaltation of their pain;
Ancestral childhood long renewed;
And midnights of invisible rain;
And gardens, gardens, night and day,
Gardens and childhood all the way.

Not so Mrs. Meynell. For her there is much more than this:

All natural things! But more—Whence came
This yet remoter mystery?
How do these starry notes proclaim
A graver still divinity?
This hope, this sanctity of fear?
O innocent throat! O human ear!

It is this *more* that makes Mrs. Meynell a true seer. She is of the same high company as that poor, great poet whom she so befriended—Francis Thompson. But how different in method! The energy of Thompson's spirit in "dim escalade" of "the deific peaks" wills to escape from and transcend the boundaries of the dimensions. Alice Meynell's thought is a quieter and surer guide to the same remote regions. But for her there is

no ecstatic straining to escape from her surroundings; the eagle does not "soar to find the air." This created world and its laws are so eloquent of God that to name Him even seems a redundancy. These are His thoughts. The "remoter mystery," evoked by the linking up of the innocent throat and the human ear, was His device from the beginning. In one line, one phrase, one word, unruffled and serene, she reaches:

. . . the open heavenward plot, with dew,
Ultimate poetry, enclosed, enskyed—

Her religion and its philosophy breathe through all her poetry; they are as unobtrusive as respiration and as essential. Of the poems dealing with directly religious subjects, it may be said that each is a complete meditation having (which is essential in a meditation) a quality of freshness and of the unusual, enabling the mind to escape from the incubus of familiarity and to re-discover truth.

A recent poem, "Christmas Night," is an instance of this freshness:

We do not find Him on the difficult earth,
In surging human kind,
In wayside death or accidental birth,
Or in the "march of mind."

Nature, her nests, her prey, the fed, the caught,
Hide Him so well, so well,
His steadfast secret there seems to our thought
Life's saddest miracle.

He's but conjectured in man's happiness,
Suspected in man's tears,
Or lurks beyond the long, discouraged guess,
Grown fainter through the years.

But absent, absent now? Ah, what is this,
Near as in child-birth bed,
Laid on our sorrowful hearts, close to a kiss?
A homeless, childish head.

A poem such as that has to be read and pondered. The emotion it evokes depends upon the full development of its

thought. It is slow, but it is cumulative, and in the end it is overwhelming. The fourth verse is found to have the suddenness of the Incarnation and the intimacy of Bethlehem.

The problem of pain is the rock on which many poets have made shipwreck. Not, perhaps, poetic shipwreck. Witness poor Henley standing in the breach against the Infinite:

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods there be,
For my unconquerable soul.

Beneath the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

That may be poetry. It *is* poetry, indeed. It is also hysteria and a refusal to recognize spiritual facts.

Francis Thompson epitomizes the test of a really great poet in "The Mistress of Vision:"

When thy song is shield and mirror
To the fair, snake-curlèd Pain,
Where thou dar'st affront her terror
That on her thou may'st attain
Perséan conquest; seek no more,
O seek no more!
Pass the gates of Luthany, tread the region, Elenore.

How Mrs. Meynell passes this test the poem, entitled "Messina, 1908," will show:

Lord, Thou hast crushed Thy tender ones, o'erthrown
Thy strong, Thy fair; Thy man Thou hast unmanned,
Thy elaborate works unwrought, Thy deeds undone,
Thy lovely, sentient, human plan unplanned;
Destroyer, we have cowered beneath Thine own
Immediate, unintelligible hand.

Lord, Thou hast hastened to retrieve, to heal,
To feed, to bind, to clothe, to quench the brand,
To prop the ruin, to bless and to anneal;
Hast sped Thy ships by sea, Thy trains by land,
Shed pity and tears; our shattered fingers feel
Thy mediate and intelligible hand.

And the resignation that finds utterance in that beautiful poem, "To Any Poet," is a last and final tribute to the Divine Will:

Thou shalt intimately lie
In the roots of flowers that thrust
Upwards from thee to the sky,
With no more distrust,
When they blossom from thy dust.

Nought will fear thee, humbled creature.
There shall lie thy mortal burden
Pressed into the heart of Nature,
Songless in a garden,
With a long embrace of pardon.

Then the truth all creatures tell,
And His will Whom thou entreatest,
Shall absorb thee; there shall dwell
Silence, the completest
Of thy poems, last, and sweetest.

When we come to consider the form of Mrs. Meynell's poetry, what strikes us most is that such concentration of thought should find entirely adequate expression in comparatively simple forms. I do not for a moment mean to suggest that the framing of the verses could have been a simple matter. Very much the reverse! But, like all great works of art, the final effect is one of completeness and simplicity.

Mrs. Meynell does not base her claim for a hearing on her much speaking. She contents herself with a minimum of words; but they are the right words—the only words possible. Her unerring choice of words is seen most clearly in the categories which are to be found in many of the poems. In "Christ in the Universe," for example:

Of His earth-visiting feet
None knows the secret, cherished, perilous,
The terrible, shamefast, frightened, whispered, sweet,
Heart-shattering secret of His way with us.

Examine each one of that sequence of attributes, and you will find that you have traveled far in the realm of the spirit

before you reach the verse's close. That each one of those words should have been chosen for its inevitable rightness, and that there should be at the same time strict obedience to the laws of prosody seems almost a miracle. One feels that Mrs. Meynell would unhesitatingly sacrifice a poem, however perfectly it represented her thought in substance, if it deviated in any way from the rules in its expression.

There you have one example of what was meant by the description, "A Saint of Intellect." To have deep and imperative thought almost compelling utterance, and yet to stand rigidly on the order of its expression, or not express it at all, is an exercise in mortification on the intellectual plane, comparable in its degree to the austerity and detachment of a higher sanctity:

Fiat justitia ruat cœlum!

Indeed, may it not be said without exaggeration that there is a connection between these two austerities? The virtues implied in each case are patience and fidelity. Minds cast in Mrs. Meynell's mold and trained in the school that nurtured her, are apt to have few flaws, they are all of one piece:

Crush in my nature the ungenerous art
Of the inferior; set me high—

These virtues, practised in their degree upon the intellectual plane, are not likely to be unrepresented in the spheres more generally associated with sanctity. Like her own Shepherdess:

She holds her *little* thoughts in sight,
Though gay they run and leap.
She is so circumspect and right;
She has her soul to keep.
She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.²

But the outraged Spirit of Quantity still pursues his elusive prey, who will escape him to the end. Does one claim a place for Mrs. Meynell amongst the greatest poets? This is a ques-

² The italics are my own.

tion which is sure to be asked. It is, perhaps, natural that it should be asked. "You have made great assertions," says the World. "Your appreciation has been tantamount to saying that there is perfection of substance and perfection of form. Very well, then! Have the courage of your convictions and make the inevitable comparisons. With Shakespeare! With Milton!"

That is the world all over! It is not content that one star should differ from another star in glory. It is more interested in magnitude and its categories. Bludgeon in hand, it demands a crucial numerical test.

The answer is both "yes" and "no." If the test of the greatest poetry lies in the extent to which it appeals to the heart and mind, then emphatically Mrs. Meynell may take her place amongst the greatest. But if there must be universality of appeal, as our Numerical Inquisitor would have it, then the answer must be in the negative. Intellectual appeal is never universal. A poet who stresses thought and curbs emotion can never be popular.

There is a certain saying of Pope Pius X. which would serve as a superscription to all Mrs. Meynell's work. Speaking to the students of the Scotch College in Rome, this venerable and saintly Pontiff said: "Obey your collegiate rules; for in rules there is order—in order there is peace—and in peace there is God."

IRELAND—1922.

BY SHANE LESLIE.

BETWIXT the hills of grief and death,
She moves upon her thornclad road;
For others peace and wealth, God saith,
For her the rod, the Cross, the load.

"Oh, Holy Mother, bloody dew
Drips down your cheeks for us who sinned,
Hear you not Mary calling you,
And Heaven's anguish in the wind?"

Dark women touch your robe of gold
And kiss the silver dust away;
They keened by Calvary Hill of old,
They watched through Crucifixion Day.

"Oh, black-robed women, widowed ones!
Who sit at every river ford;
You wring the shrouds of brothers, sons,
You washed the Body of the Lord!"

The ghosts of all the starved and slain
Rise from their graves about her head;
Her martyrs, prophets in their pain,
The phantoms of her lovers dead.

"Oh, Ireland, thou art set with few
To bear world's woe like Sorrow's star;
Yet faintly Heaven weeps for you
And Mary cries unseen afar!"

THE FREEDOM OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE.

BY PATRICK J. WARD.



AMONG the masses of the people of all countries there exists a common sympathy, more marked with the passage of time and the progress of civilization, which has reached the first period of maturity as the result of the recent world conflict. Everywhere the "people" have had a continuous struggle with the forces of ascendancy and reaction—a never-ending fight to progress. It is an instinct in mankind, from the savage in the wilds of Africa or the aborigine of Australia to the most cultured and enlightened amongst civilized races, to struggle ever upward and onward according to their respective enlightenment. All have the same God, the same goal, and the same destiny.

At present, when Ireland is taking her place on an acknowledged plane as a nation, it is most interesting to make a study of the comparative freedom of the Irish and English peoples now, and at various stages of their history. One is apt to forget that the English people have had their great fight for the right to live, and to be governed according to their own ideals and that, in many respects, the Irish people have been more successful in that fight than the English. It does not matter if they have been deluded into the belief that they are a thoroughly free people. That only makes their awakening more bitter, and the task to free themselves more formidable. False friends are more dangerous than open enemies.

This strikes a chord of sympathy between the Irish and English democracies. The Irish have their faults, but one of their most redeeming characteristics is their willingness to forget, in a moment, the injuries of the past and to hold out the hand of sympathy and help to those less fortunate. Political spite is not an Irish weakness. Patriotism, based on the rotten foundations of racial hatred, is a sham and is utterly opposed to the fundamental principles of freedom and justice. True patriotism is built on good will and good fellowship, and if

the first sips from the cup of liberty are to make a people drunken with the lust for revenge, they are not fit for freedom, but slavery.

To return to the consideration of the past and present state of English democracy—the truth is they are not as free as they have been led to believe. They were taught to glory in Magna Charta, and in looking back to the thirteenth century their eyes became so strained that, for a period, they were incapable of seeing the awful maze of tyranny about them. Overshadowing their pride in free and representative institutions, has hovered the grim ghoul of reaction and tyranny.

The history of the English people may be broadly divided into three periods. In the first period, up to the thirteenth century, the monarchy was well-nigh absolute, and the people were, in fact, slaves. Up to the reign of Charles I., Parliament had about as much say in the government as the German Reichstag or the Russian Duma before the war. Then came a period of government by the king and his barons, when the condition of the people was unimproved, and, third, there was a gradual transfer of the government to the hands of the barons themselves and, later, to the merchant classes and landed gentry. This last period reaches to our own time, when the people are still looked upon as an incumbrance, dangerous at times, for whom it is necessary to pass occasional laws, either of conciliation or coercion.

The vital consideration in judging the freedom of a people—the hallmark of a free constitution—is the voice of the people in all matters closely affecting their weal and interests, and the most vital consideration affecting those interests is their contribution to and control of the national purse and benefits accruing to them therefrom. It is the first axiom of a free constitution that “taxation without representation is tyranny,” and, taking this as a guide, the standard of government of the English people may be judged.

The first manifestation of revolt in England against an unconstitutional tyrant was that of the “people” against King John. The “people” here, however, were only those who then counted—the barons and clergy. The outcome of this revolt was Magna Charta, which laid down what were in those days two great principles of political freedom, namely, that no levy should be made on the people without consent of the common

council, and that no one should be punished or imprisoned without fair trial. These were not by any means new principles, but it was the first time in England that any body of the people, even an utterly unrepresentative and privileged body, sought to enforce it on its rulers. In spite of this advance, the people gained practically no relief, as is evidenced by frequent outbreaks of rebellion against low wages, unfair conditions, and heavy taxes on the necessities of life.

In those days, England was an entirely agricultural country, consequently, as far as the great mass of the people was concerned, the land question was the vital one. Other matters, however, engaged the attention of the King and his nobles—the fight for power. What consideration might be expected for the mere people under such conditions?

How did the land question stand? The tillers of the soil were little better than slaves or serfs, bought and sold with the land. At the outset, it is well to remember that the English are a feudal race, unlike the Irish, whose polity was the clan system. Two classes in serfdom had arisen equivalent to the farmer and his laborer. The farmer's conditions were utterly bad, and his laborer's worse. Couple this with starvation and plague, and one will hardly wonder at the frequent outbursts of lawlessness and violence. In 1381, John Ball, the "Mad Priest of Kent," roused the people from their miserable lethargy, sounded the death knell of feudalism in England, and boldly proclaimed the "rights of man." Wat Tyler led the peasants into revolt, but the rebellion was crushed, like many since, by false promises—never intended to be fulfilled.

Turning from the people to those carrying on the government of the country, the first mention in English history of a "parliament" is when the King met his barons in the Mad Parliament of 1258. (In the light of more modern customs, perhaps, it does not seem to have been so mad after all.) It was not until 1265, however, that an assembly approaching a modern parliament was set up. This was Simon de Montfort's parliament—a nominated assembly it is true, but a great step in the right direction, inasmuch as the principle of representative government was here first put into operation. Edward I. developed this principle further in his "Model Parliament" of King, Lords and Commons in 1295. From this, until

1628, the date of the Petition of Right, a continual struggle was going on between King and Parliament. The names of Pym, Hampden, Hollis, and Vane will ever be associated with the terrific battle against monarchical despotism. The Habeas Corpus Act was about the first legislation that pierced the cordon of privilege and reached the common man. Then came the Bill of Rights, in 1689, embodying and expanding the principles of Magna Charta and the Petition of Right.

It is rather ironical, not to say tragic, that all through this development of the liberty of the subject, the subject in the person of the workingman counted nothing, and benefited nothing. All movements towards economic freedom failed signally in this respect.

In 1695, a great, silent, but far-reaching revolution took place in the abolition of the censorship of the press. In these days, when the columns of the press are open to the most insignificant contributor, one can hardly realize what a rigorous censorship meant—to wit, a political control, such as existed in Russia before revolution and in Great Britain down to the end of the seventeenth century. This freedom, as one would expect, conduced to the spread of education to a limited extent. Other great changes were taking place. The agrarian pursuits of the people were gradually giving way before industrial developments: the introduction of machinery and manufacturing processes. The whole nature and condition of the people was in transformation, but the same results accrued to the masses—poverty and over-taxation, while the grand old fight went on in high places as to who was to have the privilege of imposing the taxes upon them.

From about the middle of the eighteenth century to the early part of the nineteenth, some five million acres of common or enclosed land were transferred from the communities to private owners by Acts of Parliament. This wholesale robbery was done under the cloak of agricultural “improvement,” the “improvement” being measured in the increased incomes of the landowners and land-grabbers, while the peasantry were reduced to abject poverty and starvation. It is doubtful if the down-trodden peasantry of Ireland suffered more. The same fight was going on in both England and Ireland: the fight of man for the right to till and gain a sustenance from the soil which the Almighty had placed at his disposal. The

overwhelming forces of greed and avarice were arrayed against him. As a result of his being driven from the land, out of which he could no longer gain a subsistence, the peasant sought the towns, only to place his neck under the heel of industrial mammon. Denied the right of combination and self-preservation under law, the working people lay at the mercy of landlord and manufacturer. Misery and desolation found an outlet in riot and disorder, the smashing of machinery and the burning of the farmers' haystacks and buildings. By this time, the Government realized that the best method of dealing with widespread outbreaks of this nature, was to concentrate public attention on alluring legislation, and this was done by proposals for parliamentary reform.

At that period the electorate was in such a rotten condition that while places like Manchester, Birmingham, and Leeds were without franchise, "representatives," or rather nominees of the landlord and capitalist, occupied seats representing fields, clumps of trees, and derelict houses. To remedy this, the Reform Bill of 1831 was introduced. This has a special interest, because it is in connection with this reform that that time-honored assembly—the House of Lords—bared its teeth against democratic reform. The Bill was rejected once by the House of Commons and twice by the House of Lords in 1831. In 1832, it was again introduced and passed by the Commons, but this time the Lords passed it on the threat of the Government to urge the creation of a large number of Whig peers. Even in this Bill the great mass of the people of the country, who were led to believe that they were to benefit directly by it, were totally excluded.

About this time, after the Act of 1832 had failed to redress their grievances, a movement arose very similar in many respects to agitation then going on in Ireland, namely, the Chartist movement. The failure of trade unionism, after its first outburst of violent activity, reduced the working classes to despair. Agitation arose, and demand for redress was embodied in the People's Charter, a second edition of Magna Charta, but much more practical. It is worth noting that in this movement, as in the Irish national struggle, two sections were operating—one, for constitutional reform, believing that remedial measures could be carried in the ordinary constitutional way, and a physical force party, convinced (and with

great reason) that the working classes had few if any friends against the legislators of St. Stephen's. As often happens in such a fight, the physical force party soon hammered their brains out against a stone wall, leaving behind a dead, dying, and exhausted mass, prey once more to landlord and capitalist.

Such was the trend of political development of the English people from the earliest times down to what may be called the dawn of contemporary history. Little more than slaves, crushed by ascendancy, despite measures establishing great principles of liberty, the people had no part in their fruits. Ascendancy and the House of Lords are practically synonymous terms, and from the record of the Lords down to the present time, or rather to the rise of the Liberal Party in 1906, one can form an estimate of the extent of freedom the English people have enjoyed.

From the date of the Reform Act down to the present day, there is hardly a single measure tending towards the amelioration of the people which has not been strenuously opposed, in most cases successfully, by the Lords. Any measure which proposed to give the English people, in the slightest degree, control of their own destinies was to the Lords anathema, and was either completely and effectually wrecked, or rendered absolutely useless as a measure of salvation to those for whom it was framed. In modern times, spasmodic efforts of liberal and progressive thought have made themselves felt, but to ascendancy the faintest breath of liberalism was, and is, a symptom of disease to be eradicated as soon as possible. In spite of ascendancy, however, several measures of reform were made law. The two most important were Disraeli's Reform Bill of 1867, the principal provisions of which were to extend the franchise to every rate-paying householder in towns, a reduction of the county franchise to a twelve pound valuation, and the creation of the "lodger" vote. The Reform Act of 1884 extended the franchise to the agricultural laborer.

This gradual extension of the franchise and the cumulative effects of reform could have but one result: to waken the people from their lethargy, lift them up from their miserable position, and make them feel that, after all, they were intended to fill some part in the destinies of their country. Thus

the nineteenth century may be considered the period of the awakening of the English democracy, and only then did the people of England begin to feel the chains of serfdom and feudalism slacken.

It would take a volume to go into all the progressive measures which have been ruthlessly mutilated and rejected by the Lords. We but mention a few between the years 1869-1874, 1880-1885, and 1892-1895, when a non-reactionary government was in the saddle. These were: The University Tests Bill, Life Peerage Bill, Ballot Bill, Compensation for Disturbance (Ireland), Land (Ireland), Arrears (Ireland), Franchise, Employers' Liability, Parish Councils, Evicted Tenants, Local Government, Education, and Plural Voting Bills. Coming down to the period when the last desperate struggle at close quarters, between Liberal and Reactionary took place, beginning in 1906, when the first democratic government in England came into power, the following Bills were mutilated or rejected: Education, Plural Voting, Town Tenants, A Bill for the Provision of Meals for Poor Children in Schools, Evicted Tenants (Ireland), Scotch Small Landowners, Licensing Bills, and many others.

Now we come to the year which marks the turn of the tide, the year 1909, and the incident, the rejection of Lloyd George's revolutionary Budget, a rejection which was a gross violation of the principles of Magna Charta, the Petition of Right, and Bill of Rights. The champions of democracy, with unerring judgment, laid their cause before the people, crushed for centuries under the heel of despotism and oppression. The people, gulled by false promises and alluring and deceptive legislation, suddenly found themselves in the position of judge, to pronounce the sentence which would sweep away for ever the evil power of the House of Lords. The Veto Act has put a curb upon ruthless interference with the causes of the people. Under this Act, the people settled their right of control over taxation as laid down in the aforesaid Charters, the House of Commons to have the power to pass over the head of the Lords, a Bill twice presented by the Commons and twice rejected by the Upper Chamber, and returned for a third time to the Commons substantially as it left the latter.

Now, turn to Ireland, and contemplate her position all these centuries. What part has she played in the great battle

of democratic progress? It is no exaggeration to say that the battle of English democratic liberty has been fought and won, literally, on the soil of Ireland, for the break in the "line" of Irish landlordism was a serious breach in the outer defences of ascendancy in England. Just as the destinies of the great nations of the world were molded on the fields of Belgium; just as Belgium bore the heat and the brunt of the battle and formed a turning point in the gigantic struggle, so it is Ireland's heroic struggle that today has placed in the hands of the English people the key to their own emancipation. Ireland has swept away for good the power for evil of the landlord, and, in doing so, placed the English farmer and artisan in a position to meet, engage, and overcome the army of Privilege and Capital.

And what return has Ireland asked for all this? She sought no favor, but claimed justice and right. She claims her fair share in the fruits of emancipation. The English democracy, now that the veil of racial distrust and misunderstanding has been torn away, has recognized that claim. And what does the future hold in store for the democracies of the two countries? Out on the battlefields of France and Belgium, Irish Catholic and Irish Protestant, without class distinction, were intrenched side by side with Englishmen of all creeds and classes, leavened with the flower of American democracy. Out of the cleansing fires of mutual suffering will arise true national unity, good fellowship, and an Empire of free self-governing and independent citizens, ruled according to their own aspirations and ideals.

GOD'S LOVER FORSAKES THE WORLD.

BY CARYL COLEMAN.



THE fourteenth century in England was an age of disintegration and unrest, a period when the authority of both Church and State was questioned—a questioning which brought into being the insurrections and riots that marked its closing years, and from which were born the predisposing causes that ultimately led to the great apostasy of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. It was a period of oppressive laws and ruinous taxation, of abuse of patronage and dispensation, of augmented traffic in clerical temporalities and greater toleration of pluralism; there was great poverty and suffering among the lower classes, and equally great luxury and extravagance among people of rank and wealth.

The entire population seems to have been possessed with a restlessness that continuously clamored for greater justice. This disquietude was kept alive and intensified by the lukewarmness and negligence of many of the parochial clergy. To make matters worse, England was ravaged, in 1347, by the Black Death—a terrible pestilence which swept a considerable proportion of the inhabitants, especially the agrarian population, from off the land. This increased the moral laxity, leaving the entire country in so a ruinous state there was hardly a walk of life that did not need to be built anew.

Nevertheless, the century was also a period of deep religious thought, of vigorous awakening to greater spiritual activity. A more urgent thirst for Christian perfection possessed many souls, who accepted the penitential life as the way thereto. A number of men and women, impelled both by the calamitous condition of society and by the desire for God, drew themselves in true humility from the world, and became anchorets and anchoresses.

Many of these students of their own souls, who made prayer and mortification the foundation stones of their lives,

and their will God's will, reached great perfection. Certain writings of these fourteenth century English mystics have survived the ravages of time and neglect, and escaped the ruthlessness and vandalism of the sixteenth century, only, however, to be lost to sight for years, if not forgotten. An exception must be made of Walter Hilton's *Scale of Perfection* (A. D. 1395). This profound work, one of the first books printed in England from movable type, luckily passed through a number of editions before the advent of Elizabeth's drastic laws against publishing, circulating, or even possessing, a Catholic book. It was the only printed guide to the mystical life available to English-speaking Catholics, until the publication, in the seventeenth century, of the venerable Augustine Baker's *Sancta Sophia*.

Within the last few years, certain scholars and antiquarians have unearthed other writings of the mystics of the fourteenth century, and have published them, not for their religious value, but because of their importance in the development of the English language and literature. Catholics, however, will find in these publications, matters of greater moment than their material help in philological and literary research, for here we have marvelous expositions of the art in which God is all in all, and everything else is to be estimated only in relation to God—a logical answer to a natural need of the soul: the constant craving of the human heart for self-escape into something higher. St. Augustine's familiar prayer, "O God, Thou has made us for Thyself and our heart is restless until it finds rest in Thee," is echoed by one of these fourteenth century mystics: "Man's soul is the taker of God only, anything less than God cannot fill it."

One and all, these authors held the way of spiritual perfection to be, of necessity, always accompanied with a will gladly to accept all things, things displeasing as well as pleasing, together with a resolute determination to serve God out of pure love. "Going," as one of them said, "out of our own nature and identifying ourselves with the beautiful which exists in thought, action, or person, not our own; seeking no personal advantage, loving all God loves, and setting no bounds to this love, recognizing that it is one of the properties of love to love what is loved by the person we love." In other words, they hold, with St. Thomas, that "in love the whole

spiritual life of man consists," and, with the Beloved Disciple, that "he that loveth not, knoweth not God, for God is love."

Their understanding of mysticism may be briefly stated as a love-illuminated quest of the soul to unite itself with the Ultimate Reality: as a method of life by which the human spirit comes to an intrinsic knowledge of Jesus, a knowledge not attained merely by such acts of virtue and worship as are of strict obligation for all Christians, but by dying to sensibilities, by focusing the powers of the soul upon self-conquest and self-surrender to the action of grace, doing all with purity and directness of intention, humility, and love—a love springing from the intelligence, and directed always by Faith. The memory and the will play the most important part in the quest, and the understanding a minor one, as if it were necessary, first, to perceive by love before comprehending by intelligence. "The seeking is with the heart, the asking is with the heart, the knocking is with the heart, the opening is to the heart," said St. Augustine. Hence, to these mystics the process was not analytical, but synthetical: aiming never to deal with anything outside of God, to live and move and have the soul well within the circle of His grace, the will in unison with His will, and stripped of the I and me and mine. Knowledge of the Divine Will was built on constant contemplation of Emmanuel, by earnest endeavor to lead one life with Him, by bathing the soul, through the Eucharistic Sacrament, in the Precious Blood, striving to immerse it in the Heart of the Crucified, so as to say, with St. Paul: "I live, now not I, but Christ liveth in me."

Among these fourteenth century English author-mystics there was a lay-hermit, a man of singular merit and singleness of purpose, of preëminent talent and intense piety, one Richard Rolle, a Yorkshireman, born in the year 1300 at Thornton in the North Riding. He was, withal, a gifted and prolific writer both in prose and verse, seeking solely to bring knowledge of the spiritual life to the souls of his contemporaries. He entered Oxford when he was little more than a boy, and, in all likelihood, became a member of Merton College, which at that time was the college *par excellence* of the University. Scholastic philosophy and logic formed its chief study.

Rolle, although he knew full well that these subjects taught truth, yet knew also they alone "did not reach that

truth wherein is the soul's safety, without which whatever is is vain." Therefore, from the first, he mistrusted merely intellectual teaching, and, above all, metaphysical and logical hair-splitting over questions of no vital importance. He never grew in sympathy with Oxford's scholastic atmosphere, never took an interest at any time in its academic politics, none whatsoever in the daily disputes of his fellow-collegians over the definitions of Merton's greatest scholar—Duns Scotus. On the contrary, this constant wrangling over questions he thought unimportant, disgusted him. In fact, the whole tone of the University shocked his childlike faith and intimate realization of the supernatural. So, after a while, seeing no way, amid the dry formalism and the disputation of the Schools and the low spirituality of the scholastic body, to attain his religious aspirations and ideals, he left Oxford without taking a degree. He evidently preferred being good to being learned, holding then, and ever after, "that virtue was paramount to all else in life, and that an old wife is often more expert in God's love and less attached to worldly pleasure, than many a great divine, whose study is often in vain, not knowing what such a love means, not feeling the sweetness of the eternal joy of God's love, he studies that he may appear in the eyes of men glorious and so become known and may get rents and dignities; which is worthy to be held a fool and not a wise man."

When Rolle shook the dust of Oxford from off his feet, it is plain that his clean and humble heart detested the duplicity of intention, the pride of opinion, which permeated the University, and that he fully grasped the true value of God's love in contradistinction to that of learning or rank. Apparently, although a mere lad, only nineteen years of age, he knew full well that worldly success and the glories

Of human greatness are but pleasing dreams
And shadows soon decaying.

Therefore, it is not surprising that almost immediately on reaching his home, he turned his thoughts to the higher life. In all sincerity of heart, he rejected the allurements of the world, closed his eyes to the enticing visions of youth, and was moved solely by the love of God to choose a life of prayer and

contemplation, in which he "believed that sweet and devout love melts the heart of God's sweetness, so that the will of man is made one with the Will of God in wonderful friendship." With Rolle, it was seemingly a return of love for love. It sprung from a clear recognition of his dependence as a creature upon his Creator and upon remembering, as Richard of St. Victor put it, "that Christ ministered to men by His death, in which He labored for them lest they should labor; and bore a temporal, lest they should suffer an eternal pain."

For some time after leaving Oxford, Rolle lived at home, in his father's house, hesitating just what he should make of himself, continually yearning for the life of a hermit, feeling confident that it would best make his soul a fit dwelling place for God's love.

In the eyes of his family, he was wasting his time; they could not understand why he did not finish his collegiate studies, or at least settle down to some regular form of life. To become a hermit was the height of foolishness to them, and quite out of the question. So great became their opposition, that at last it drove him from home and forced him to take refuge with nearby and sympathetic neighbors, who gladly gave him shelter and food—two of the younger members of the family had been classmates with him at Oxford. The head of the family, the father, Sir Richard Dalton, and also his wife, were kind to this very young and comely seeker after a vocation. They greatly valued his knowledge of things spiritual. Indeed, they induced their parish priest to call upon him to preach to the people from the parish pulpit. And, later, because of his prudence and understanding of the inner life, he became, layman as he was, the spiritual director of a number who aimed at the high life of the soul, in particular one Margaret Kirby, a recluse, for whom he wrote a tract on the spiritual life: *The Form of Perfect Living*.¹

The days of Rolle's uncertainty and doubt as to his true vocation was not time lost, as he made great progress in spiritual perfection and self-knowledge; nevertheless, it was a period of unrest and perplexity, of bitter strife with temptations; a wandering here and there, to all appearance without

¹ This has been preserved to us in several manuscripts, and was first printed in 1895 by Professor Horstman in his "Library of Early English Writers" and, recently (1920), has been most beautifully rendered into modern English by Geraldine E. Hodgson and published by Thomas Baker of London.

stability of purpose, finding nowhere rest for either soul or body. His uncertain way of life called forth much adverse criticism, and even more so his teaching, which struck at the very root of the so-called wisdom of the worldly wise. His fellow-laymen looked upon him as a fool; the clergy questioned his authority to instruct others in matters spiritual; while scholars of all degrees "ridiculed his authorship and scorned his inadequacy in things dialectic." Yet, in spite of his perplexity of soul, in spite of disquietude from within and carping from without, he persevered in his quest for a fuller knowledge of God's will, feeling it to be of little profit to have been born and redeemed, unless the soul was illumined by the Holy Spirit on its journey to the object of its creation. To Rolle the opinion of men mattered not; he knew that many despised him, and he admitted freely, in his humility, that they were right, for he knew his own deficiencies better than they did. So, undisturbed, he pursued his own way, abiding his time, ceasing not, he tells us, "from those things that were profitable to my soul; truly, I used more prayer, and ever found God favorably—and in process of time great profit in spiritual joy was given me."

Some three years after leaving Oxford he settled down to a hermit life at Hampole, near Doncaster, in Yorkshire, in the neighborhood of a Cistercian Nunnery, where he remained for twenty-nine years, until his death on the twenty-ninth of September, 1349. In all probability, he laid down his life while ministering to the victims of the Black Death, a service which he had commended and called "the precious ointment with which a hallowed soul is best anointed and made fair with God's love."

In the eyes of Richard Rolle, as in those of St. Peter Damian, no life compared with that of a hermit, which was "so straight, so sure, so unimpeded, so free from occasions of sin, and in which could be cultivated the greater number of virtues by which God may be pleased." Even in his Oxford days, knowing that reason alone could not fathom the nature of God or bring man to salvation, the whole tenor of his thoughts was towards a life of mortification and prayer, love and meditation, an opening of the soul to the action of grace. Later, when he returned home, he became convinced that the most direct way to companionship with God was that of a

hermit: a life given, day and night, to contemplation and penance, making the soul fallow ground for the grace of the love of Christ.

The first and final steps he took in casting away all things that kept him from the eremitical life, in making the whole world an exile and the will of God the sole object of his activity, he fully describes in his works: *The Fire of Love* and *The Mending of Life*.²

Because of the extreme sanctity of Rolle's life many regarded him as a saint. The Cistercian nuns, his neighbors, who witnessed his life and greatly profited by his spiritual direction, compiled after his death an office for the *Feast of St. Richard, Hermit*, anticipating that he would be canonized.

Nothing selfish or willful actuated Rolle in becoming a hermit. He aimed not only at attaining the higher life of the soul individually, but also at leading others to the same Christian perfection, both in and out of the cloister, by example, by writing books upon the ascetic life, by composing songs for popular use on the *Passion and Love of Jesus*. In all of this, he was more than successful; his example was followed, his writings were read far and near, and his songs were sung all over England, and he became of great moment in the spiritual life of his contemporaries. And now, five hundred years after his death, his writings bid fair to be once more a power for good, because this mystic was never vague or unintelligible, but simple and direct, the very embodiment of ascetical common sense.

Rolle's earliest venture in authorship, outside of his lengthy epistle to his beloved friend, the recluse, Margaret Kirby, and his no less interesting letter to a Benedictine nun, *I slepe and my hert wakes*, was a twofold rendition of the Book of Psalms into the vernacular, one in verse and the other in prose. Shortly after, he gave to the English-speaking world, translations from the Latin works of St. Bonaventure, a writer who materially influenced his way of life and whose teaching in the way of spiritual perfection, he closely followed. About the same time, he translated the *Benjamin Minor* of the Scotch mystic, Richard of St. Victor; and, later, extracts from the writings of Peter of Blois, the friend of Henry II., wrongly credited by many with having coined the word, *transub-*

² Both of these books were published in 1914 by Methuen & Co., London.

stantiation. After this, he composed and published in quick succession, many original treatises, moral tracts, devotions, letters, epigrams, and poetry, both lyrical and didactic. His versatility and industry was remarkable; he wrote equally well in prose or verse, in Latin or English; and all of his writings are marked by practical sense, and originality of thought. His Latin is often incorrect, that is, not classical, yet it was essentially the Latin of his time, and easily understood; while his English prose, which frequently becomes rhythmical, is wonderfully beautiful. Rolle's shorter poems are ejaculatory and very irregular. Even his longer poems exhibit the same characteristics, and in both he used a great variety of forms: rhyming couplets, six or eight line stanzas, alliterative verse. His hymn, beginning "My trewest tresowre," has been very much praised by modern critics. One of them goes so far as to say, "the melody of these lines has never been surpassed," and Professor Saintsbury calls the attention of his readers to the fact that the uncommon rhythm of this poem apparently has influenced the modern poet, Swinburne.

The late Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson, among his many activities, found time to study the works of Richard Rolle. He was one who, like Rolle, "looked forward rather to the night when no man works, but when he can enjoy what he has learned during the day." Monsignor Benson was particularly interested in Rolle's poems and hymns, and published numbers of them in his little book, *The Love of Jesus*. He modernized them somewhat, it is true. "The utmost," he says, "that I have done to them, even in extreme instances (which are few), is to melt down the old coin and re-issue it in a more current mold." This he did only because he did not wish "to let these treasures rust, unknown except to a few scholars."

In all of Rolle's writings in the vernacular there are many French and Latin words, yet in construction and syntax, in thought and method, in common sense and practicality, they are emphatically English, and very original; nevertheless, he would seem to have been largely influenced by the mystical writings published at the same period in the Netherlands. So strong is the similarity, that whole pages may be found in his works that might have been written by Blessed John of Ruysbroeck. This, however, is not strange, as their aim was the same, as well as their method of life—a "total abandon-

ment of all self-will and all that touches self," and both were earnest students of St. Bonaventure, holding in common with the Seraphic Doctor, that true spiritual life is a ladder of love by which the soul climbs to the goal of its being: the first rung is good will and the first step is prayer.

Rolle's writings show very clearly the growth and unfolding of his soul and its spiritual development, making plain that he perceived from the first the pivotal truths of the way of holiness: "That every free human act is right and meritorious only when it agrees with the Divine Will and is set in God's love; and that the measure of the soul's love of God is in proportion as it forgets itself, mortifies and sacrifices itself for God, and earnestly yearns and strives for that mystical passion which interweaves divine and human nature." It is plain to be seen that he brought to his chosen vocation a proper foundation upon which to build the hermit life: an unquestioning piety and deep humility, in union with an intimate self-knowledge, a clear understanding of his own imperfections, a complete disfranchisement from personality, from things of the senses, from every thought and affection which was not turned toward God. Apparently, he was able to place his soul in the hands of God, making the words of David his words: "O Lord, unto Thee have I fled! Teach me to do Thy will for Thou art God. Thy good Spirit shall lead me into the right land. Make me to know the way wherein I should walk, for to Thee have I lifted up my soul."

These pages are written in the hope that they may induce many to acquaint themselves with the writings of Richard Rolle—"God's Lover"—a man who in every way lived up to his own definition: "Wherefore whosoever thou mayest be that hopest, that lovest Christ, to this take heed; for if thou yet behold earthly things with delight, and also find thy soul too proud to suffer wrong, thou showest forsooth that thou art not God's true lover. A true lover neither dresses his eyes to the world nor dreads (fears) to suffer all that seems heavy or hard to the body for God; and whatsoever happens to him, yet he is not let (hindered) from thought of Jesus, his Beloved."

Living, as so many of us do, in a non-believing community, often at a distance from the traditionary customs and manners of Christian Catholic life, who can doubt our need

to read the biographies of the saints, their letters and writings; to make ourselves more conversant with such authors as Richard Rolle? Thus may *the fear of the Lord—the beginning of Wisdom*—enter our hearts, a fuller sense of the beautiful and just be continually nourished in our minds, a more intimate knowledge of the spiritual life of the Church become ours, that we, too, may be found true lovers of God and doers of His Holy Will.

HOW SHALL I GO?

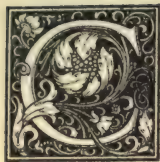
BY MARION COUTHOUY SMITH.

How shall I go?
In the whirling snow,
Or the summer rain—
On the road I may not know?
Shall I go in pain,
Or in trance so deep,
That I cannot tell if the way be steep?
Shall I go on the wind—
Its wings spread wide—
In the clamoring tempest,
Through cries as of errant souls that sinned?
Or on the slow deep tide
Of an ebbing sea,
Rich with the drift of memory?

Shall I know when I give my breath
To the ether of planet and sun?
Shall I know when the fight is won?—
Thou wilt not answer, O Death!
But every hour I mark
That thy soundless call is clearer;
And thy strange wide eyes in the dark
Come nearer and nearer.
And in my heart I say:
Are these the eyes of One Who was sacrificed?
Do I meet at last, in this undreamed-of way,
The eyes of Christ?

THE LETTERS OF TOM MOORE'S NOBLE POET.

BY JOSEPH J. REILLY, PH.D.



OME, d—n it, Tom, don't be poetical." This was not the impatient protest of some modern-day efficiency engineer, to whom every factor in life is more important than the human one, nor of that professor of mathematics who, on reading "Half a league, half a league, half a league onward," cried impatiently: "Why didn't this dolt Tennyson say 'a league and a half' in the first place, and be done with it?" Quite the contrary. It was the protest of a poet whose generation accorded him a place next to Shakespeare in the golden pageant of English poets. To Italy and Lord Byron, Tom Moore had journeyed for a holiday, and from a point of vantage at Ravenna the two stood gazing at the sunset, Moore voicing his admiration in such rhapsodic terms as to evoke an outburst from his friend, "the noble poet."

Few poets who died in their thirties were as prolific as Byron, and yet he confessed that reading poetry bored him. Small wonder. Much of it seemed to lack inspiration, to owe more to pompous complacency than to that fine frenzy which lies at the heart of the truest poetry in every language. The best of his own work was white hot with sincerity, and yet it was in sincerity often at war with itself, reflecting, as it did, his passionate and contradictory moods.

Unfortunate in his heritage, Byron was no less unfortunate in his bringing up. Under the misguidance of a mother who was erratic and violent of temper, he never learned self-control, and whatever restraint he managed to exercise at Harrow, he forgot at Cambridge. His exits and entrances, irregular and often approaching the scandalous, his escapades with roistering companions, and his assumption of a reckless disregard of convention, all conspired to make him notorious when scarcely out of his teens.

Life at Newstead Abbey, the family seat, and his mother's unreasonableness, sent him away from England at twenty-one. But he did not set out upon his two-year journey across

the Continent and into the Near East until he had winged a Parthian shot at the foremost literary men of the day. His poetic lucubrations at Cambridge had found their way into print in 1807 as *Hours of Idleness*, only to come in for criticism which Byron considered unjust. In an outburst of hurt dignity, he struck at real and fancied foes in *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, laying about him as lustily as Allan-a-Dale with his quarter-staff. It doubtless tickled his vanity, at nineteen, to feel that he had made the *literati* of his day squirm under his bludgeoning, though to some of them, like Walter Scott, he was later to express regret and apologies.

On his return to England, he mingled in London society as became a Lord and a poet who thought well of himself. He was taken at his own evaluation, socially, and duly petted, sought after, and spoiled. He capitalized his travels in *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, and in his own celebrated phrase, awoke one morning to find himself famous. London was at his feet, and when the intoxication of that brilliant hour was passed, and later years had left him only the bitter memories of Mrs. Grundy's slanders, he must have smiled cynically at the remembrance of the incense which London society had heaped high upon his altar.

He seized this golden moment to write poetical romances, and with the "Giaour," "The Bride of Abydos," "Lara," and the "Corsair," he made his fame secure during the following three years. In the handsome, dark, and dare-devilish heroes of these poems, the public beheld Byron himself, whose beautifully molded features, curling hair, and brilliant eyes lent a romantic interest to that naughtiness which Rumor attributed to him. No doubt, he thought of himself as sailing wine-colored seas, wreaking vengeance upon his foes, redressing wrongs, and finding in the bright glances of some alluring woman the power to make a hell or a heaven of his days. But the Byron whose proud bark sailed romantic seas, passion in his heart and a scimitar at his thigh, was never cursed with that lameness which the real Byron strove heroically to conceal, and which reacted disastrously upon his vitriolic temper.

It was during the days of his early and amazing successes that Byron determined to marry. Whether he were the type to be happy in marital bonds, is a question for psychologists to decide, but certain it is that his method of selecting a wife

was only too ironic an earnest of the unhappy outcome of the Great Adventure. With startling flippancy, he wrote a proposal to a young woman for whom he had no particular affection, and upon receiving a refusal, mockingly dashed off another proposal, on the spur of the moment, this time to a Miss Milbanke. His companion (probably the poet Moore), on hearing it read aloud, observed: "Well, really, this is a very pretty letter. It is a pity it should not go." "Then go it shall," said the noble Lord. And go it did. Byron was accepted, was married in January, 1815, and at first appeared happy in what must have later seemed a fool's paradise. Scarcely a year had passed before society was amazed to learn of the separation of the Byrons, and though each maintained silence as to its cause, scandal made itself busy with Byron's name, going to such outrageous lengths as to drive him frantic with disgust and rage. He wrote to Moore in February, 1816: "I am at war 'with all the world and his wife;' or rather, 'all the world and *my* wife' are at war with me, and have not yet crushed me—whatever they may do. I don't know that in the course of a hairbreadth existence I was ever, at home or abroad, in a situation so completely uprooting of present pleasure, or rational hope in the future, as this same." A few months later, he left England, never to return.

The eight years which remained to him of life, Byron passed for the most part in Italy. He wrote numerous letters typically Byronic, indicative of the mood of the moment, now bitter, now buoyant, now schoolboyishly frank, as well as those poems which have made him immortal. Partly from pique, partly from passion, partly from a savage desire to give the English Mrs. Grundy real food for scandal, the "noble poet" plunged into excesses which grieved his admirers and later caused him to write to his friend, Bankes, in self-disgust: "It is now seven years since you and I met; which time you have employed better for others and more honorably for yourself than I have done." And again: "As to libertinism, I have sickened myself of that as was natural in the way I went on."

Utter weariness oppressed him at times, and a longing for peace such as his passionate spirit was never to attain. In such a mood, he visited the cemetery at Ferrara, and recalled, in a letter to Murray, some of the epitaphs which haunted

his memory: "For instance, '*Lucrezia Pinci, implora eterna quieta.*' Can anything be more full of pathos? Those few words say all that can be said, or ought; the dead had had enough of life: all they wanted was rest, and that they *implore!* There is all the helplessness, and humble hope, and deathlike prayer, that can arise from the grave—'*implora pace.*'"

Periods of hectic industry followed periods of enervating inaction. At times, his spirits were feverishly high, and, again, so low that he complained in a letter to Moore, in 1821: "I feel, as your poor friend, Curran, said, before he died, 'a mountain of lead upon my heart,' which I believe to be constitutional, that nothing will remove it but the same remedy." Meanwhile, his poetical works, brought out in England by Murray, were seized upon by the public less out of regard for their merits than from the expectation of discovering in them new food for scandal. *Don Juan* aroused a mingled storm of applause and execration; *Marino Falieri*, produced at Drury Lane, in 1821, was promptly damned; *Cain*, published in the autumn of the same year, was heralded with extravagant praise in some quarters and fervent condemnation in others. It was probably true, as Byron asserted in one of his letters, that he had not the patience to revise a poem, but must make a bull's-eye at the first fire, if at all. But his lack of interest in his work, when completed, was a mere pretense. "I do not care a lump of sugar for my poetry," he protests, but a moment after, enraged at a misprint, he fumes to his publisher: "'You have looked at it' to much purpose, to allow so stupid a blunder to stand; it is not 'courage,' but 'carnage,' and if you don't want me to cut my throat, see it altered."

Byron writhed under what he regarded as unfair criticism, although he affected a scornful indifference of English opinion. In an outburst to Murray, he cries: "I am sure my bones would not rest in an English grave, or my clay mix with the earth of that country. I believe the thought would drive me mad on my deathbed, could I suppose that any of my friends would be base enough to convey my carcass back to your soil. I would not even feed your worms, if I could help it."

Such deep rooted bitterness would have corroded his heart but for Allegra. Dark-haired, blue-eyed, the child of Byron's

liaison with Shelley's weak but passionate sister-in-law, Allegra was her father's child in temper as in features, and more than any other living creature, she evoked his purest and tenderest feelings. Her name occurs frequently in his correspondence, for her future gave him deep concern. Once he dreamed of becoming a South American planter, and of taking her with him amid "new faces, other minds." He thinks seriously of her education, which is to be continental, he says, not English, since thus her future will be free of many difficulties, and, besides, "it is my wish that she should be a Roman Catholic, which I look upon as the best religion, as it is assuredly the oldest of the various branches of Christianity." A year later, he assures Moore: "I am no enemy to religion, but the contrary. As a proof, I am educating my natural daughter a strict Catholic in a convent of Romagna; for I think people can never have *enough* of religion, if they are to have any. I incline," he adds, "myself, very much to the Catholic doctrines."

His high hopes of Allegra were dashed, however, for her eager, buoyant life, poor child, ended in 1822. In dull misery, he writes Shelley: "The blow was stunning and unexpected . . . but I have borne up against it as I best can. . . . I suppose that Time will do his usual work—Death has done his." A few weeks later, he writes Murray, designating, in pathetic detail, the precise place in Harrow Church where he wishes the child interred, and the inscription which her tablet is to bear.

One of the most interesting phases of his life in Italy was his connection with Shelley, the irregularities of whose opinions and of Byron's life did not tend to solidify their friendship. Shelley considered Byron conceited, shook his head over the noble Lord's libertinism, and regretted, as it please you, that he was unable to "eradicate from Byron's great mind the delusions of Christianity." After Shelley's tragic death, in Byron's sailboat, the ill-starred *Don Juan*, Byron wrote Moore, August 27, 1822: "We have been bringing the bodies of Shelley and Williams on the seashore, to render them fit for removal and regular interment. You can have no idea what an extraordinary effect such a funeral pile has, on a desolate shore, with mountains in the background and the sea before, and the singular appearance the salt and frank-

incense gave to the flame. All of Shelley was consumed, except his heart, which would not take the flame, and is now preserved in spirits of wine."

This gruesome ceremony affected him profoundly. Indeed, in him, as in Keats, the very thought that youth and beauty should become the prey of death, inspired feelings of revolt. In a letter to Murray, he complains of being "out of sorts, out of nerves," lonely and unhappy. Occasionally, he adds, "I revisit the Campo Santo, and my old friend, the Sexton, has two—but *one* the prettiest daughter imaginable; and I amuse myself with contrasting her beautiful and innocent face of fifteen with the skulls with which he has peopled several cells, and particularly with that of one skull dated 1776, which was once covered (the tradition goes) by the most lovely features of Bologna—noble and rich. When I look at these, and at this girl—when I think of what *they were*, and what *she* must be—why, then, my dear Murray, I won't shock you by saying what I think. It is little matter what becomes of us 'bearded men,' but I don't like the notion of a beautiful woman's lasting less than a beautiful tree—than her own picture—her own shadow, which won't change so to the Sun as her face to the mirror. I must leave off, for my head aches consumedly: I have never been quite well since the night of the representation of Alfieri's *Mirra* a fortnight ago."

This reference to Alfieri's *Mirra* is significant. It had, indeed, stirred Byron to the depths, and sent him from the theatre weeping convulsively, a betrayal of an emotionalism to which he fell victim more than once. On meeting his boyhood friend, Lord Clare, in 1821, after a separation since Harrow, an inexplicable feeling thrilled him and set his heart to beating strangely. On another occasion, an unexpected *rencontre* with his friend, Hobhouse, evoked such violent emotion, that Byron was forced to sit down in tears. On taking leave of some friends just before his embarkation for Greece, he said: "Here we are all now together; but when and where shall we meet again? I have a sort of boding that we see each other for the last time, as something tells me I shall never again return from Greece," whereupon he leaned his head upon the sofa and wept hysterically.

Despite these premonitions, Byron threw himself into the cause of Greek independence with passionate ardor. Yet he

made no pretenses of being a democrat. Rather, he was more than a casual snob, careful to insist that he was *for* the people, not *of* them. But *for* the people he was, and the cause of freedom, wherever at stake, never found him indifferent. On first taking his seat in the House of Lords, he was an open advocate of Catholic emancipation, and both in England and on the Continent, unfailingly espoused the liberal side of politics. His prophecy, uttered nearly a century ago, is striking when considered in the aftermath of the recent World War: "The King-times are fast finishing," he wrote. "There will be blood shed like water, and tears like mist; but the people will conquer in the end. I shall not live to see it, but I foresee it." Again: "Give me a republic. Look at the history of the world—Rome, Greece, Venice, Holland, France, America, our too short commonwealth—and compare it with what they did under masters."

In making the quarrel of Greece his own, Byron gave liberally from his private purse to the almost bankrupt cause, refusing, with his unfailing sense in financial matters, to allow these sums to be squandered, or to pledge more, until the jealous squabbles among the Greek leaders should cease. The moral effect of his active advocacy was enormous, and the eyes of that world, whose interest had been compelled by his poetry, as well as by his feverish career, were drawn to the spectacle of a liberty-loving people, with noble traditions, struggling to be free from an oppressive power.

Byron worked unflaggingly in Greece, and with a generous imprudence which brought on a violent fever. He wrote Murray, February 25, 1824: "On Sunday, I had a strong and sudden convulsive attack which left me speechless, though not motionless—for some strong men could not hold me; but whether it was epilepsy, catalepsy, cachexy, or apoplexy, or what other 'exy' or 'epsy,' the doctors have not decided; or whether it was spasmodic or nervous, etc.; but it was very unpleasant, and nearly carried me off, and all that. On Monday, they put leaches to my temples, but the blood could not be stopped till eleven last night, and neither styptic nor caustic would cauterize the orifice till after a hundred attempts." For a time, the struggle back to health gave fair promise, but by April the debility he had tried desperately to shake off, left him prostrated with rheumatic fever. Raving,

he called for his sister, Mrs. Leigh, and his child, Ada, whom he had not seen for years. "For the rest," he said, "I am content to die," and on the nineteenth of April, 1824, the curtain was rung down on the drama of that brief but passionate career.

Like every man who finds his own soul a mirror of life, Byron was aware of his weaknesses. Behind his false pride, his headstrong ways, his inclination to pose, the unhappy tendencies which were his heritage, the real Byron now and then appears in his letters, his haughty head bowed, *mea culpa* upon his lips. In such a mood, he wrote Murray, in 1817: "I have had a devilish deal of wear and tear of mind and body in my time (he was only twenty-nine), besides having published too often and much already. God grant me such judgment to do what may be most fitting in that and everything else, for I doubt my own exceedingly." About four years later, an echo of that plea strangely reached him under touching circumstances. An Englishman, John Shepard, on looking through the papers of his dead wife, discovered a prayer which she had composed for Byron's conversion, and which he forwarded to the poet with a tactful note of explanation. If Mr. Shepard felt any doubts as to the reception which his letter would receive, they were dispelled by Byron's reply, written with a manliness and a delicacy which did him honor: "I can assure you that all the fame which ever cheated humanity into high notions of its own importance, would never weigh in my mind against the pure and pious interest which a virtuous being may be pleased to take in my welfare. In this point of view, I would not exchange the prayer of the deceased in my behalf for the united glory of Homer, Cæsar, and Napoleon, could such be accumulated upon a living head. Do me at least the justice to suppose that *video meliora proboque*, however, the '*deteriora sequor*' may have been applied to my conduct." Surely, the world owes him that justice, and more. For noble impulses endured through sinister days, and the passionate lad (he was scarcely more than that) who died a martyr in the cause of Freedom, had never been either coward or pharisee. And then, as now, that was much.

Our generation is more prone to yield him justice than his own. And small wonder. For that Byron whom they could not know, is revealed to us in numberless letters, not always

as "the noble poet" who is filled with social bravado, but as a man of common clay, in his moments of self-abasement, who may loiter in the valley, but who lifts his eyes to the distant and starry spaces. Perhaps, for that, who knows, it was given him to die nobly. Perhaps, for that, too (who shall deny it?), he was vouchsafed, after life's fitful fever, the *eterna quieta* which he craved.

THE VALLEY.

BY ELEANOR THÉRÈSE DOWNING.

TIME was I stood upon a mountain peak
And raised my face to God, and cried aloud:
"Lo! I have scorned and fled the vulgar crowd
And the vain dwellings that the foolish seek,
That so my feet might scale Thy mystic height,
And far removed from the human herd,
My soul might glean the beauty of Thy word,
And might hold commune with the Unmade Light."

And from the cloud there came a Voice that spake—
"Know, child, I call unto my holy hill
And to my service only those I will.
Turn back thy feet; these lofty heights forsake,
That, turning bondsman to thy brethren,
When thou shalt serve the least as less than he
And love the lowliest for love of Me,
I may recall thee to My face again."

And I who serve in threadbare humbleness,
The servant of God's servants, who have trod
The valley of the little things of God,
Learning, in love, God's loving, scarce can guess
What newer blessedness my soul shall meet
Before the unveiled splendor of His face—
So sweet it is, beneath His holy place,
To serve Him in the dust about His feet.

MRS. EDDY, A CREATIVE INTELLECT.

BY JAMES MARTIN.



HERE is a general opinion that Mrs. Eddy's famous work, *Science and Health*, is obscure in style, heavily weighted with the terminology of metaphysics, and that, in consequence, it makes dull and dreary reading. There are those who have tried diligently to go through it, but declare that they "can make neither head nor tail of it." Mrs. Eddy herself has stated that her masterpiece is equally intelligible whether read backwards or forwards. That statement has been misinterpreted by the impatient and the irreverent. "Just so," they say, "equally intelligible; equally unintelligible." But, as a matter of fact, *Science and Health* is not altogether obscure. Considering the ideas that were in Mrs. Eddy's mind, it must be conceded that she has made them about as plain as such ideas can be made.

True, she does treat of philosophy and metaphysics. And, ordinarily, readers do not take kindly to these subjects. But Mrs. Eddy's philosophy and metaphysics are not of the ordinary sort. Her understanding of philosophical concepts and her usage of philosophical words are "new, novel, and neoteric" (to quote a recent "blurb"). Under her pen, even the oldest and most hackneyed terms assume a new meaning. Non-philosophical words, too, she invests with an altogether new significance. This feature of her style alone should be sufficient to prevent tedium in the mind of the alert reader. There is a certain intellectual satisfaction in working out new meanings of old words.

Before coming to a consideration of the book itself, let us give an example or two from the miscellaneous writings of the mother of Christian Science. We begin with words that have an ethical rather than a metaphysical application. Mrs. Eddy, on one occasion, was compelled to refer to one of her former disciples as "an adulteress." The lady in question, having been educated along the old lines and knowing only the dictionary meaning of the word, was so indignant that she

threatened a lawsuit. But Mrs. Eddy explained that an "adulteress" is "one who adulterates the truth." Another woman, formerly a friend, but later a rival, was accused by Mrs. Eddy of "immorality." The woman became fairly frantic, but on this occasion, as before, the more unpleasant consequences were averted. "Immorality" was defined to mean "unfaithfulness to Christian Science." Evidently, it requires not only a deep mind, but a very agile one to follow Mrs. Eddy's thought, which is both profound and swift. But when once we have learned to know her method, we are rewarded with a mental exhilaration that can hardly be obtained from any other writings than hers. Words, especially nouns, become threadbare from being always used in the same sense. Hence, the dead monotony of most literature. But how refreshing it is to pick up a book in which one never knows, from page to page, what may be the next meaning of an old familiar word. The idea of constantly changing the meanings of familiar terms is new to literature. Mrs. Eddy may honestly claim to have discovered it. This is one reason why we refer to hers as a "creative" intellect.

Let us take another example. The word "soul" has been used in a stereotyped way by all Christians of various denominations. They may differ in their understanding as to the salvation of the soul, but they agree on the meaning of "soul." It is the animating principle of the human body. It is the spirit that vivifies the flesh. But Mrs. Eddy's mind, here as always, is free and unfettered by tradition. She says "soul means Deity, and nothing else." With that one definition alone, she creates an entirely new Christian theology. Those who have learned only the old theology will say that if Mrs. Eddy teaches that the "soul means Deity," then she is a Pantheist. But, no, that cannot be, for she expressly states that she is *not* a Pantheist.

But let us keep clear of the puzzling problem of Pantheism, and restrict ourselves to matters that are simpler and more easily understood. According to the old theology, every person has a soul. There are as many souls as persons. But, "it is wrong," says Mrs. Eddy, "to use the word 'souls' in the plural." Hence, to speak, as the careless do, of "a city of a million souls," or a "congregation of a thousand souls," is a mistake. There is only one soul, one spirit. Like all new

revelations, this doctrine opens up wonderful vistas for the mind, and the imagination. A man may go forth into crowded streets, he may be squeezed and jammed in the teeming subway, he may be jostled and hurtled hither and thither by scurrying thousands, but he may say to himself: "Alone, all alone, all soul alone!" At the time of the Spanish-American War, when Colonel Roosevelt led the Rough Riders into Cuba and won the war, another philosopher, Mr. Dooley, wrote a skit upon the future President under the caption: "Alone in Cuba!" Of course, Mr. Dooley, being a humorist, as well as a philosopher, was only "spoofing." But with Mrs. Eddy there can be no suspicion of humor. How thrilling, in the light of the doctrine that there is only one soul, to be able to say, not merely "alone in Cuba," or "alone in New York City," but "alone in the Universe!" Thrilling, indeed. Some may say appalling. But all grand ideas are at first bewildering.

Unfortunately, that definition of soul as "meaning Deity, and nothing else," has not yet appeared in Webster, or Worcester, or the Standard, or the Century. It is missing, not only from the dictionaries, but from the Bible and the Catechism. Still, since every new science creates a new vocabulary, why should not every new religion enjoy the same privilege, especially if the new religion is equally a "science?"

To return to the question of Mrs. Eddy's alleged obscurity in dealing with metaphysical problems. It may be that many pages of *Science and Health* are beyond the intellectual grasp of the ordinary reader. But what will you? Can a butcher's boy read Emmanuel Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason* with facility? Do shop girls pore over the pages of Hegel or Fichte? Do messenger boys read Schopenhauer as they run? How, then, can one expect that every digger in the ditch may understand Mrs. Eddy's thought? Did not Einstein say that there were only twelve men in the world who understood his theory of relativity? Did not Hegel, a hundred years before Einstein, say that only *one* man in the world understood him, and that *that one man did not* understand him? It is quite probable, therefore, that not one understands Mrs. Eddy. Among the many penalties attending upon genius is loneliness—mental isolation.

However (and now we come to the most gratifying feature of Mrs. Eddy's work), even though it is within her power to

dwell habitually upon the heights, inaccessible even to the *intelligentsia*, she does, from time to time, descend—and condescend. She is most at home upon Olympus, but she can, and does, come down into the market place. She converses freely, and easily, with the immortals, but she knows how to speak even to the simplest of human beings. She does not confine herself to deep and cryptic disquisitions upon “Mind,” and “mortal mind.” She speaks, occasionally, of bees and butterflies, of babies and horses, of kittens and snowbirds, and apple trees and lobsters.

She had a very difficult task to perform in communicating to the mass of mankind an understanding of the idealistic philosophy that is the basis of her revelation. Her mind was struggling, may we say, with problems that had baffled the power of expression of some of the greatest of the philosophers who preceded her. Kant, Hegel, Fichte, Schelling, Berkeley—all had ideas to which Mrs. Eddy’s have a certain relationship. And we would not say that any of these philosophers possessed the gift of popularizing his ideas. Kant sets forth his doctrine of the “noumenon” and the “phenomenon,” but he has left most of us somewhat in the dark as to his meaning. Even one of Mrs. Eddy’s disciples, writing in the *Christian Science Journal*, uses that puzzling philosophical term, “phenomena.” “Material phenomena are nothing,” says that writer, “but the human mind made manifest to itself.” “The mind evolves for itself the phenomena that it attempts to investigate,” and frequently “gets lost in the maze of its own hallucinations.”

We confess that to us such language appears rather learned, and indeed pedantic. But, “if you wish to understand the disciple, read the master.” Mrs. Eddy clarifies the difficult doctrine very quickly and very prettily. She says: “Mortal mind produces its own phenomena, and then charges them to something else, *like a kitten glancing in a mirror and thinking that it sees another kitten.*”¹ Instantly, the difficult philosophical theory of the automatic and unconscious production of phenomena is made clear. The kitten sees its own image, and imagines that there is another kitten behind the mirror. The first kitten produces the “phenomenon” of the second kitten. But there is only one kitten. So, you or I,

¹ *Science and Health*, p. 220. 1913.

look out into the world and imagine that we see, let us say, another person. But the other person is not really there any more than the other kitten. If we imagine that we see thousands, or tens of thousands of other persons, if we even go out and mingle in what seem to be great crowds, we are lost—not lost in the crowd—but “lost in the maze of our own hallucinations.”

Or take another instance of the facility with which Mrs. Eddy adapts her explanations to the non-philosophical intellect. She says: “Gender is a quality of mind, not matter. Generation rests on no sexual basis.” Now, to the unlearned, these statements may be, for the moment, puzzling. But the teacher of heavenly science does not leave even her simplest readers in doubt as to her meaning. For she adds: “The supposition that life germinates in eggs is a mistake. The butterfly, moth, bee propagate without male companions.”² The inference to be drawn from these words is obvious. But it was made even clearer to Mrs. Eddy’s immediate friends and to her scholars. Mrs. Woodbury, after ten years’ intimate acquaintance with Mrs. Eddy and her teachings, says that Mrs. Eddy told the young women in her Massachusetts Metaphysical College that they could be mothers “by thought.” Still, the teacher was always practical. She did not abolish marriage immediately. She married three times, and she conceded that the present convention of marriage should continue until the knowledge of the truth of mental motherhood should become more general. “Until the spiritual creation is discerned intact, until it is learned that God is the Father of all, marriage will continue.”³ It is said that no marriages are performed, and that there are no funeral services in Christian Science temples. That there will some day be no marriages and no funerals anywhere is inevitable. For Mrs. Eddy says: “Man has neither birth nor death.” If there is no death, there need be no funeral. If there is no birth, there need be no marriage. It might still seem mysterious that although marriages *do* continue, births frequently do *not* occur. But even that fact is not altogether a mystery to us moderns.

The question of death, in the teaching of Christian Science, requires a little more elucidation. Persons of limited intelligence, even now, almost fifty years after the first pro-

mulgation of Christian Science, imagine that death is caused by sickness, or by accident, by poison, or by violence. But for nearly two generations this common error has been discountenanced. What really causes death, is *thought*. (It occurs to us that the poet, Byron, may have enjoyed some anticipation of the truth of Christian Science when he says: "That curse of life, that demon, Thought.") It is not that the individual man thinks himself to death. He may die without thinking. Or he may die when he is thinking that he is going to live. But what kills him is really "a majority opinion." So long as the majority of persons in the world think that death is caused, let us say, by tuberculosis, or by strychnine, or by a fall from a house, or by shot and shell on a battlefield, just so long will death (apparently) be caused by these delusions.

I have scarcely time, in this article, to explain how there can be a majority opinion when there is only one soul. A "majority of one" may have a new meaning. But let us hurry along, for now we have come upon one of the most interesting of all Christian Science doctrines—mental assassination. The information on this particularly devilish form of crime is rather fragmentary in *Science and Health*. But Mrs. Eddy graciously condescended to explain it more at length, even to so unsympathetic a person as a newspaper reporter, who interviewed her upon the occasion of the "death" (so-called) of Mr. Eddy. "My husband," she said, "was killed by malicious mesmerism. It was poison that killed him, not material poison, but mesmeric poison. After a certain amount of mental poison has been administered, no power of mind can resist it."⁴

In the *Christian Science Journal*, some seven years later, there appeared this further reference to the crime of mental murder. "One of the greatest crimes practised in or known to all the ages is Malicious Animal Magnetism. The criminal sits at the friendly board and fireside. He goes to places of worship. He takes his victim by the hand. These secret heaven-defying enormities must be proclaimed." The cause of this indignant outburst was a certain Kennedy, a youth of brilliant promise, handsome and talented, who for some years was very close to Mrs. Eddy, but who became one of the worst

⁴ *The Boston Post*, June 5, 1882.

exponents of mental malpractice. It seems that his power for evil was almost diabolical. Finally, driven to desperation, Mrs. Eddy was compelled to have recourse to the courts to obtain an injunction against his using his mind to damage her and her scholars. Not only that, but she had to go so far as to gather her friends in a group and to hurl consumption and other diseases at him. She and her scholars would sit at stated times every day and think to Kennedy: "Your sins have found you out. You are consumptive. You have liver trouble. You have been poisoned by arsenic."⁵ It will be seen from this that the mind may work evil as well as good. "Absent treatment" may be maleficent, or beneficent, producing sickness and death as easily as healing. It is terrifying to think that one young man, apparently innocent, perhaps smiling and chatting with his friends, may at the same time be mentally hurling sickness and death upon persons far away, and that the only way they can defend themselves is to fight him with his own weapons.

The unique and incomparable genius of Mrs. Eddy may be seen when we realize that not even the greatest masters of imaginative fiction, not even Jules Verne, or Edgar Allen Poe, or H. G. Wells, ever dreamed of the startling fact of mental assassination. Their highest flight of fancy can never rival the simple truth set down in sober sense by Mrs. Eddy.

Now that the fact of mental assassination is scientifically established, it would seem the bounden duty of our statesmen and our soldiers to agree upon complete disarmament, and to devote the time hitherto consumed in drilling and preparing for war, to the practice of thinking destruction. Mrs. Eddy has given the idea to the world; let the statesmen develop it. Thought is indeed a dangerous weapon. It might be hard to arrange for practising it. Evidently, it would not be fair for us to raise an army of thinkers who would, for mere practice, mentally hurl destruction upon some people with whom we are not at war. But they might be drilled to think death, let us say, to all the wild beasts in the jungles, in the woods, and on the mountains. And then, if an enemy nation should lay siege to our cities and our harbors, the army of trained thinkers, having practised on wild beasts, could turn their thoughts against the invading hosts and annihilate them. If

⁵ Milmine, *Life of M. B. Eddy*, p. 304.

a single enemy could kill Mr. Eddy with arsenical poison mentally administered, if Mrs. Eddy and her "little group of serious thinkers" could project tuberculosis into Kennedy, what might not be done by an army of millions, thinking destruction to the enemy! This is the strongest argument for disarmament that has yet appeared. It was overlooked, or ignored at Versailles, but whichever nation first has the enterprise to seize upon the fact of mental assassination, and utilize it, will be ruler of the world.

But these are not pleasant thoughts. Let us turn again from them to some of the lighter aspects of truth revealed by Mrs. Eddy. Not that we may expect to find anything that is trivial in *Science and Health*. But Mrs. Eddy has condescended a great deal, and in order to make her profound thought intelligible to the "common run of mankind," she has given some examples and illustrations that, in an author of inferior genius, might be considered trifling. Take, for example, her story about the father who "plunged his baby under water every day from the time it was one day old until it could remain under water for twenty minutes like a fish." In a writer of less serious purpose or of inferior genius, that story might seem a trifle exaggerated, but Mrs. Eddy herself has assured us that it is gospel truth.⁶ However, speaking of babies and water, let us hasten to add that elsewhere Mrs. Eddy explains that washing a baby is unnatural and unnecessary. She had at least one child of her own, and she assures us that "it is no more natural or necessary to wash a baby all over every day than to take a fish out of water and cover it with dirt." The baby will remain "as sweet as a new blown flower" without the daily bathing.⁷ Being a man, and a bachelor, I admit that this sounds odd to me, but readers who are women and mothers will doubtless assure me that Mrs. Eddy is right. I have said that we can never detect Mrs. Eddy in a humorous mood. But, as the adage says, "Homer sometimes nods," and it is permitted to think that Mrs. Eddy sometimes smiled. For example, we are inclined to imagine that there may have been a twinkle in her eye when she wrote the story of the "unthinking lobster." The lobster, she explains, after losing a claw, grows another in its place, because the lobster does not

⁶ *Science and Health*, p. 566. 1903 Edition.

⁷ *Ibid.*, One Hundred and Fifth Edition, p. 411.

think; but man, when he loses a leg, does not grow another in its place, because he thinks. Did Mrs. Eddy, when she wrote these words, smile sweetly if the question leaped to her mind: "Suppose the man were the unthinking lobster!"

I think we have seen enough to demonstrate the injustice of the accusation that *Science and Health* is an altogether ponderous and a laboriously metaphysical book. Mrs. Eddy has the humor, though unobtrusively presented, of Mark Twain. Indeed, there may be those who would say that Mark Twain attacked Mrs. Eddy because of jealousy. The "unthinking lobster" is as funny as the "Jumping frog of Calaveras County."

But let us have one more instance of the *creative* quality of Mrs. Eddy's thought. There is, as my readers know, a corps of lecturers in Christian Science, men and women trained to know the mind of Mrs. Eddy, and authorized by the Mother Church to deliver public discourses upon her doctrine. One of these, a Mr. Marston, speaking in San Francisco some years ago, explained that foods and drinks are either healthful or poisonous, not because of any quality inhering in them, but because of the "thought" of the majority of mankind. Bread nourishes because we think it is nourishing. Toadstools poison because we think they are poisonous. If the majority of mankind thought that bread is poison, it would be as deadly as toadstools. If the majority of men thought that toadstools were nutritious, they would be as nutritious as bread. And so on. Furthermore (and here is an epoch-making discovery), whiskey is intoxicating because the majority of men think it intoxicating. And buttermilk is non-intoxicating because the majority think it non-intoxicating. But suppose the majority should agree to change their opinion about buttermilk! This prodigious idea has not been given the attention it deserves. Imagine the throngs at the buttermilk counters, guzzling glass after glass, and jeering drunkenly at the Eighteenth Amendment! How true it is that Mrs. Eddy's creative thoughts may be used for the damnation or the salvation of society. How false it is that there is nothing but dry metaphysics in *Science and Health*.

PAUL ELMER MORE.

BY BROTHER LEO.



LITERARY criticism is really an index of culture; and the sparseness of it, and the generally low standard of it in the United States, are not the least convincing indication of our intellectual calowness. Our case would, indeed, be desperate, our prospects far from bright, were it not for the existence of at least a few such scholarly critics as Paul Elmer More. His dozen little volumes of *Shelburne Essays* may not rank among the "six best sellers," and may, like most good things, be caviar to the general; but, at least, they serve to assure the world that in the things of the mind, America is not altogether common and unclean.

Paul Elmer More is not without limitations and perversities, but he does rank, and rank high, among those true critics, those inspirers and initiators, those appreciators of world literature who possess scholarship and catholicity of outlook, who have, as Lionel Johnson would say, preferences rather than prejudices, who are intent less on evanescent aspects than on those *bleibende Verhältnisse*, those abiding relations which Goethe made the object of his quest. During the several years of his editorial connection with *The Nation*—in the era before *The Nation* had followed the gleam and become the organ of current sociology, and the arena of world politics, and the home of lost causes—Mr. More engaged lavishly in what was technically book reviewing; but the fruitage of his labors was more than mere ephemeral comment. Even within the confines of semi-journalism, his writings were remarkably free from the haste and flashiness which mark and mar our literary magazines; and those same writings, re-shaped and re-fashioned, and restored from the ravages of his own editorial blue pencil, have, in book form, burgeoned into their second spring. All in all, the *Shelburne Essays* constitute the most important and distinguished contribution to literary criticism that twentieth century America has thus far made. In the retreat of his book-lined study

at Princeton, Mr. More may well enjoy the consolation consequent upon a good work well done.

All literary criticism that in any notable degree rises above anonymous and superficial book-reviewing, has two distinguishing marks. It is, in a liberal sense, autobiographical, and necessarily so; and it represents a fusion of literary appreciation, with theories and standards derived from other fields of human thought. Literary criticism that is exclusively literary, cannot stand alone. Aside from that form of it concerned with the mechanics of writing, and that other form devoted to the æsthetics of authorship, there can be no such thing as pure literary criticism. The moment our interpretation of literature becomes vital—that is, the moment we begin to correlate books with life—at that moment we are compelled to associate literature with other phases of human activity. Rightly to view the great books of the world, we must, as it were, flood them with a light other than their own—the light of history or the light of religion, the light of philosophy or the light of science, the light of psychology or the light of art. And so, in the writings of Mr. More, we find an essential self-revelation, ordinarily indirect, but sometimes conscious and deliberate; and we find, also, that, in common with some of the very greatest literary critics of the world, he habitually regards literature from the viewpoint of the moralist and the philosopher.

That Mr. More has had religious experiences and doctrinal mutations, is manifest on almost every page of his books. On one occasion, at least, he speaks out directly and simply, and in a very few words depicts his spiritual pilgrim's progress: "Having dropped away from allegiance to the creed of Calvin, I had, for a number of years, sought a substitute for faith in the increase of knowledge; like many another, I sought to conceal from myself the want of intellectual purpose in miscellaneous curiosity."¹

He is writing about St. Augustine, from his inevitable point of view of philosophic dualism, and so it is eminently fitting that Mr. More should thus approximate to the mode of the *Confessions*; but it is significant that here, as elsewhere, he should envisage religious faith as something mainly, if not exclusively, intellectual. The wherefore of his defection

from Calvinism, he does not explicitly state; but those of us who know something of his writings, and his outlook on life, feel very sure that his religious transition was prompted and sustained by serenely intellectual motives, that Calvinism, in a word, he had found unsatisfying to his head rather than to his heart. Some of Mr. More's extravagant censors have implied that the Princeton sage had no heart. Of course, they are in error. But certain it is that Mr. More conscientiously endeavors to keep his heart in its place. To him, emotion is secondary and suspicious; cognition, primary and all-embracing. Yes, Mr. More has a heart; but I strongly suspect that he is the least bit regretful of the fact.

That Mr. More prevailingly feels with his head rather than with his heart, is the explanation of both his strength and his weakness as a critic of books and of life. It explains, on the one hand, his remarkably vast and accurate erudition, an erudition that makes him equally at home with the poet-philosophers of India, with the exponents of conservatism in British politics, with the wise men of the Greeks; with William Beckford and Emerson and Nietzsche, with Sainte-Beuve and Newman and William James. Nothing that is intellectual, is foreign to him. And, on the other hand, it explains his not less obvious limitations—his unresponsiveness to the finer strains of Shelley and Francis Thompson, his high estimate of Pope as a poet, his laudation of Arnold to the disparagement of Ruskin and Carlyle, his pensive disappointment in Newman's acceptance of Catholicism, his cerebral enthusiasm over the Port Royalists, and his amusing suspicion of the Jesuits with all their works and pomps. It explains what constitutes his essential shortcoming as a critic, the dwarfing and suppression of his emotional nature, and his insistence in the practical realm of logical, even of mathematical, canons of certitude and conduct. The distinguishing mark of a good critic, Mrs. Humphry Ward claimed,² is "reasoned rashness." In Mr. More, the reason is in copious plenty; but the rashness is nil. Mr. More is too dignified and decorous to call anybody names; but were he capable of pelting Non-Conformists with epithets, he would most certainly shriek "heretic!" at any thinker, little or great, who is guilty of suffusing his intellectual processes with the glow of vibrant human emotion.

² *Amiel's Journal*, Introduction, p. ix.

Specifically, Mr. More's lack of emotional appreciation explains the obliquity of vision revealed in his scholarly essay on St. Augustine. He concedes that, in his "emotional psychology, at once subtle and intense, Augustine is the father of modern literature, and he has never been surpassed." But here, according to Mr. More, is the head and front of the great Doctor's offending:

Though there is a logical correctness in Augustine's main syllogism, one cannot read much in his works without discovering whole tracts of thought and exhortation that refuse to take their place in his dogmatic system [as Mr. More elects to conceive of it]; one finds that in his practical doctrine he builds upon what may be called the logic of emotions rather than upon pure reason.³

Substantially, all the problems of life and literature, of philosophy, science, and art, resolve themselves, in Mr. More's conception, into the basic formula of dualism. "I confess," he avers, "that to me monism has always been merely another word for monomania."⁴ In the premises, therefore, we are warranted in recognizing a manifestation of dualism, at once ironic and pathetic, in the spiritual affinities and the intellectual loyalties of Mr. More himself. And in his case, the paradox—for dualism involves a fundamental paradox—lies in the fact that this frigidly intellectual devotee burns his incense before a warmly human shrine, that Mr. More, the scholar of the head, so sedulously worships Plato, the philosopher of the heart. For him, all roads lead to Athens, as for Mr. Belloc, all roads lead to Rome. The cast of his thought, the bent of his mind, the flair of his temperament, one would think, should lead him rather to St. Thomas of Aquin, and to Aristotle; yet to him, the Angelic Doctor is but a thinker of "admirable patience and inexhaustible cunning,"⁵ the deviser of an "austere dialectic,"⁶ and the Stagirite has seemingly lived and thought in vain. But he can tolerate St. Augustine, most Platonic of the Fathers; and the Dialogues of Plato are his Bible and his Book of Common Prayer.

His reading of Plato has been receptive and profound,

³ *Shelburne Essays, Sixth Series: "St. Augustine."* ⁴ *Ibid.*, Seventh Series, p. 200.

⁵ *Aristocracy and Justice*, p. 79.

⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 87.

and his comments on Plato are searching and suggestive. Besides the frequent references to the Dialogues in the *Shelburne Essays*, two of his books, *Platonism* and *The Religion of Plato*, contain Mr. More's sometimes exasperating but invariably graceful and stimulating interpretation of the truly luminous and penetrating mind which so long ago preserved for us, and elaborated upon, the teachings of Socrates. In the preface to *Platonism*, Mr. More has anticipated a stricture which emanates spontaneously from all Platonists and pseudo-Platonists who do not see eye to eye with him:

To one criticism I should be sensitive. Those who have read the eighth volume of my *Shelburne Essays* will recognize that the present work is virtually an expansion of the views there summed up in the "Definitions of Dualism," and they may think that I have tried to impose my own theories on Plato, to measure him in my pint cup. In a way, every interpreter of a great author must be open to such a charge; he has no other measure than his own capacity. But, at least, I am not guilty of attempting to force Plato into conformity with a preconceived system; the "Definitions of Dualism" were themselves the result of my study of the Dialogues, and avowedly rejected any pretensions to originality.

Before so suave and adroit a stealth of the reviewer's thunder, we must perforce bow in the silence of respect, if not of acquiescence. His position, that every interpreter "has no other measure than his own capacity," is impregnable; and we cheerfully concede that Mr. More has not consciously attempted to force Plato into conformity with anything. Nay, we are even grateful that he has stressed the intellectual side of the Dialogues, remembering, as we must, that too often commentators have over-emphasized their emotional aspects, and have envisaged Plato as a species of glorified Shelley in prose. Despite Mr. More's honorable sensitiveness, we must report that his view of Plato is not a balanced view; but it does much to conserve in balance our conception of Plato and Platonism. We recall Walter Pater, and we rest content.

Catholicism looms so large in any adequate conception of world literature and world thought, that no critic, dowered with depth and discernment, can consistently ignore either the

fact or its implications. At once profound and open-minded in his attitude, and engrossed with the religious and philosophical ramifications of literature, Mr. More never seeks to evade the issue. Though by temperament and outlook unsympathetic with the Christian theory of life—he designates Christianity “mythology” in his famous “Definitions of Dualism,”⁷ and elsewhere assumes, as a matter of course, the modern repudiation “of the mediæval belief in the infinite, omnipotent deity”⁸—he habitually follows the prudential promptings of his “inner check,” and avoids permitting his bias to degenerate into prejudice. His serenity, his intellectual poise, and his sometimes startlingly clear insight, enable him to evaluate with truth and sanity—in essentials, at least—many of the distinctively Catholic books of the world. And often, in discussing works of general literature, he says things that the most thoroughgoing Catholic critic must endorse. Thus, in commenting on the spirit of a sadly gnarled zealot of morality, he calls attention to a truth that now and then Catholic thinkers have overlooked: “There is no joy in Tolstoy, and, lacking joy, he lacks the deepest instinct of religion.”⁹ That sentence is a potent reminder of the Apostle’s exhortation to “rejoice in the Lord always,” of the multitudinous “alleluias” which spangle the liturgy of Mother Church, of the “good tidings of great joy” whereof, one night in starlit Bethlehem, the angelic chorus sang.

Here and there, of course, throughout his essays, Mr. More falls short in his efforts to grasp the true signification of Catholic literature and Catholic philosophy. Dwelling on a famous passage from St. Paul, Mr. More remarks:

I have not in mind to speak slightly of the Christian faith, or of any genuine faith; I know the sources of religious conviction; but when I see the perplexity into which even St. Paul could be thrown by the fear of losing his belief in a particular miraculous event [*i. e.*, the Resurrection of Christ], I appreciate the force of Plato’s boast that he alone, with his master, had the courage to rest his faith on the simple common sense of mankind. This is philosophy.¹⁰

⁷ *The Drift of Romanticism*, p. 296.

⁸ *Aristocracy and Justice*, p. 94.

⁹ *Shelburne Essays*, First Series, p. 216.

¹⁰ *Platonism*, p. 76.

Nowhere has Mr. More given a more graphic revelation of his inherent spiritual limitations. For him religion must have no relish of the supernatural in it, it must not be that which cometh from above, it must rather be the illusory efforts of a man seeking to exalt himself by pulling valiantly at his own boot straps. This may be philosophy, indeed, philosophy of a sort; but it is not the philosophy which can fire the hearts of men and remove mountains and renew the face of the earth. But it can be, and it is, the philosophy of one upon whose study mantel stands engraved a Greek sentence, the substance of which is that things do not really matter, but the irony of life is such that we must make believe they do!

Such is the pint cup—more appositely, the Grecian urn—into which Mr. More must needs decant the wine of life; small wonder that we drink and are not sated, that sometimes we miss its pervasive and delicate bouquet. Small wonder that the intense religious practicality of Thomas à Kempis moves the essayist to gentle strictures:

In such a work as the *Imitation* the brotherhood of man, taught by the Apostles, was quite smothered by a refined and spiritual form of egotism: nor can we imagine St. John declaring: "As often as I have gone forth among men, I have returned home less a man." ¹¹

The virile asceticism of the Brother of the Common Life is incomprehensible to Mr. More, for asceticism Mr. More has defined as "the attempt to attain the mystical release by violence rather than by the gradual discipline of philosophy and morality."¹² Nor does he recall that what Catholic terminology, most philosophically, designates "vocation," calls a St. John to one form of Christly life and a Thomas à Kempis to another; that the *Imitation* was written by a monk for monks, by a specialist for specialists; that in applied Christianity, as Catholicism understands it, there is room not only for the free exercise of the altruistic impulses, but likewise for the effective and salutary sublimation of the self-regarding emotions. Surely, his beloved Plato, with his threefold classification of citizens and functions in the ideal commonwealth, might have brought Mr. More a fuller understanding.

¹¹ *Shelburne Essays, First Series*, p. 208.

¹² *The Drift of Romanticism*, p. 293.

Small wonder, too, that Mr. More finds his own placidly philosophic personality out of harmony with the finer and more exalted poetic flights of Crashaw and Thompson: "In both there is the same breath of the prison house, something close and febrile and spiritually exacerbating."¹³ The criticism flows from a fundamental disparity of both principles and temperament—the kind of criticism we might expect from a mathematician discussing the poetry of Keats or an Hegelian philosopher descanting on Mr. Chesterton's *Orthodoxy*. Yet the very narrowness of Mr. More's viewpoint and the very inadequacy of his interpretation serve, at least in a minor and negative way, to make several of his comments on Thompson apt and stimulating. Such is his exposure of a manifest inconsistency in the structure of "The Hound of Heaven," where first, the soul is represented as fleeing from the pursuing Feet, and then, is affectionately reproached for having driven the Divine Love away. It is a molehill of imperfection, to be sure, but of imperfection none the less. And such is Mr. More's statement that often Thompson's "tortured language sounds like the beating on the ground of wings that cannot rise."¹⁴ That is a true and, I think, a very beautiful figure, and it illustrates the case of more poets than Thompson; its range of application, indeed, is well-nigh as universal as literature itself.

But Thompson was undeniably a Romanticist, and that to Mr. More is very nearly the unforgivable sin. Frankly, he does not approve of Romanticism; and, also frankly, he has urged against that tendency in art and letters practically everything that can be urged. No Romantic poet will ever be honored with literary canonization if our somewhat mad and unphilosophical world will but give heed to the pleadings of this formidable *fidei defensor* of the Classical tradition. He stresses the "drift" of Romanticism, and most convincingly urges that the general fault with the movement is that it is just a drifting. It spells decadence, too, in many of its manifestations, and some of its practitioners "appear like truant boys who need to be spanked and sent again to their lessons."¹⁵ Oscar Wilde he unequivocally damns as "sincere with the

¹³ *Shelburne Essays*, Seventh Series, p. 165.

¹⁴ *Ibid.*, Seventh Series, p. 154.

¹⁵ *Ibid.*, Tenth Series, p. 280.

pathos of conscious insincerity.”¹⁶ Resourceful prosecutor that he is, all facts he finds grist for his mill; and in dismissing the group of men who amazed the English-speaking world in the “naughty nineties,” he utilizes the *argumentum ad hominem* with deadly effect:

It is, in fact, like a nightmare to read their lives. The hectic decay of Aubrey Beardsley is almost health in comparison with the state of most of those who gave to the movement its tone. Of the living we speak not; but there is Lionel Johnson, the best artist of them all when he grew serious, a victim of absinthe, found in the gutter with his skull crushed; there is John Davidson, with his vision of a new universe ended in mad suicide; there are Ernest Dowson and Francis Thompson, mingling their religion with the fumes of alcohol and opium; there are others whose tainted lives and early deaths need not be examined; and, above all, is the hideous tragedy in Reading Jail. These men, who appeared to be treading so fantastically in “the variant bypaths of the uncertain heart,” knew also in the flesh the certain terrors of organic decay.¹⁷

“The variant bypaths of the uncertain heart” Mr. More traces likewise in much semi-educational and semi-sociological literature, especially in works of fiction, exploiting a vague humanitarianism and substituting ideals of social service for the older and sterner faith in God and conscience. He is more than dubious of the so-called new morality; he disapproves of it because it is nebulous and lacks stamina, because it is amorphous and is deficient in bony structure. “The whole effect of calling sympathy justice and putting it in the place of judgment is to relax the fibre of character and nourish the passions at the expense of reason and the will.”¹⁸ It is distinctly refreshing to read his strictures on that well-meaning, but alarmingly myopic, theory of civilization based on the principle of man’s humanity to man. Social sympathy as a rule of conduct he judiciously mistrusts, not primarily because it is social, but because it is sympathetic. After citing a clerical preachment to the effect that “Faith’s fellowship with

¹⁶ *Shelburne Essays*, Seventh Series, p. 232.

¹⁷ *Ibid.*, Tenth Series, p. 281.

¹⁸ *Aristocracy and Justice*, p. 211.

Jesus is one with the realization of our fellowship in humanity," Mr. More is moved to remark:

If such a social passion means anything, it means the reconstruction of life to the level of the gutter. It is the modern sham righteousness which would have called from Jesus the same utter scorn as that which He poured upon the Pharisaical cant of His own day. . . . In effect, the first and great commandment, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind," has been almost forgotten for the second, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Worship in the temple is no longer a call to contrition and repentance, but an organized flattery of our human nature, and the theological seminary is fast becoming a special school for investigating poverty and spreading agnosticism.¹⁹

Opposed to Romanticism in literature and to emotional humanitarianism in life, Mr. More is not less vigorously opposed to what is vaguely called the evolutionary idea in science. It is no distortion of his meaning, as conveyed in one of his delightful personal prefaces, to say that in his view *The Origin of Species* and *The Yellow Book* have met each other, that Huxley and Wilde have kissed. In both literature and science he combats "a belief that things of themselves, by a kind of natural gravity of goodness in them, move always on and on in the right direction; a confiding trust in human nature as needing no restraint and compression, but rather full liberty to follow its own impulsive desires to expand; an inclination to take sides with the emotions against the inhibitions of judgment. This is not science nor any proper philosophy of progress; but undoubtedly science, by the law of evolution, has unwittingly, sometimes wittingly, lent authority to this collapse of reason."²⁰

For comfort and surcease, Mr. More turns to the classic wits of the Popean age, and invokes their satiric shades to flood the modern world with saving malice; for of wit, he holds, malice is an essential ingredient:

I even think that nothing would be a more wholesome tonic for our modern surfeit of sentimentalism than a little

¹⁹ *Aristocracy and Justice*, pp. 207, 208.

²⁰ *Ibid.*, preface, pp. viii., ix.

of the saving grace of malice, and that amidst the welter of humanitarian optimism a proper counter-irritant might be found in Swift's great foundation of misanthropy. . . . We suffer from a murky surfeit of self-flattery and sham philanthropy, and a little of the opposite excess might help to clear the air. . . . There are several people in the world who need to be vexed.²¹

Thus firmly intrenched behind the first line defences of Classicism, Mr. More steadfastly holds fast that which is good. For one thing, he is unequivocally on the side of decency. He tells the plain truth about Congreve and Mrs. Behn and several other of the lascivious Restoration writers, and he formulates with a happy blending of discernment and good sense the all-sufficient condemnation of what in our, as in other, days has been eulogized as realism: "It is a nasty thing to take complacency in creating a nasty world, and there's an end on't."²² Whitman he can endure, but not the Whitmaniacs. "I do not see why Americans should hesitate to accept him, with all his imperfections and incompleteness, and with all his vaunted pendency of the pavement, as one of the most original and characteristic of their poets; but," he adds significantly, "to do this they must begin by forgetting his disciples."²³

It is not surprising that some of the literary dabblers and philosophic parvenus, who euphoniously style themselves the Young Intellectuals—though most of them are old enough to know better and all of them appear less concerned with the human brain than with other organs—taunt Mr. More with being in manner stodgy and in matter wearisome and irrelevant. But Mr. More has the last word, for here he is on the side of the angels, and there's an end on't.

Yet there is no need to subpoena the angels. A random page or two from any of his books, read with unbiased mind and in a reasonably receptive mood, should convince even a Young Intellectual that whatever else may be his failings, Mr. More knows how to write English more than passing well. He has ideas and convictions and a superb sense of form; he is choice without being finicky in his use of words; he understands the æsthetic potency of variety and vigor and suspense; he can be epigrammatic without overdoing the thing, and he

²¹ *With the Wits*, preface, pp. ix., x.

²² *Ibid.*, p. 78.

²³ *Shelburne Essays*, Fourth Series, p. 211.

is not totally devoid of humor. True, he demands much of his readers in the way of general reading and intellectual background; but to some of us that is a virtue in him rather than a defect. In fine, as a stylist, Mr. More, though less pyrotechnic than Mr. Chesterton, less incisive than Mr. Belloc, less "popular" than Professor Phelps or Professor Sherman, and less amusingly underbred and impertinent than Mr. Mencken, has a command of the King's English that must win the favor, though perhaps not the fervor, of any normal human being intent on something more thoughtful than a jig or a tale of bawdry.

Nevertheless, to wax enthusiastic over Mr. More as a stylist is simply impossible. That truism of Buffon's never was more true! Mr. More's style is Mr. More; and it sparkles often, but rarely glows. It is a style to admire rather than to like. There is something about it, not pedantic nor petulant, nor even wholly condescending, but chill, aloof, inhibitive, something angularly ministerial, provocatively professorial, cappamagnacally episcopal—something, in short, one never learns from Plato. We may find ourselves in accord with Mr. More oftener than we find ourselves in accord with Carlyle; but we can never love Mr. More as, with all his crochets, we love Carlyle. Robert Louis Stevenson said of his idol, Sir Walter Scott: "He makes me long to box his ears—God bless him!"²⁴ We should be awed at the thought of boxing Mr. More's ears, terrified at so incongruous a thing as praying for him. It would be as reasonable to box the ears of a Venetian doge or invoke a benediction on the law of gravitation.

And yet to close this fragmentary study of him on that note were to do Mr. More a serious injustice. For there are passages in his essays that stand out in memory as flawless marbles against a fleckless sky, a keen wind scouring from their polished surface the last particle of invisible dust, the brilliant sunlight mellowing their contours into semblance of throbbing life. Such is his modulated, but eloquent, plea for classical education in *Aristocracy and Justice*;²⁵ such are the beautifully poised concluding paragraphs of *Platonism*; such—and to quote it at length needs no apology—is that passage in his essay on Pascal, wherein is set forth a distinction of

²⁴ J. A. Hammerton, *Stevensoniana*.

²⁵ "The Paradox of Oxford," p. 90, *et seq.*

values and of principles that, irrespective of what one's personal spiritual experiences and meditations may enable one to read into it, thrills with "thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls." He has quoted Pascal on the infirmities of human nature, and Voltaire's reply: "I dare to take the part of humanity against this sublime misanthrope; I dare to assert that we are neither so evil nor so wretched as he says." Whereupon, writes Mr. More:

From the point of view of common sense, from the feelings of the man absorbed in the tumult of diversion and business, Voltaire is right, and Pascal himself admits as much. But there is another point of view, and when once the inner eye has been opened to this aspect of life, though it catch but a glimpse of that vision and close again to its own night, the words of Voltaire seem but the language of one born blind. When once the sting of eternity has entered the heart, and the desire to behold things *sub specie æternitatis*, when once the thirst of stability and repose has been felt, for that soul there is no longer content in the diversions of life, and, try as he will to conceal to himself the truth, with every pleasure and amid every distraction he tastes the cloying drop of bitterness. Henceforth, in the midst of enjoyment, he knows, with Pascal, how "horrible a thing it is to feel slip away all that one possesses;" and he cannot forget that "the last act is bloody, however fair all the rest of the comedy; in the end, we throw a little earth on the head, and it is over for ever." It is not exaggeration to say that the consciousness or unconsciousness of this dualism is the most fundamental mark of division among men. Here lies the distinction between civilizations, between faith and reason, between religion and rationalism, between piety and morality, between genius and talent.²⁶

It were as unfair as it is facile to level at Mr. More the strident charge of inconsistency, to point out that his view of things, *sub specie æternitatis*, is difficult to reconcile with his implied and express skepticism, that, to use the words in which he himself criticizes St. Augustine, "one cannot read much in his works without discovering whole tracts of thought and exhortation that refuse to take their place in his dogmatic system;" that his distinction between faith and religion seems

specious and speculative, that his almost monomaniacal insistence on the theory of dualism in every department of life and thought, might aptly enough be construed into a justification of those very educational, literary, and sociological vagaries which he so learnedly combats and so profoundly deplores. It were unfair, and futile; for upon differences regarding fundamental life principles argument is fruitless.

Wiser it is to accept him for what he is worth. Mr. More is a thinker, a scholar, an essayist of pith and distinction; he has much to teach both this generation and the next. I recall a pregnant and significant thing that the late Bishop Spalding wrote of Epictetus, Seneca, and Aurelius: "To derive profit from their works . . . all that is required is an open mind and a tractable heart. What is speculative disappears in the presence of the practical worth of the truths they utter. To read them aright, we need attentive and devout spirit rather than an acute and curious intellect."²⁷ And so it is with Mr. More; only for the reader of the *Shelburne Essays* "an acute and curious intellect" will prove no negligible asset.

Personally, I find a hint of unconscious symbolism in the description of himself, in "The Paradox of Oxford,"²⁸ standing one gray day in the quadrangle of Oriel College and gazing up at the windows of the rooms once occupied by John Henry Newman. In a whimsical mood, while recognizing the heterogeneity between the two men, I perceive, none the less, how much they have in common, how keen their zest for the things of the mind, how unswerving their devotion to high ideals, how intense their intellectual passion for the best in the ancient culture. And as I wonder and dream, there flashes across my mind a bit of verse, alien in spirit alike to Cardinal Newman and to Mr. More, and, therefore, in accordance with the latter's favorite dualistic theory, singularly apropos:

When all the Temple is prepared within,
Why nods the drowsy Worshipper outside?

²⁷ *Glimpses of Truth*, "Epictetus."

²⁸ *Aristocracy and Justice*, p. 80.

PROFESSOR DEWEY AND TRUTH.

BY JOSEPH T. BARRON.



PROFESSOR JOHN DEWEY of Columbia University is the pundit supreme of American philosophy. He is the uncrowned king of our philosophic *intelligentsia*, the successor of the late William James, whose mantle he unassumingly wears. Any pronouncement of Mr. Dewey's on things philosophic, is therefore intriguing. Indeed, any of the output of that small but sturdy band of American seekers after truth, is of interest to us simply because it is American; but when their leader speaks, it is for us to hearken, if not to agree. Mr. Dewey has spoken to us through the pages of some fourteen volumes, the latest just off the press, and through his numerous contributions to periodicals. His writings have evoked much controversy; like all who would lead us into the promised land, he has won for himself enthusiastic support and mordant criticism. Many and telling are the shafts leveled against him. We shall content ourselves with an examination of a minor, if important, part of his system—his views on a question that has harassed the minds of thinkers from the dawn of Greek philosophy to our own day—the question of the nature of truth.

Mr. Dewey professes that species of anti-intellectualistic philosophy known as instrumentalism. The revolt against reason has assumed wide proportions in our day. The history of philosophy shows that men rebel, periodically, against an over-extravagant cult of the intellect; the Sophists and Socrates protested against the rationalism of the earlier Greek philosophers, while Rousseau embodied a similar protest after the "Enlightenment" of the eighteenth century. In our time, the worth of the intellect has been impugned because of its alleged failure as regards knowledge and as regards life. It is held that the intellect has failed in its effort to get into contact with reality, and that it had best be supplanted by the evangel of action and practicality. Agents are to be preferred to thinkers—the sons of Martha are to take precedence over

the sons of Mary. This philosophy is the expression of the world's admiration for the pushing man of affairs, for the man who does things, as opposed to the recluse whose thoughts do not issue into practical results. The doctrinaire and academic "speculative" philosophy of our text-books is to be scrapped as useless. If philosophy has any claim to existence, it must justify that claim by becoming operative. Thus speaks anti-intellectualism. It is protean, embracing widely divergent systems of thought, and among them we may place the instrumentalism of Mr. Dewey.

Instrumentalism is so called because it regards thinking as an instrument, a tool. The intellect is not an oracle, but a practical instrument. We think solely in order that we may foresee the future, and thus act intelligently. By prevision, we acquire control over our environment and efficiency in its management—we are enabled to adapt our environment to human needs. Experience should not be undergone for its own sake; it is but a means to an end, the end being action. Theorizing divorced from action is futile; action guided by theory is the end to which thinking is the means. Thinking is first, last, and all the time for the sake of doing. The worth of the entire cognitive function is planning and purposing. To experience, in a word, is to experiment. By thus experimenting man can learn to tame his environment and make it subject to him, because by understanding a thing he is enabled to anticipate further experiences from it, and his conduct can thus be purposive. Knowing is essentially, therefore, an activity elicited by our environment, which in turn alters the environment. The working hypotheses which we form by our experience have as their end, today at least, the amelioration of social, political, and economic conditions. We should think in order to put an end to the many ills which flow from existing conditions in the economic and political orders; we should think to better society. Thus the task of philosophy "is to clarify men's ideas as to the social and moral strifes of their own day," and the instrumentalist philosopher will find his "compensation in enlightening the moral forces which move mankind, and in contributing to the aspirations of men to attain to a more ordered and intelligent happiness."¹

¹ *Reconstruction in Philosophy*, pp. 26, 27. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

It is obvious that such a complete reorientation of the nature and burden of philosophy will demand a new theory of truth. The traditional theories of correspondence and coherence can find no place in instrumentalism. It is forced to discard the older conceptions, and to construct a theory that will be consonant with its view of the meaning of philosophy as a whole. It must even go beyond the idea of truth held by the semi-pragmatists. The latter make utility the criterion of truth; it is the norm or standard whereby we discern the false from the true. Utility is for them not the truth itself, but a sign of the truth. Accordingly, we find Mr. Dewey advancing beyond this mitigated pragmatic criterion. Where they say, utility is a test of truth, he identifies it with truth—utility is truth. In one place, he seems to make usefulness or "workability" a test of truth, when he says: "If ideas, meanings, conceptions, notions, theories, systems are instrumental to an active reorganization of the given environment, to a removal of some specific trouble and perplexity, then the test of their validity and value lies in accomplishing this work."² Nevertheless, the so-called Chicago school, of which he is plumed as the founder, and he himself in former writings, clearly identify truth with utility, and we have no warrant to suppose he has receded from this position.³

The view that verification, or the effective working out of the idea, and truth are one and the same thing, is expressed in the following passages, where he gives us a definition of truth: "Its (the claim, or pretension, or plan) active, dynamic function is the all-important thing about it, and in the quality of activity induced by it lies all its truth and falsity. The hypothesis that works is the true one; and truth is an abstract noun applied to the collection of cases, actual, foreseen, and desired, that receive confirmation in their works and consequences."⁴ It would appear, then, that truth is verification, satisfaction, utility. This theory of truth we shall examine.

Mr. Dewey takes pains to forestall one of the common objections leveled against his theory of truth, viz., that it leads to crass utilitarianism and ultra-individualism. The whole pragmatic movement has been accused, because of its matter-

² *Reconstruction in Philosophy*, p. 156.

³ *Influence of Darwin*, pp. 109, 139, 140; *Mind*, N. S., XVI., 1907, p. 337; *Journal of Philosophy*, IV., 1907, p. 202.

⁴ *Reconstruction in Philosophy*, pp. 156, 157.

of-fact tendency, of being but a philosophic echo of the sordid and mercenary spirit which is supposed to dominate our land. It is this view of pragmatism which has led writers of other countries to proclaim that it is an essentially American philosophy. Thus an Englishman recently wrote that pragmatism "demands a moral complacency more common in Boston than in England."⁵ So, too, others explain that it is but the outcome of the money-grubbing temper of the western world.⁶ But this is a misinterpretation of this movement, since it does not of itself determine a low scale of values. The instrumentalist may, and, in the present instance, does define high standards of life. The question of a raffish or exalted view of life does not depend on the doctrine that the true is the useful, but on what is held to be the aim and purpose of life. The instrumentalist may just as well seek to achieve the zenith as the nadir of existence. Mr. Dewey deprecates this estimate of his thought when he says: "So repulsive is a conception of truth which makes it a mere tool of private ambition and aggrandizement, that the wonder is that critics have attributed such a notion to sane men."⁷ He explains, too, that the objection that his theory leads to ultra-individualism is wide of the mark. Truth has a social character, and utility and satisfaction must not be construed to mean utility or satisfaction to the individual alone. Satisfaction is not "a merely emotional satisfaction, a private comfort, a meeting of a purely personal end."⁸ It is "a satisfaction of the needs and conditions of the problem out of which the idea, the purpose and method of action, arises. It includes subjective and objective conditions. It is not to be manipulated by whim or personal idiosyncrasy."⁹

But, while he repels these charges, there are other chinks in his philosophic armor which are not quite so invulnerable. In the first place, instrumentalism in its insistence on the essential practicality of knowledge unduly circumscribes the function of the intellect and depreciates the value of speculative thought. Thinking is often a means to an end, but may it not sometimes be an end in itself? It is frequently the instrument to our realization of other values, but does its use stop

⁵ P. C. Mitchell, *Evolution and the War*, p. 2.

⁶ A. Schinz, *Anti-Pragmatisme*; J. Bourdeau, *Pragmatisme et Modernisme*.

⁷ *Reconstruction in Philosophy*, p. 157.

⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 156.

⁹ *Ibid.*

there? We cannot live without thought—the more the thought, the better the life—this we may admit, but a more complete concept of the value of thought indicates that it is both practical and speculative, because the enjoyment of knowledge for its own sake, is a value which enhances life.

Many hard things have been said of late about “otiose speculation” and “armchair philosophies” and “parasitic professors,” and many of them are deserved, but too great a stressing of the worthlessness of speculation for speculation’s sake is a sin in the other extreme. Thought, as an end in itself, may have a minor place, but, nevertheless, it has a place in life, and it should not be ejected summarily from it. Novalis’ disclaimer against the narrowly utilitarian view of philosophy, “philosophy can bake no bread,” is rightly rejected by the instrumentalist, but he should not forget that there is a satisfaction in the mere pursuit of the “ultimate causes of things,” and a keen exhilaration in the chase; he should remember that the latter have values for a number of people and that they are not, because of this fact, to be discarded. There is a deal of truth in what the instrumentalist says of philosophers. The dilettante, who, from the shelter of his irresponsibility, shuns the problems of life, or who distorts these problems to fit the theories he has spun out of his own consciousness, the professorial fact-shapers, who defend an established order of things because they are its beneficiaries—these are not true “lovers of wisdom.” The philosopher, like the average citizen, should not lose contact with society and its problems; he should not divorce his theory from practice, but to say that all philosophy is practical, to hold that the philosopher must be always the active participant in, and never the dispassionate spectator of, the world-riddle; this, it appears, is an extreme view of the function of thought. A more adequate notion would be that which admits the existence of both practical and speculative philosophy, which makes allowance for that burning desire to know which is widespread among men.

Instrumentalism, like most philosophies whose motto is action, is inseparably bound up with a deep faith in progress. Life is not a march towards a set goal, but it is a constant advance towards new goals; having captured one objective, it should proceed on to the achieving of another, simply because

it is another. Life means progress, and it is the task of the intellect to construct new ideals towards which men must strain. In thus progressing we shall formulate more ennobling ideals and find a fuller good. But there is no guarantee that mere movement is a movement for the better, that change is always good. All progress is change, but not all change is progress; change may be retrogressive as well as progressive. The view that ideals are good, simply because they are later in time than others, is an unproved and an unprovable assumption; it is a naïve acceptance of the doubtful creed of universal evolution.

The man who enshrined his sentiments in that ancient bit of doggerel, "I don't know where I'm going, but I'm on my way," seems to have been in the same predicament as the instrumentalist. Their position, like most of those who bow the knee to the credo of action for action's sake and change at all hazards, is but the philosophic expression of the modern cult of the recent and the novel, with its corresponding distrust of the old and traditional. Antique, venerable have become synonyms for untrue and out-of-date. If being young was a crime in the salad days of William Pitt, surely criminality has now become the exclusive prerogative of the old. We find this contempt for the past exhibited in the glib pronouncements of our modern illuminati, anent the drama, literature, art, and even religion. And in more fields than these, the most damning adjective that can be predicated of anything is "out-of-date." Bertrand Russell has pointed out the very evident fallacy in this rose-tinted view of the future as the harbinger of all good things, in the following words: "Somehow, without explicit statement, the assurance is slipped in that the future, though we cannot foresee it, will be better than the past or present: the reader is like the child who expects a sweet because it has been told to open its mouth and shut its eyes. . . . I make only two criticisms of it—first, that its truth does not follow from what science has rendered probable concerning the facts of evolution, and, secondly, that the motives and interests which inspire it are so exclusively practical, and the problems with which it deals are so special, that it can hardly be regarded as really touching any of the questions that, to my mind, constitute genuine philosophy. Except under the influence of desire, no one would

admit for a moment so crude a generalization from such a tiny selection of facts.”¹⁰ Not that the instrumentalist incurs this censure to the same degree as do his more radical brethren; in practice he believes the object of philosophy is collective human happiness, but in his haziness as to what constitutes this happiness, in the principle of the value of progress which underlies his thought, as well as in his insistence on the lack of a definite end for society to attain, he leaves himself open to this criticism, in principle at least.

To come now to the discussion of truth in instrumentalism. The first objection to its theory of truth is derived from the fact that it is based on the constant evolution and ceaseless flux of things. If everything evolves, then the true and the false also evolve; standards and ideals must evolve as well. But if things which give satisfaction and which prove useful are true, then it follows that the true may become the false and the false the true. When a proposition or a system of thought ceases to be useful it is no longer true. Truth, in a word, is not fixed and immutable; it varies with times and localities and men. Once true is not always true. There is, and can be, no permanent truth; all truth is relative. This is frankly admitted by those who hold to the evolution of truth. So Schiller speaks of errors as “discarded ex-truths;” they “were ‘truths’ in their day.”¹¹ And Sidgwick affirms that “all truths are pro tem truths at best, and the duration of their validity is uncertain.”¹² That Mr. Dewey concurs in this view may be easily inferred from his doctrine that utility is truth, although he does not specifically state it.

Now it is only fair to test any system of thought by its own conclusions. A system which cannot stand against itself must fall. It is not unknown for philosophers to submit the truth-claim of all other philosophies to their own rigid and uncompromising demands, while they seem to fancy that their own systems are exempt from any such procedure. Kant wrote a book to prove that all the mind could attain was the phenomenon, while this very book purports to give us the real state of affairs. Others have demonstrated that all we can know is what we have sensed, and, forgetting the while that

¹⁰ *Scientific Method in Philosophy*, pp. 14-16.

¹¹ *Studies in Humanism*, pp. 212, 213.

¹² *Journal of Philosophy*, II., 1905, p. 269.

we cannot sense this theory, have in their very assertion refuted themselves. But such a disingenuous attitude cannot be countenanced by honest thought. Physicians have been told to heal themselves, and philosophers would do well to heed similar advice. A philosophy, if nothing else, must be consistent; it must not be self-refuting.

In the first place, before we examine instrumentalism in the light of these considerations, we must note that there are a number of truths which seem to have withstood the shocks of time and the blighting touch of age as yet. Should not the instrumentalist withhold his dogmatic assertion, that they will "have their day and cease to be" until that day comes? But, apart from this, there are other questions which clamor for answer from the instrumentalist, and answered they must be before his theory can win our acceptance. Is it a changeable truth, that all truth is changeable? Or putting the question more pointedly: "Is instrumentalism to be accepted instrumentally, and is it to be interpreted in the same way?" Consistency demands that it be so received and accepted, and yet, if we do accept it because it is useful and satisfactory, then, on its own assertion, it is only relatively, and not absolutely, true.

But instrumentalists do not—no philosopher does—put forth their theory as only relatively true. They thus are impaled on the horns of a dilemma. Either truth is what they say it is, or it is not. If the latter is the case, we can dismiss them without further ado. If truth is what they say it is, then their theory, being true, is only relatively true. And if they insist that it is absolutely true, then they deny their own theory in their very affirmation of it. In point of fact, they take the position as regards their theory that truth does not rest upon its usefulness; their theory is true because what it maintains is true, *i. e.*, there is a correspondence of some kind between it and the real state of things; and because it is true, it is useful and satisfactory. Hence the presumption of instrumentalism is, that usefulness is not truth, but that it is a mark of truth. But it cannot hold even to this view, for it contravenes all other systems which are opposed to it, despite the fact that these are eminently satisfactory to their respective protagonists.

Looking at the problem from a slightly different angle, we

may ask: "Is the instrumentalist theory one which is true only today, but which was false a century ago, and which will be false a century hence?" Here, again, we may venture to assert that this theory is put forth as a theory that was true in the past before it was known to be true, and that it will be true in the future, even though the thinkers of that time will have relegated it to the museum of philosophical antiques. Which is to say, that the supporters of this theory believe that the state of affairs which it represents has not changed and has not evolved; that which has evolved, is the knowledge of the theory. But this is tantamount to admitting that the truth of instrumentalism does not consist in its utility or satisfaction, but that it is true because it represents things as they are. In other words, it is ultimately based on the correspondence theory of truth. It is difficult to see how it can escape the vitiating charge of inconsistency.

Philosophies which adhere to the doctrine of the evolution of truth, gain plausibility from the constant parade of hypotheses and theories through the ages, each of which were held for a time by all, or at least by a considerable number of men, but which were succeeded in turn by other hypotheses and theories, the latter giving way with the passage of time to new views. None of these systems hold that all truths evolve. Historical facts do not change with time—they are stable and imperishable. The date of the birth of Julius Cæsar, the year in which Columbus discovered America, will not evolve; neither will the sum-total of home runs garnered by the titanic Mr. Ruth, nor the epic effate of the Governor of North Carolina to the Governor of his sister State. Facts like these, time cannot wither. But it is maintained in regard to systems of thought, both scientific and religious, that, while each of these was the vogue, it was true because it suited the particular men of that time or place. However, a modicum of reflection tells us that, while human knowledge is capable of development and change, both in content and extent, this by no means implies that the true becomes the false, or vice versa. On the contrary, the obvious reason why one hypothesis is rejected in favor of another, is because it was found to be untrue—it did not square with the facts—and not because it did not give satisfaction. Hypotheses are, of their very nature, mere conjectures. And if they be supplanted, it is not because they are

not practical or suitable, but because they are not true, *i. e.*, they give a false account of things. Things are useful, in a word, because they are true; they are not true, because they are useful.

Utility presupposes truth already established. This may be instanced by the welter of conflicting opinions which usually exist when knowledge of what is the truth is lacking, or when knowledge is only opinionative. Witness the dispute raging today among the Brahmins, who guide our ship of state over the advisability of our joining the League of Nations. If we had positive knowledge whether or not our entrance into that august assembly would benefit us, then the controversy would be at an end—we would become members, or not. Witness, again, the dispute as to the wisdom of prohibition. If we knew it was useful and satisfactory, then the issue would be closed; but, not knowing—in part, at least—if it is useful, the debate is loud and sustained. Examples too numerous to mention could be adduced to confirm our point, *viz.*, that, when in default of certain knowledge, we are forced to base our beliefs on utility, there is no end to disagreement; judgments about utility or value or satisfaction are as variable as likes and dislikes. Utility and satisfactoriness are inadequate for theoretical and practical purposes when it is a question of truth.

Instrumentalism is a philosophy actuated by a lofty motive. Its desire is to put philosophy to work, to drag it down from the clouds to *terra firma*; its aim is to harness the thought of the Olympians to the problems of the day. It is keenly aware of the faults of the traditional philosophies—their sterility, their endless disputes, their Frankenstein proneness to fashion objections which they cannot answer, their aridity, their want of contact with reality, their far remove from life. Believing that correction would be futile, it would revolutionize the classic idea of philosophy, and by this revolution it hopes to lead mankind to the millennium. We may admit the truth of some of its strictures against the old order of things, but the remedy it proffers is not a fit substitute, because in one of its cardinal points, the nature of truth, it lacks the jewel of consistency, a jewel which must adorn every claimant which seeks to be adopted as the perennial philosophy.

AT EVENTIDE.

BY EMILY HICKEY.

THE shadows lengthen out
This eventide;
And, if Thou standest here,
Unglorified
In me and mine—oh, yet,
With me abide.

Here, in the evening light,
Clearer than day,
Looking behind, I see
My old life's way;
Oh, would to God, indeed,
That I could say:

"Here, Lord, I went where Thou
Hadst bid me go;
Here, where I might have strayed,
I did not so;
I took what work, what rest,
Thou wouldst bestow."

Nay, but full oft my feet
Have strayed and erred;
Full oft mine ears were deaf
To Thy dear word;
Full oft mine eyes looked out
With vision blurred.

Oh, little span of life,
That seemed so long
When the first bell was rung
For matin song,
And all Thy great love-choir
Sang sweet and strong.

Mine is no passionate grief
For love refused;
Mine is no glowing joy
For love well used;
Nor yet a heart that lies
Broken and bruised.

Thou gavest penitence,
All-healing grief;
Thou gavest pardoning love,
In dear relief;
And now I bring to Thee
A tare-spoilt sheaf.

And yet, for that I sowed
Some little wheat,
Take it, and let Thy love
The tale complete;
I lay it down before
Thy blessed feet.

Thou knowest I could have done
And did not do;
Have paid the debts of love
That still are due;
Have given fair giving meet,
In measure true.

Thou knowest how I have sinned
Oft in Thy sight;
Thou knowest I tried to do
Some little right;
Forgive the wrong, accept
The rest tonight.

O Jesus, Jesus mine,
What words are these?
Deep in my heart I say,
On bended knees,
Do with me, dearest Lord,
As Thou shalt please.

My spirit, O Lord, O Love,
I do commend
Into Thy Hands, my Judge,
Who art my Friend,
Who, loving me, wilt love
Unto the end.

THE WORKINGMAN AND HIS WAGES.

BY JAMES F. CRONIN, C.S.P.



FOR some years past, it is plain that events have been so shaping themselves as to force even the unwilling to pay heed to industrial conditions. The interest in questions born of modern industry is almost universal, and the time has arrived, we believe, when it is neither safe nor sane for moral leaders to ignore, or minimize, the gravity of what is at stake.

In the absence of clear thinking among the masses, it must be made plain that our emphasis on the sacredness of private property does not place us in the untenable position of approving or defending the inherent or accidental faults of Capitalism. And, in condemning Socialism, we must not allow the unthinking to believe that we are committed to the approbation or toleration of the abuses and injustices of Capitalism. We, indeed, insist that in any solution offered, the inviolability of private property must be taken into consideration, and we furthermore reject and condemn the particular solution, known as Socialism, but we in nowise approve the evils of the present system. Indeed, we are, and must be, as solicitous of right and justice in industrial life as in any other department of life.

It may be well for us, also, to remember that although Socialism would usher in evils worse than the existing ones, it is, at least, an effort to meet the situation. People may believe about Socialism what many believe about Prohibition, that it is so poor a remedy for an evil that it is worse than no remedy. To condemn one or the other, however, and to offer no substitute reform, is to reject the attempt made to solve a question; it is not constructive. If we do the easy thing, we shall be satisfied with a policy of obstruction, and simply condemn the efforts of others; if we do the right thing, we shall not only point out the errors of others, we shall bring forth our own programme. Boastful *laudatores temporis acti*, who mistake a mental storehouse of prejudices and prepos-

sessions for reason, who contribute nothing to the solution of a difficult problem except the condemnation of the efforts of others to solve the question, must be appraised at their true value; they are simply and solely offensive obstructionists. It is painful and pathetic to find Catholics taking the part of critical obstructionists, even when authoritative Catholic teachings are being applied to modern questions of industry. Our present industrial system did not come down from heaven as a divine revelation, and it is not immune from the saving grace of change and improvement.

No less an authority, indeed, than the Bishops' Programme calls for a change, a change in fact which would ultimately involve, to a great extent, the abolition of the wage system. The present method of payment of wages is, after all, a comparatively new thing, the result of a social system that came into existence gradually, did not at one time exist as we have it today; and, conceivably, the world can again get along without it.

The present wage system, moreover, has many disadvantages, not accidental, which a little charity might remove, but disadvantages inherent in the system itself, which laboring men cannot be expected to overlook. In making the contract of the wage, the employer has a distinct advantage over the one seeking a position. Equality of bargaining power is wanting. The man seeking employment must work or starve, while the employer can wait, or employ someone else. The dependence of the employee on the will and power of the employer "approaches that of the subject under a despot, and finds expression in the phrase: 'Well, you can take the job or leave it.'"¹ Employers who are so fond of boldly proclaiming that they will never submit to "dictation" from organized labor, are forever assuring us that they can, and will, "run their own business." Many of us are not concerned as to the terms employed, whether "outside interference," "dictation," or the more euphemistic "running my own business," be employed. However, we see no reason for offering special resistance to the workingmen who try, through equality of bargaining power secured through organization, to write in the wage contract the terms under which they will work, any more than we should resist the efforts of the employer to se-

¹ *Primer of Social Science*. Parkinson. London: T. S. King & Son. Page 167.

cure the services of these men on his terms. Both parties are bargaining; one offers wages, the other offers service. The employer states his conditions, and he is simply "running his own business;" the workingman states his conditions, and he is "dictating." Which reminds us that Lincoln once asked a schoolboy: "Johnnie, if you call a dog's tail a leg, how many legs will he have?" "Five," answered Johnnie. "No," said Lincoln, "calling it a leg will not make it one, the dog will still have only four legs."

Inherent, also, to the present wage system is the disadvantage that the wage-earner labors under, of being excluded from a share in the profits. It is not at all clear to the working people why the employer should walk off with all the profits. It is very clear, on the other hand, that the laborer "has a strict right to profits in proportion to his effective coöperation in production." It is clear, furthermore, that the laboring men are not receiving these profits. Indeed, the laboring man is forced to surrender, at least implicitly, his right to these profits when he makes a wage contract, and, under the present system, he must either make the wage contract or go hungry. "Briefly," says Monsignor Parkinson, "the wage-earner in industry has abandoned his claim to a proportion of the profits. He has become a mercenary rather than a partner, a commodity rather than an artist-craftsman. He remains actually or practically at the same pay, while the employer or shareholders draw large dividends for their inactive (*i. e.*, non-effective) participation in production. He is the victim of the omnipotence of wealth, of the prejudices of station, and the social inferiority of labor."

Here and there, of course, are found employers, and many of them, who do the right thing towards their employees. The number, also, is unquestionably growing year after year. But conditions today are a sufficient warrant, nevertheless, for repeating what Pope Leo said thirty years ago: "The laboring men feel that they have been fooled by empty promises and deceived by false appearances; they cannot but perceive that their grasping employers too often treat them with the greatest inhumanity, and hardly care for them beyond the profit their labor brings;" and "with the concentration of so many branches of trade in the hands of a few individuals, a small number of very rich men have been able to lay upon the teeming

masses of the laboring poor a yoke little better than slavery itself.”²

Again, not only is the laboring man, under the present wage system, practically forced to sign away his right to a share in the profits, but at times he cannot even secure a remuneration “sufficient to support a frugal and well-behaved wage-earner.” In other words, the *minimum* of justice is denied him. Even if it were true that the great majority of workers were now receiving more than living wages (and it is not true), “there are no good reasons,” says the Bishops’ Programme,³ “why rates of pay should be lowered. After all, a living wage is not necessarily the full measure of justice. All the Catholic authorities on the subject explicitly declare that that is only the *minimum* of justice. Since our industrial resources and instrumentalities are sufficient to provide more than a living wage for a very large proportion of the workers, why should we acquiesce in a theory which denies them this measure of the comforts of life? Such a policy is not only of very questionable morality, but is unsound economically.” “On grounds of justice and sound economics,” concludes the paragraph, “we should give our hearty support to all legitimate efforts made by labor to resist general wage reductions.”

The campaign for the reduction of wages attained during the war has, however, been going on, rather merrily for some, during the last few years. The “workman’s silk shirt” served as one of the allies in the holy war against the extravagances of the working classes. Of course, there wasn’t any silk shirt, but that didn’t matter. The United States Bureau of Labor Statistics made a detailed study of the cost of living of 12,094 families of workingmen during the fall of 1918 and the winter of 1919. The families were widely scattered about the country, and representative. “The matter of the silk shirt is illuminating. Out of the entire 12,000 families studied, only three and six-tenths per cent. possessed silk shirts. The investments of these extravagant few, if such purchases are considered extravagant, increased the average budget for the entire group only twenty-one cents, the price of a single soda during war times. Apparently, even at the time of great economic inflation the workman who could afford luxury was

² Encyclical, *Rerum Novarum*.

³ *Social Reconstruction*. Washington, D. C.: National Catholic Welfare Council.

uncommon." The average expenditures of the different members of the families for clothing reveal also the "appalling extravagance" of the workingman and his family. The man clothed himself on less than six dollars a month and the woman dressed on five dollars and thirty cents a month, and this at a time when prices were at the peak. But if there were no silk shirts for the laboring men when they were "dictating" their own terms and wages, there certainly was one expenditure of which much has not been said. Churches throughout the country, almost unanimously, reported that plate collections had doubled!

The success of the Miners' Union, we hope, has put a definite stop to the campaign for a reduction of wages. Since March, last, an upward trend in wages is recorded. The average weekly earnings of factory-workers in New York State were \$25.10 in August, a gain of 33 cents over July, and an increase of 85 cents over the lowest average earnings in April. The Railroad Labor Board granted an increase to 451,911 members of the United Brotherhood of Maintenance of Way employees and Railroad Shop Workers. Of this number, track laborers and all common laborers constitute the largest single class affected. Most of them are now receiving 35 to 36 cents an hour. They number about 112,000. The average minimum wage now ranges from 23 to 37 cents an hour. The United States Steel Corporation also voluntarily increased the wages of its employees, and it is hoped that before long the pressure, which compelled this increase in wages, will exert itself in the direction of remedying the brutal practice of employing 300,000 on a twelve-hour basis. The United States Steel Corporation might well begin by liberating its 70,000.

Among the factors accounting for the upward trend of wages, emphasis must be placed on the new three per cent. immigration law. The country's total net gain by alien immigration during the first fiscal year under the quota law was 104,326 women and 6,518 men (both figures including children). The figure of 309,556 immigrant aliens admitted to our country during this period "shrinks to nothing when it is reduced to net gain in man-power. Moreover, there has been an actual loss in net immigration in respect to most of the countries upon which we have depended recently for our supply of unskilled labor." During the fiscal year, 1921-1922,

40,319 immigrants arrived from Italy, while during the same period 53,651 Italians left this country. Figures show that in regard to Poland, Greece, Spain, Portugal, Jugo-Slavia, and several other countries we lost more by emigration than we gained by immigration. The *Nation* points out that 400,000 skilled and unskilled workers were added annually to our working forces during the five years before the war, and that now "we have already dried up the sources of that man-power upon which for the last fifty years American industry has depended."

With this increased power thrust into the hands of labor by the new immigration law, one should consider the growth of unionism during the last decade. A glance at the new volumes of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* reveals that the growth of organized labor enrollment during the decade, 1911-1921, is three hundred and fifty per cent. for the world, from 10,835,000 to 48,000,000. In the United States the growth has been one hundred and fifty percent. during the same period, from 2,100,000 to 5,179,000. The growing scarcity of labor due to the three per cent. restrictive law and the growth of unionism, are two powerful factors which labor will not be slow to use for the enforcement of its claims.

Some of us, however, are not at all alarmed. Something—the coldness of facts we suspect—chills our enthusiasm when we try to answer the call to save our country from what Mr. Chamberlain recently called "the common foe." When we learn from our *Catechism of the Social Question* that two per cent. of the people own sixty per cent. of the wealth of the United States and that the poorest, sixty-five per cent. of the people, own only five per cent., and that four-fifths of the people own only one-tenth of the wealth, our indignation at labor's effrontery in trying to secure a fair protection of the wealth it produces, somewhat subsides, and we are led to confess that not even the waving of a silk shirt makes us panicky.

Nor shall we become desperately ill at ease if labor soon succeeds in bringing the remaining twenty million organizable workers into the ranks of unionism. Equality of bargaining power can be attained by these millions in no other way save by organization, and without this equality they are dependent for a living upon the benevolence of employers. A mere kindergarten acquaintance with the condition of unorganized

labor in the past is sufficient in itself to make us say with Pope Leo: "We may lay it down as a general and lasting law that workingmen's associations should be so organized and governed as to furnish the best and most suitable means for attaining what is aimed at, that is to say, for helping each individual member to better his condition to the utmost in body, mind, and property."⁴

Labor Unions may, like Capital, abuse their power, and selfishly exact unfair remuneration. Labor has already, in several instances, attempted just this very thing. It is the plain duty of moralists to teach the moralities of the situation. We can distinguish between the right to organize and the abuse of a power. We can distinguish between a free contract and a fair contract. We have our Catholic principles to apply practically to all relations born of modern industry, and the time is already at hand when it is neither safe nor sane to ignore the gravity of the situation.

In our country, today, are millions and millions of wage-earners. One may hate, with all his soul, the doctrine of economic determinism and still understand that the food these people eat, the clothes they wear, the very air they breathe in their homes, are in some way conditioned by the wages they receive. Their health, their thoughts, their outlook on life, their moral and spiritual life, and their attitude towards religion and the Church are not unrelated to the size of their pay envelope. Their souls are stirred and their passions aroused, while resentment fills the hearts of many.

"As far as regards the Church," says Leo, "its assistance will never be wanting, be the time or the occasion what it may. . . . Every minister of Holy Religion must throw into the conflict all the energy of his mind, and all the strength of his endurance." And said Pope Benedict: "The clergy and people, instead of merely opposing the claims of the proletariat, ought to support them, provided that they are within the bounds of what is just and honest, as set forth in the immortal encyclical, *Rerum Novarum*, of Leo XIII." (From a letter to Cardinal Lucón, 1919.)

⁴ Encyclical, *Rerum Novarum*.

THE WHITE LADY.

BY W. E. WALSH.

I.

1695-1850.



LIMERICK was the end of all things. Not an Irish gentleman remains in the land. Only the Kerne is left—and his spirit is hopelessly broken. We have looked on the last of the Gael, and now the later Irish, it seems, must go. The Dutchmen—His Majesty's friends—are fighting over the spoils. Confiscations were begun before the ink was dry on the hapless Treaty.

"How long shall I be able to hold my own? The Geraldines took this land from the native Chieftains, and my people took it from them. When will my turn come? What would my father, who fought under Hugh O'Neil, have done in this affair? Hugo and I took different sides—he was in Limerick, and I outside its walls. Which of us was right? Hugo is gone to France with Sarsfield—and, Faith, I think he has the best of a bad bargain. There will be good fighting there under a Christian King. As for this country, there is a curse on it. It is crushed, and will rise no more."¹

Doctor Lacy handed the little book, with its worn and scuffed binding, to Michael Vallancy. The two men looked at each other for a long moment. The doctor ran his fingers through his grizzled beard.

"But for the grace of God, or the prompting of the devil—which was it?—you'd not be here today."

The older man took him up with bitterness in his voice:

"And my elder son would not be a convicted felon—"

"Hold a minute, my dear Michael—a political convict is not a common felon. It's not the first time your family has bred a rebel, or a patriot, whichever you like to call him. Don't be forgetting Hugo."

"Ah, that was different. Right or wrong, there was no disgrace in fighting for the Stuarts—after all, James was our rightful King. But these Fenians—the dregs of the country—what did they want? What could they hope to do?"

¹ Diary of Gilbert de Vallance.

"What did they want? Sure, there's an easy answer to that. They wanted what your grandfather wanted when he joined Charlemont's volunteers and voted for Grattan's Bill to make the Irish Parliament independent. Ah! that was a great moment, Michael—there was never one like it in the long history of this unhappy land. Your kind and my kind stood then for the first time shoulder to shoulder with the native people."

Michael Vallancy shook his head impatiently:

"Yes, yes," he said, "but that, too, was different. Those were men of power and substance—"

"Aye, it was different," the other interrupted. "There was this difference, that England at that time was in trouble with another set of rebels in the American Colonies, and could not afford to provoke a united Ireland with two hundred thousand Volunteers at her back; but if she had been as well prepared as she was later, in '98, your grandfather might have shared the fate of Lord Edward Fitzgerald and his friends—who were likewise men of power and substance. No, no, my dear old friend, don't deceive yourself. England wasn't ready then, but when she was, she knew that she could break that union of the people and their natural leaders with the device that had never failed since the Statute of Kilkenny was enacted; and she proved it in 1800, when many of the men who had voted with Grattan to free their country from English domination, sold her back again into a worse bondage. Your own brother, my Lord Ardilaun, bears a title which came to him as part of the price of his father's convictions in that affair. Now, there's no need for you to be angry because I tell you this—for I hold my own kindred to have been no better.

"Hugh de Lacy despoiled the O'Ruaircs of the rich lands of Meath, and accepted many an honor and title afterwards to preserve the interest of an English King, and, though his descendants held them for a long time, they lost them in the end, like the Desmonds, to Elizabeth's undertakers—of whom the first of your family was one. Sure, that's the history of every one of our Anglo-Irish families—and a dirty one it is—and, faith, I'll say this—that your boy, Roger, rebel or no, is a finer gentleman than any you've had in your family, not excepting your grandfather nor your grandfather's grand-uncle, Hugo, who fought under Sarsfield at Limerick."

Michael Vallancy rose and stood by a deep-embursed window which overlooked a noble expanse of lawn fringed with trees, through whose upper branches the tower of Castle Ardilaun was visible. The building in which he stood was known as the Dower

House, and was changed but little since the days when a Norman Baron had built it; but the Castle had been renewed and remodeled a half century earlier with money which the doctor would have described as the price of his father's perfidy. If he lived long enough, he, too, would enjoy the advantages of that questionable transaction, for his brother had married late in life and had no issue; and one day Roger, his elder son—convicted of treason and transported to a penal settlement—would have been the fourth Baron Ardilaun. But now he would inherit neither title nor estate—and his younger brother, Gilbert, would be the richer for his fault.

Michael Vallancy turned to his friend, with the pain of that thought working in his face. He had loved this errant son—a dashing, handsome boy—more than anything else in the world.

"Perhaps you're right, Dan," he said in a lifeless tone. "And I haven't heart to be angry, whether or no. If we'd had our own Parliament these last years, I dare say we'd not have let the food go out of the country while the people were starving; that's the one thing that drove the boy to madness—and his mother with him. They're her people, you know—more than yours or mine—and though her heart is breaking for Roger, she'd not have had him different. As for me, she'll hardly look at me. I let him go without a word, and she can't forget it."

There was silence between them for a moment, and then he went on with an eager break in his voice:

"Have you heard anything, Dan—anything more at all about the report of their escape?"

"Not a word, old friend; but don't you be fretting now. There's no doubt that some of them escaped—and Roger's not the boy to sit back when a thing like that's in hand. I tell you, if any got away, your lad is among them, and by this time he's safe in America."

II.

1919.

When Gerald, sixth Baron Ardilaun, returned at the close of the war to his home, in Ireland, he told himself, with a glow of self-righteousness, that the world had been freed at last of tyranny and oppression, and that he had done his share in bringing about this desirable consummation.

If he had lived in Dublin, this comforting conviction might have lasted for a longer period—for what he would have read in the only paper patronized by his kind, would not have disturbed him greatly. To the landed gentry in Ireland, discontent was a

perennial which flourished among those not so fortunate as to have either a sufficiency of land or a lucrative berth in His Majesty's service, and they regarded it as a mere commonplace that persuasion of a more or less forcible character should be used to keep it within bounds.

Lord Ardilaun, however, did not believe like the majority of his class, that his less fortunate fellow-countrymen were hopelessly detrimental because they refused to accept the view that their country was intended by Providence to be a sporting subdivision and recruiting ground of the larger Island. On the contrary, he was always ready to excuse, if not to justify, the disturbances which took place as a result of repeated denials of their national aspirations. He had been conscious of a sense of disappointment when the operation of the Home Rule Bill had been postponed for the period of the war, but he had been easily led to believe that this course was warranted by the attitude of the dissentient minority.

But now that the war was over, a generous measure of self-government would extend the blessings of peace, he was sure, even to his distressful country. It is true, that in his absence the Dail Eireann—a National Parliament—had been set up in Ireland without the consent of the British Crown—but this, he thought, need not be taken seriously. The people were being imposed on by agitators, but as soon as they could feel quite sure that Ulster was not going to be permitted to rule the British Islands, they would welcome a reasonable settlement.

He had not been many days at home, however, before he began to have doubts about the situation. In the first place, he was dubious of the Government's policy. Wholesale arrests were bad enough, but the show of military force, obviously intended to intimidate the people, was worse. If he had not seen it himself, he would not have believed it possible, but it happened at this time that the authorities were giving particular attention to Limerick and the adjoining counties. Machine guns, tanks, and armored cars were very much in evidence, and prohibited areas—defined by barriers of barbed wire—were the fashion. Beside the fact that he was sick of the panoply of war, there was the almost incredible evidence that government by military force still existed; and his irritation was not allayed by the further fact that his own movements were subject to restraint.

He returned from a visit to the city of Limerick in a very thoughtful mood. That night, he studied a road map of the counties south of the Shannon, and planned a tour in his car which kept him away for the best part of a week.

He came back from that expedition burning with shame and indignation. Was this what he had been fighting for? Was it for this, countless young lives had been sacrificed? He remembered a sentence in one of Lloyd George's speeches—one that had thrilled him at the time, and often afterwards: "When this war is over, the whole world will be free; there will not be anywhere on earth a people governed against its will." And now—what? Every principle on which they prided themselves was violated.

The scenes he had witnessed with scorn and abhorrence in Belgium, were duplicated here: prescribed areas, suppression of speech, nightly raids on domiciles—with the inevitable accompaniment of insult and outrage, imprisonment without accusation or trial—if these meant anything, they meant deliberate and systematic provocation. He had protested here and there to an officer in command, and had been told that these people were in sympathy with Sinn Fein. And this was the way they were to be taught to love British rule! It was sheer madness! He had refused to believe stories that were told about the treatment of prisoners in Mountjoy and Belfast, but now—anything was possible.

Something must be done. He knew the Chief Secretary—knew him very well. A decent sort, but too saturated with Downing Street methods to be the right man at a time like this. Would Englishmen never learn that Irishmen cannot be intimidated—that coercion merely spreads the disaffection?

Something must be done. It was more than likely that his effort would be wasted—but, at any rate, he must try. He would go up to Dublin at once.

III.

Lord Ardilaun's journey was nearly ended, and already his mind was busy with the agreeable task of selecting food and wine for the dinner at his club, when adventure thrust itself into his path.

It was almost dusk, and his car was traveling smoothly and silently at the rate of a good thirty-five Irish miles, when a short, sharp "honk" behind him broke the stillness, and he looked back to find another car bearing down on him with amazing swiftness. He gave way instantly, diminishing his speed as he did so, and a powerful, low-bodied machine shot past him. It was going so fast that he had hardly more than time to anathematize the folly of such reckless driving before it had disappeared around a bend of the road. Almost at the same moment a series of startling

sounds disturbed the serene and peaceful evening. First, there was a grinding crash for which, he thought with a sinking heart, there could be but one explanation. Then, after a momentary silence, a man's voice cried out, and the report of a pistol shot followed. Then another, and another.

Lord Ardilaun saw a man running towards him in the dusk, holding a smoking revolver in his hand. Three other men appeared at the curve of the road with leveled weapons. Another report, and the one who ran stumbled and fell. He tried to rise, lurched forward a pace, and lay prone again.

Lord Ardilaun brought his car to a stop and leaped down beside the fallen man. As he put his hand on him, the fellow turned over suddenly and looked up at him with a tense, questioning look:

"They got me, I guess," he said with an effort, "but you don't look like a friend of theirs, and perhaps we can beat them yet. Quick—lean over—take this; if you get clear of these blackguards, deliver it at the Castle. It's important, you understand—very important."

Lord Ardilaun, still bending and screening the operation, thrust a letter-case into the left hand pocket of his motor coat as a voice called out behind him:

"Stand clear there! Look sharp! No harm will come to you if you do as you're told. First, put up your hands in the air—quick! That's right. See that you keep them up."

Hands upraised, he watched the proceedings with a curious sense of detachment. The situation was familiar. These men were Irish—Sinn Feiners, no doubt—but, save that they wore no uniform, they might have been French or British soldiers running down a German spy. What part was he to play? At present, there seemed to be no choice. Even if, by a sudden dash, he had been able to get away, he could not go forward. If that desperate fellow, willing to take any risk, had not been able to get through, the road must be well blocked.

Two of the attacking party were kneeling, searching the wounded man. The leader called to them impatiently:

"Hurry, boys, hurry! We've no time to lose."

One of the men looked up.

"It's not here, sir. He must have got rid of it—or maybe it's in the car."

"Nonsense! He'd not have left it in the car—but did he throw it away along the . . . Stop!" His gaze fell on Lord Ardilaun. "Ah! perhaps you have been kind enough to undertake its delivery. Come here, Sean. Keep your hands well up,

sir. I am sorry—but I must ask you to allow us to search you—unless, indeed, you would prefer to save us the trouble—”

There was nothing else to be done. Lord Ardilaun yielded gracefully.

“In my coat pocket,” he said. “Shall I hand it to you?”

“One moment, if you please. Sean, see if he has a weapon. Very good, sir. Now, will you kindly hand it to Sean. Thank you very much, indeed.”

The speaker took the leather case from the hand of his subordinate and, having glanced at its contents, placed it in his breast pocket.

“Now, sir,” he said, “I am afraid we shall have to ask a greater favor of you. We need your car. Mine is hardly more than a junk heap, as a result of the recklessness of our injured friend here, and his is not much better. In the first place, we must put him where he will be cared for, and then we must get away ourselves. You cannot very well walk to Dublin, so I suppose you had better go with us. You will miss a good dinner, but I promise you that you shall not starve. I am sorry, but it cannot be helped. After all, it is for the good of your country—perhaps that will console you.”

He gazed at his lordship with a half-cynical, but not unfriendly, smile and, as the latter made no reply, shrugged his shoulders and walked over to the car.

“Will you get in, sir—the far seat, if you please, I shall drive myself. Ah! Rolls-Royce—a beautiful car.” He turned to his companions, who stood respectfully by: “Sean, yourself and Michael will lift the wounded man into the tonneau. Steady! handle him gently—so! You, Michael, will hold him in a comfortable position, and Sean will be on the lookout for trouble.”

As he seated himself and turned the ignition switch, he leaned towards his guest:

“Sean was my sergeant during the late war,” he said, significantly, “and I can assure you that he is very reliable in an emergency.

Lord Ardilaun’s silence must not be misunderstood. He was far from feeling anger or chagrin. On the contrary, the situation intrigued him greatly. He was sorry to go without his dinner—but it looked as if there might be compensations. He had seen the working-methods of the Government; here was an opportunity to learn something about these dreamers who dared to defy the might of the British Empire. Decidedly—it might be very interesting.

IV.

If Fate had intended to cast about Lord Ardilaun's adventure a glamour of romantic interest, the setting and *dramatis personæ* were well chosen. When, after a night of sleep, he found himself, within the crumbling walls of an ancient ruin, sitting at breakfast face to face with a lady who had sat opposite, or beside him, many a time at a dinner table in Dublin, he felt inclined to pinch himself to see if he were really awake. The fact that the lady was the sister of one of the highest officials of the "Castle," did not serve to lessen the sense of unreality which possessed him.

"It is strange," she was saying, "that you had never met Alan Trench. Alan is, or was, one of the most popular men in Dublin. You see, he has all the essentials—good looks, good connections, and a large estate. But I suppose you were hardly going about much in his time. He had been away in America for a year when the war broke out, and he returned post-haste and was off again in no time with the Fusileers. He went through the Gallipoli fiasco, and was invalided home in very bad shape.

The war made a tremendous change in Alan. When he could get around, and had his discharge, he went to Walter and told him what he thought of the condition of things here. I fancy you can guess the rest. Walter is my brother, and—well, the fact that I am here shows what I think of his principles—but he has one virtue, at least: he is absolutely honest. He is not like the politicians—he doesn't preach what he won't practice. He doesn't care whether it's right or wrong. It's better to break Ireland, he says, than to break up the Empire. Rotten, isn't it? A good German principle! That's what Alan thought. My word! Alan was immense! He gave it to him straight. 'The boys that died in the Dardanelles,' he said—'and I guess it was the same everywhere—thought they were fighting for an Empire that believed in what it preached. If these Prussian methods in Ireland are not dropped,' he said, 'I'm going to pitch my lot with Sinn Fein.' 'All right,' said Walter, 'it might be a good thing if they had one or two gentlemen among them.' And that's all. I backed up Alan, and told Walter I was going with him. He only laughed. 'You'll not like it in gaol, Molly,' he said. 'They'll not let you take your breakfast in bed.' That was like Walter—he makes a joke of everything—but, anyhow, you see I'm not getting my breakfast in bed now—and I never felt so well in my life."

Lord Ardilaun looked and listened with a somewhat dazed consciousness. This lady—one of his own sort—was virtually his gaoler. Major Trench, his captor of the night before, after

more polite apologies, had again borrowed his car and departed. The only other person who might possibly interfere with his movements was the man, Michael, who had prepared the breakfast. Sean had apparently gone with the major.

There was, however, nothing to tempt him in the prospect of flight. His car was gone, and he knew nothing of his whereabouts, save that he was on the summit of a hill overlooking, he thought, the pasture lands of Meath—where human beings were as scarce as cattle were plentiful. Besides, he would not be satisfied to go without learning something of the hopes and aims of these people. He wanted more than anything else to have a quiet talk with Major Trench.

But he gazed with increasing wonder at his companion. By what miracle of moral transformation had this young and charming woman, who belonged, by tradition and training, to the ascendant class, been ranged on the side of the despised masses in so hopeless a struggle?

His face must have betrayed the direction of his thoughts, for she interrupted them with an amused smile:

"My dear Gerald, please don't look at me as if the last prayer had just been said over my dead body. You will be surprised to learn how many of us there are in this movement. There's hardly a Unionist family outside Ulster but has at least one son or daughter, actively or passively, in sympathy with it."

"But, dear Molly," said his lordship, very gravely, "what good, what possible good, can come of it?"

"Dear friend," she rejoined, "can you imagine the good of being honest for the first time in your life? While you were away fighting German aggression in Flanders, we have been fighting British aggression here. You were spared the edifying spectacle of a Government preaching freedom for small nations in Europe, and putting it down by military force at home. But now you are here and you must face the situation; and if you are honest, you will not count the cost before you choose. That is just what we have always done: we have stood aside and cheated ourselves with lies and sophistries. You have only to look around you to see the result. These people are *our* people. We have always had a monopoly of the wealth and culture—and how have we used it? Not *for* them—not to guide and lead them—but against them. Every concession they have won in local government reform, has been won in spite of our opposition.

"I used to sneer," she went on after a pause, "like others of my kind. I hated the endless talk, the rhetoric—the everlasting pleading at Westminster, while English members sat back and

listened with a patronizing smile. When Carson put through the gun-running and, lining up his Covenanters, defied the power of the United Kingdom, I said: 'There are people who *do* things!' Of course, I didn't stop to think that Carson couldn't have done it if he had not had the Tory Aristocracy of England behind him. The gun-running at Howth followed. The troops which were sent to intercept the landing, retreated before the determined stand of the Volunteers—but they made no objection to firing a volley into an unarmed crowd in Dublin. Perhaps this incident set me thinking—and the promotion of Carson to the Cabinet may have helped the process; I don't really know. But the Easter Rising, which came like a sudden earthquake, turned the world upside down for me—and for many others.

"I remember the fierce, unreasoning joy which thrilled me as I realized that these men had at last taken guns in their hands and were fighting and dying—instead of talking—for Ireland. A Nation was reborn—and baptized in its blood! I said this over and over—and laughed to think that it was *I* who said it. Then came the aftermath—the shooting without trial of Pearse and his comrades.

"There was, at first, a sense of stupefaction—the stunning effect of an incredible blow. This was succeeded by a spreading flame of resentment, more deadly because it did not blaze into wild anger. I think the Irish people realized their position more clearly then than ever before. If these men had been English, they'd have been tried by their own countrymen; if they had been Germans, they'd have been treated as prisoners of war. But being Irish, they were outside the pale of civilized law, and were shot like dogs without a trial.

"To me, there was a special sense of loss in the death of Pearse. If only he could have been spared to the great work that he was doing! Once, when they were giving some plays at St. Enda's, Walter was, of course, invited, and took me with him. I spoke to Pearse, and he told me of his work—of his ambition to see Irish boys and girls brought up, at last, with a knowledge of their language and their history. Over the entrance to the school there was a picture of the Hero, Cuchulainn, and under it the inscription, quoted from the Saga: 'I care not if my life be but the span of a night and a day, so that my name be remembered by the Men of Eirinn.' . . . Gentle teacher and dreamer! He is surely entitled to share this epitaph with his great prototype of the heroic period."

There were tears in the eyes of the Honorable Mary Nevill as she finished her recital, and Lord Ardilaun stretched his hand

across the table in sympathy. He had set his face against the sentimental aspects of this problem, but she had moved him in spite of himself. She held his hand for a moment, and smiled at him through her tears.

"I have told you only," she said, "of the events that induced me to give up the traditions of my caste—but you know the rest of the story as well as I do. You have asked me what good can come of this movement, and I tell you now that great good has already come. Our people whine and cringe no longer; they do not beg for relief from a Congested Districts Board; they are cultivating self-respect and self-reliance—these are good things, are they not? We have a Parliament, chosen by ourselves, and while we remain united as we are now, no power on earth can force us to recognize another. If there is ever agreement between England and Ireland, it will be an agreement of equals, sanctioned by the free people of both countries."

V.

Gerald, the sixth Baron, sat in the library at Castle Ardilaun. More than a week had passed since his return, and his mind was still seething with doubt and perplexity. His thoughts moved in a circle, endlessly, bringing him back invariably to the point where he had begun. It was not that the moral issue was clouded—he had no doubt at all about that; if Ireland were subject to Germany, every statesman in Britain would have championed her cause. But now that England's liberty was no longer threatened, those who governed her were setting a higher value on the Empire's material greatness than on the Nation's word. That was what he had to face! Could anything be gained for Ireland by resistance?

Only yesterday he had further proof that the policy of Dublin Castle was one of deliberate terrorism. An old man—one he knew well, the most harmless of creatures—had been killed by the soldiers in a revolting and cold-blooded manner. The old fellow was teaching a Gaelic class in the town, when the hall was raided by the military. An order was given to clear the room, and the teacher, with an instinct to see his pupils go first, was not quick enough in leaving, and received a bayonet thrust in the back. He died three hours later.

This incident settled his lordship's mind on one point. He was Deputy-Lieutenant for his county, and a Justice of the Peace. Since the military were to rule, these honors must be resigned at once. He would write to the Lord Chancellor, and give his reasons fully.

Lord Ardilaun was in the act of writing this letter, when Martin O'Gara appeared at the library door. Martin was the oldest person on the estate, and his lordship had something of the feeling for him that he had for the family pictures. The old man had come to him, just as those inanimate things had come, out of the twilight of other days. He belonged to a generation that was almost forgotten. He had known Ardilaun's father, grandfather, and great-grandfather. If he had lived in a more romantic age, he would have been the family Bard, or Seanachie; but as it was, he was only a sort of superior groom and gamekeeper. But whether as gamekeeper, or—as he was in the lifetime of the late Lord Ardilaun—in the more important office of trainer of a racing stable, Martin was always a person to be considered, and from Mrs. Delany, the housekeeper, down to the humblest scullery maid, he was treated by all with the greatest respect. As one who had shared in the family greatness for four generations, he was inclined to be jealous of his dignity, and this feeling was deferred to by none more than by the master himself. His lordship could never forget the hours he had spent as a boy at the feet of this little old man who told such interesting stories of the past—of his grandfather, and of the grand-uncle who had rebelled and been transported, and of the mother who grieved so deeply for him that when she died her spirit remained to haunt the ancient Dower House—and who still haunted it, it was said, to this very day.

The old man stood before him now with a troubled look in the watery eyes that were so blue against the pink of his wrinkled countenance.

"What bad news is it that's fretting you, Martin?"

"It's bad news, sure enough, Master Gerald, for your beautiful car is gone."

"The car—the motor, you mean?" Lord Ardilaun was incredulous.

"No less than that, y'r honor; and sure, it's a genteel way they have with them—bad luck to their impudence!—for here's a letter they left for you, asking your honor's pardon, no doubt, for making so free with your property."

His lordship took the missive that was handed to him. When he had read its contents, he sat for a while looking absently out of the window. The old man watched him with eager, curious eyes.

"It's all right, Martin. The car will be returned in a few days."

He smiled at the undisguised disappointment on Martin's

face. He rose and laid his hand affectionately on the old fellow's shoulder.

"I can't tell you any more just now, 'a cara—these are strange times, and strange things are happening around us."

Martin's face brightened at the kindness of his tone and gesture.

"It's truth you're speaking, sir—and it's only God knows what the end will be. But there's something else I ought to be telling you, sir. The White Lady is come again."

"The White Lady! Ah, now, Martin, you've been listening to the maids again."

"I have not, sir. I saw her with my own eyes."

"Come, now—are you quite sure of that?"

"I give you my word, sir—did I ever tell you a lie? Do you think I'd be worrying y'r honor if there was any doubt at all? Listen, Master Gerald—it was last evening, when those divils were ravagin' your car. I heard the sound of the motor, and thought to bate them to the gates by takin' the short cut past the Dower House. I was runnin' as fast as me old legs would carry me, when I saw her. She was in the winda', and I saw her as plain as I'm seein' you this minute. Glory be to God! It was herself as sure as I hope to go to Heaven."

Lord Ardilaun took a turn or two up and down the floor. He was not convinced that Martin had seen the White Lady, but he was an Irishman and, in spite of reason and common sense, he could not rid himself of a certain uneasiness. He knew the story, of course—always before some important event—a birth or a death, usually—the White Lady appeared. He stopped and faced the old man with a whimsical smile on his lips.

"Well, what do you make of it, Martin? Why has she come back now?"

Martin O'Gara's old face was twisted in an expression of anxious embarrassment. He shifted nervously from one foot to the other.

"God save us, sir, I don't like to be thinking of it. I'd not have said a word about it but for the fear that is on me. There's only yourself left of the long line I've known. Sure, I remember herself—a lovely, livin' woman—the time they took her boy from her, as fine and brave a lad as ever lived. Master Gerald, sir, I'm a very old man, and I've been hopin' to see you married and with a son to succeed you before I go. And now, I don't know what to do or say at all. If you would stay at home, sir, till all this trouble is over. It's not safe to be drivin' about the country these times. God help us! I'm afraid to think of what may happen."

Lord Ardilaun was more moved by this evidence of affection and loyalty than he cared to show. He comforted his faithful retainer, and sent him away with an assurance that he would go about no more for a time. When he had finished the interrupted letter, he sat pondering again the disquieting facts of the situation. There was no comfort in it anywhere. The thought of passive acceptance was intolerable—and, on the other hand, resistance was hopeless. Yet, hopeless or not, he must face the issue.

The White Lady had not counted the cost: she had given willingly the life that was dearer to her than her own. And now, she had come, it seemed, to claim his. What nonsense he was thinking. The dead cannot return—not even in Ireland. Yet, Martin was very positive. Well, if the old man was right, he would give the White Lady a chance to show herself, and to tell him where his duty lay.

VI.

Lord Ardilaun had not crossed the threshold of the Dower House for many years; and the fact that it was believed to be haunted, kept others away. It was built like the later structure, on a point of land which had been originally an island. The name in its Gaelic form indicates this fact: *Ard-Ilan*—high island. In the course of time, the narrow channel separating it from the mainland—and spanned, no doubt, by a drawbridge—had been filled in and was now part of a driveway bordered by stately trees. The Dower House stood on a hill on the right of the driveway, which curved in a wide half-circle to the Castle, for which, in less warlike times, a site more suitable for the necessary lawns and garden had been chosen. The rear of the Dower House overlooked the upper reaches of the Shannon, and a flight of rude steps, cut into the declivity, led down to the water's edge.

His lordship required no keys to enter; there were no locked doors. In rural Ireland, under normal conditions, the rights of property are universally respected. He expected to find the interior damp and musty, and was surprised that the air was quite fresh. The reason was not far to seek: a window of the drawing-room was wide open. He chuckled softly. The White Lady, it seemed, was a believer in the virtue of fresh air.

His pulses quickened with a pleasurable sense of excitement. Who was it Martin had seen? He thought of Mary Nevill. "We shall call upon you soon," she had said at parting. The promise

had been kept. They had called and taken his car. Martin had seen Miss Nevill at the window—his superstitious imagination had done the rest. But what was she doing in the house?

While he stood thus, speculating, a distant sound caught his ears—the exhaust of a motor boat. He found himself listening intently, with a sense of expectancy, and he smiled at the absurdity of it. The situation was getting on his nerves. He was scenting adventure in the most trifling things.

The pulsing rhythm ceased. A launch, white as a swan, swam softly around the curve of the shore and approached the decrepit landing. A woman leaped lightly ashore. She stooped, a few words were spoken in low tones, and the craft resumed its flight, its slim prow lifted, like a huge bird trailing its feet in the stream.

Lord Ardilaun watched, crouching at the window. The White Lady. Yes! As she climbed the steps, through the opening of a long motor coat, he caught glimpses of a garment, not white, but a pale saffron, which would look like white in the gloom of evening. But who could she be? Not Miss Nevill—nor anyone he had ever laid eyes on.

Long, heavy draperies hung by the deep embrasured window. He hid himself in their ample folds. A footstep sounded on the threshold—advanced softly into the room. A breathless silence followed. When he could bear it no longer he looked out. She was standing before a picture—a portrait of Roger Vallancy's mother—she who was known as the White Lady. The golden light from the window fell on her face. Heavens! It might have been her own portrait she was gazing at.

She heard the sudden catching of his breath. She turned, and they faced each other for a moment without words. A mad thought went through his bewildered mind. The White Lady was alive—had been reincarnated by some miracle. The woman was the first to regain composure. She smiled at him.

"Well, cousin," she said coolly, "you have spoiled my little game."

He stared blankly. "Cousin!" he echoed.

A smile rippled again about her mouth.

"Cousin," she repeated.

"Who are you?" he said, catching his breath again.

"I have told you twice," she said. "Have you never heard of Roger Vallancy?"

"Roger Vallancy! By Jove, yes! You look like his mother."

She burst into a peal of laughter. The music of it echoed strangely, almost weirdly, in that dim, old room.

"Heavens! Do I look as old as that? I am his granddaughter, if you please."

Lord Ardilaun was silent, dazed, his mind grappling with this strange disclosure; but the girl was quite at her ease. She regarded him with a whimsical expression.

"Oh, I *am* glad you are dark. I was so worried about it."

"Dark!" He looked so puzzled and bewildered that she broke into laughter again.

"Ah, it's a shame to be teasing you like this. But have you never heard of the dark Vallancies and the fair Vallancies? No, it is evident that you have not. Well, I will tell you. From the time of Hugo and Gilbert, all the dark Vallancies have loved Ireland, and the fair ones have loved themselves, and their goods and chattels. My grandfather was dark, and yours was fair. Mine gave up everything for Ireland, and yours accepted a title which was the price for which his country had been betrayed."

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

THE SOWING.

BY JOHN R. MORELAND.

I CAST a handful of small sins
Like thorn-plant seed among life's wheat,
And then forgot them every one,
Youth was so sweet.

But had I kown my bleeding hands
Must reap the grain for autumn's need,
I would have planted in life's field
Some nobler seed.

The Ball and the Cross.

The BALL AND THE CROSS is one of the symbols of Christianity. It signifies, as is obvious, the WORLD AND THE FAITH. It is our intention to publish monthly in this department two or three short articles, which may appropriately be grouped under the caption chosen.

THE REVIVAL OF CATHOLICISM AMONG THE INTELLECTUALS OF FRANCE.

THOSE who have had an opportunity of coming in touch with the intellectual élite of France during the last fifteen years, have been deeply impressed by the mentality of the rising generation. One of its leaders spoke of it most exactly, when he said: "We must return to the faith of our ancestors and take their part against our fathers." The young men who came to manhood about the year 1890 were altogether different from those of the preceding generation, who had seen the defeat of 1871, and had retained what has come to be known as the "mentality of the vanquished." The skepticism of Ernest Renan, and the so-called scientism of the positivists, did not satisfy the developing minds of the new generation.

The change of religious ideas among the intellectuals began in earnest when Brunetière published the famous articles in which he proclaimed the need of returning to the Catholic Church. With Brunetière, or after him, Blondel, Ollé Lapruné, Paul Bourget, and Maurice Barrès led the way back to the Catholic Church.

The young men who were to sacrifice their lives for their country in the World War, gave the next, and greatest, impulse to the Catholic movement. "To be truly French, we must be Catholics," was the conclusion of the famous "Inquiry," made in 1910 by Massis, under the pen-name of Agaton. It would seem that these young men had a presentiment of what was going to take place. "*Nous sommes une génération sacrifice*," said one of them, a representative of the Catholic revival among the intellectuals, sometime before the war broke out. And never was an heroic presentiment more strikingly realized. The supreme sacrifice made by many in defense of country has brought forth wonderful results. Let us look at France today and study the fruits of their effort.

Leaving out of consideration Paris and Alsace-Lorraine, for which no statistics have as yet been made, there are in France ten million fervent Catholics in a population of thirty-four millions. By fervent Catholics, I mean those who perform regularly all their religious duties and receive Communion at least four times a year. Seventeen million more have been baptized, and attend church more or less regularly. Thus only seven million are indifferent, and among them very few are bigoted. It is in the large cities that the return to Catholicism is most evident. Of Paris much that is derogatory has been said, but, to be fair, we must also say much that is complimentary. There are four hundred thousand strangers in Paris, many of them are not particularly inclined to piety, yet six million Holy Communions are distributed annually to a population of four million people. The contributions of Catholics to their parishes amount annually to three million francs. In 1905, there were in Paris and its suburbs one hundred and fifty-three churches and chapels; in the first months of 1922 there were two hundred and two.

In the entire country, there are at present twelve thousand Catholic schools, employing twenty-nine thousand teachers, and giving instruction to a million children. We should also recall that last year France gave five million francs to the Propagation of the Faith, the total amount contributed by the Catholics of the whole world being twenty-three million. According to the latest statistics, France is still giving two-thirds of the Catholic missionaries of the world. This proves conclusively that the Freemasons, during the fifty years of their supremacy, even if they did de-Christianize the land to some extent by means of their laicized school system, were ultimately unsuccessful, since most of the population remains Catholic.

The revival of Catholicism is at present most conspicuous among the educated classes. The influence of the intellectual élite upon the public is perhaps greater in France than in any other country of the world, the French nation as a whole being influenced more by ideas than by facts. To strengthen my statement, I shall give statistics. In the "Normal Supérieure," a State school in which the scholars who intend to become university professors receive their classical training, the movement toward the traditional faith started some years before the war under the leadership of a young man called Pierre Payet. So well did he and his companions succeed in the work of conversion, that two-thirds of the students of the school are now fervent Catholics.

The Polytechnique ranks highest among the scientific institu-

tions of the State. Like the Normal Supérieure, it admits only those students who have shown themselves of remarkable ability; consequently, its scholarship is very high, and the men it trains have great influence upon the affairs of the country. Marshal Foch and Fayolle took their courses in mathematics and engineering there. Just twenty years ago, the spirit of the school was most anti-Catholic, for Catholicism was considered unscientific. The change in the attitude of the students and authorities is, therefore, of some interest.

As early as 1910, some of the scholars made up their minds to become better acquainted with the Church. They formed a club and invited a distinguished Sulpician, l'Abbé Labouche, to lecture to them every week on Catholic dogma. The following statement which they made to him bespeaks their attitude: "We do not wish you to prove to us that the Catholic religion is the true one, for of that we are all certain; she alone can answer the important problems of life and give peace to society. But we desire to become acquainted with her moral teachings."

At present, there is no opposition against Catholicism at that great centre of learning; the military authorities who rule the school have shown themselves very liberal, and the majority of its students have a sympathetic understanding of Catholicism. The Catholics have organized themselves into an association which attends Mass in a body every Sunday in the Church of St. Etienne, which is situated next to the school. The average attendance is two hundred. In the same church, the Catholic "Polytechnicians" and the graduates make their Easter duty each year. In 1912, there were five hundred and fifty; in 1922, nine hundred. Retreats have also been held for the students; the one given last year was attended by two hundred and four. Lastly, of every normal graduation class of from two hundred and sixty to three hundred, ten are Jews, ten Protestants, and sixty are very good Catholics. Nearly three-fifths of the total number of students make their Easter duty.

American artists are well acquainted with the "Académie des Beaux-Arts" of Paris. Perhaps they will be surprised to learn that at present one-third of its students are Catholics, and that they have a society of their own, "L'Arche," which exists for the purpose of promoting the Catholic conception of art.

But the fact which manifests best the revival of the old faith in France is the remarkable increase in vocations since the war. I do not say that the number of vocations is sufficient to satisfy the needs of the people, for many priests were killed in the war, and there is a need of many parishes and schools. Many men who

occupied prominent positions in the world before the war, have given them up to work for the glory of God. Among them, we find lawyers, engineers, physicians, men who have been married, and young students. Most of them are more than thirty-five years old. We count among them a converted Socialist, three members of the Socialist Labor Federation, sixty-four army officers, including a general and a staff colonel, and several navy officers, who had distinguished themselves before the war. Most of these men are now in the famous seminary of Issy, under the guidance of the Sulpicians.

I do not say that all France is returning to the Church. I do not lose sight of the fact that there is a great danger in France due to birth control, but this is not true of France alone, but also of many other countries. What I have endeavored to show is simply that there is a marvelous revival of the Faith among the intellectual élite of France. And this, of course, means much for the revival of the Faith throughout the world.

OUT OF THE MOUTH OF A PAGAN.

FOR those who are worried about the "infiltrations" of paganism into Christianity, it may be consoling to know that the process of osmosis works both ways, and that there are infiltrations from Christianity into paganism.

The Christian religion is always in danger of being, to a degree, paganized. But our religion is sufficiently vital to influence, at least slightly, the various forms of paganism with which it comes in contact. In places where the Christian religion has not utterly converted a pagan people, it has at least made some impression upon their own worship.

Dr. Joseph McGlinchey, in his recent volume on *The Conversion of the Pagan World*, reminds us that modern Hinduism has borrowed from Buddhism, from Mohammedanism, and even from Christianity.

Perhaps, the most remarkable recent instance of the influence of a Christian idea upon a great mass of pagans is the episode of the "non-resistance" revolution in India under Mahatma Ghandi. The "revolution" is squelched. Ghandi is in jail. The episode is closed. I trust, therefore, that we may consider the moral value of his adventure, quite apart from its political bearing.

It may be an exaggeration to say that, from the beginning of the Swaraj movement, until his incarceration, Ghandi conducted himself invariably in a Christ-like way. But his statements and

his actions, in the crisis, were not unworthy of being compared with those of the One Who first preached and practised non-resistance. And Ghandi claims that Christ was his inspiration.

"I remember," he said to his biographer,¹ "how one verse of a Gujarati poem, which, as a child, I learned in school, clung to me. In substance, it was this: 'If a man gives you a drink of water, and you give him a drink in return, that is nothing; real beauty consists of doing good against evil.' As a child, this verse had a powerful influence over me, and I tried to carry it into practice. Then came the 'Sermon on the Mount.'"

"But," said the biographer, "surely, the Bhagavad Gita came first?"

"No," he replied, "of course, I knew the Bhagavad Gita in Sanskrit tolerably well, but I had not made its teaching in that particular a study. It was the New Testament which really awakened me to the rightness and value of passive resistance. When I read, in the 'Sermon on the Mount,' such passages as: 'Resist not him that is evil, but whosoever smiteth thee on the right cheek turn to him the other also,' and 'Love your enemies, and pray for them that persecute you, that ye may be the sons of your Father Who is in Heaven,' I was simply overjoyed, and found my own opinion confirmed where I least expected it."

Having read the Sermon on the Mount, he absorbed it thoroughly. Where can we find a more penetrating exegesis of the gospel of non-resistance than in these words:

"Literally speaking, Ahimsa means non-killing." (We may permit him to use the Hindu word. The idea is the idea of Christ.) "But to me it has a world of meaning, and takes me into realms much higher, infinitely higher, than the realm to which I would go if I merely understood by Ahimsa non-killing. Ahimsa really means that you may not offend anybody; you may not harbor an uncharitable thought even in connection with one who may consider himself to be your enemy. Pray notice the guarded nature of this thought: I do not say 'whom you consider to be your enemy,' but 'who may consider himself to be your enemy.' For one who follows the doctrine of Ahimsa there is no room for an enemy; he denies the existence of an enemy. But there are people who consider themselves to be his enemies, and he cannot help that circumstance. So it is held that we may not harbor an evil thought even in connection with such persons. If we return blow for blow, we depart from the doctrine of Ahimsa. But I go further. If we resent a friend's action, or the so-called enemies' action, we still fall short of this doctrine. But

¹ *Current History*, February, 1922, p. 746.

when I say we should not resent, I do not say that we should acquiesce; but by resenting I mean wishing that some harm should be done to that enemy, or that he should be put out of the way, even by the action of somebody else, or, say, by divine agency. If we harbor even this thought we depart from the doctrine of Ahimsa."

There may be those who scoff at the "misguided fanatic." There may be others who, because of their political convictions, have been unable to recognize the nobility of the attitude of Ghandi when he was brought to trial. But, ignoring the futility of his aims and eliminating from our minds all prejudice against a "mere pagan," it is difficult not to see in him a dignity and a self-possession that are reminiscent of Christ before Pilate.

Directly addressing the judge, he said: "I have felt this morning that I would be failing in my duty if I did not say all that I said here just now. I wanted to avoid violence. Non-violence is the first article of my faith. It is the last article of my faith. . . . And I am here to submit, not to a light penalty, but to the highest penalty. I do not ask for mercy. I do not plead any extenuating act. I am here, therefore, to invite, and submit to the highest penalty that can be inflicted upon me for what in law is a deliberate crime, and what appears to me to be the highest duty of a citizen.

"The only course open to you, Mr. Judge, is, as I am just going to say in my statement, either to resign your post or to inflict on me the severest penalty. If you believe that the system and law you are assisting to administer are good for the people, I do not expect that kind of conversion. But, by the time I have finished with my statement, you will, perhaps, have a glimpse of what is raging within my breast to run this maddest risk which a sane man can run."

The judge, replying, said: "The law is no respecter of persons, but it is impossible to ignore the fact that you are in a different category from any person I have ever tried, or am likely to have to try. It is also impossible to ignore the fact, that in the eyes of millions of your countrymen you are a great patriot and a great leader. Even those who differ from you in politics look upon you as a man of high ideals and of noble and saintly life."

If Pilate had not been, by race and by temperament, laconic, he might have said something like that to Our Saviour. Perhaps he did say something like it. He may have expanded upon his own brief word: "I see no cause of death in this just man."

Pilate was loath to punish Christ. The British judge in

India was loath to punish Ghandi. "There are probably few people in India," he continued, "who do not sincerely regret that you should have made it impossible for any government to leave you at liberty. But it is so. I am trying to balance what is due to you against what appears to me to be necessary, in the interest of the public."

After many more deprecatory remarks, the judge sentenced Ghandi to six years imprisonment, closing with the statement: "I should like to say, in doing so, that if the course of events in India should make it possible for the Government to release you, no one will be better pleased than I."

Truly, that trial was one of the strangest episodes in all the history, either of politics or of jurisprudence. A prophet of non-resistance on trial for treason, asking the heaviest penalty—and the judge, with many protestations of friendship, and even of reverence, hardly doling out the minimum of punishment, even though the "crime" was one that might have resulted in the dismemberment of an Empire.

How far we dare go with Ghandi, when he interprets the Sermon on the Mount as non-patriotic, is a problem. "There is no room for any violence," he says, "*even for the sake of your country*, and even for guarding the honor of precious ones that may be under your charge. After all, that would be a poor defense of honor. This doctrine tells us that we may guard the honor of those who are under our charge by delivering ourselves into the hands of the man who would commit the sacrilege. And that requires far greater physical and mental courage than the delivering of blows. You may have some degree of physical power—I do not say courage—and you may use that power. But after that is expended, what happens? The other man is filled with wrath and indignation, and you have made him more angry by matching your violence against his; and when he has done you to death, the rest of his violence is delivered against your charge. But if you do not retaliate, but stand your ground between your charge and the opponent, simply receiving the blows without retaliating, what happens? Under this plan of life, there is no conception of patriotism which justifies war."

We Christians are wont to repeat that warfare can never be abolished until Christ's idea shall prevail. Is there any other record in history, since the Roman persecutions, of an attempt upon a large scale to demonstrate the wisdom and the practicability of the Sermon on the Mount as a basis for the arbitrament of international or interracial controversies?

New Books.

ART AND RELIGION. By Von Ogden Vogt. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$5.00.

The aim of this book is to show that artistic externals of worship may be made a powerful instrument for reuniting, reforming, and perfecting the divided Christian Churches of today into an ideal church of the future.

The church of the future, according to the author, will differ from the historic modes of Christianity, "accomplished largely out of the pressures of practical life." It will be constructed "self-consciously and deliberately." "With the modern scientific and analytical studies of religion behind us," the author proposes to transform the academic survey of the psychology of religion into applied psychology of religion, "to marry naïve popular religions with critical rationalized experience," "to weld the components of historic faith with seething, aspiring, naturalistic humanism." The church as thus seen will utilize the good in the historic phases of Christianity and discard their limitations. The "creedalism" of the Protestant churches, their fear of art and symbols, and "the dualistic view of human nature, which affords no legitimate basis for the fleshly appeal of art" must go. Wesleyans are to forego "emotionalism;" Catholics must renounce "legalism," their opposition to a new liberal theology, their habit of viewing morality as an end rather than a means. Miss Evelyn Underhill in *The Mystic Way*, Mr. Stanton Colt in *Social Worship*, and others are quoted as pointing the path.

Present-day Protestantism, as a whole, makes little use of forms of worship with a strong physical appeal: the Catholic Church still possesses forms of great variety, beauty, and power, capable of stirring religious emotions. These forms, or rather something as good or better, must be incorporated into the Church of the Future. Here Mr. Vogt is not upon untrodden ground. Ralph Adams Cram, A. K. Porter, and others have preceded him, and blazed a trail of appreciation for mediæval forms of art and culture through a wilderness of ignorance, misunderstanding, and misinterpretation. Mr. Vogt, a Congregational clergyman, views that trail fearlessly, and proclaims openly that the Pre-Reformation Church possessed many excellencies of form and content which could be adopted profitably by Protestantism. Modern Americans have lost interest in creeds. They come to church

chiefly for "emotional lifts," experiences of religion. Might not the experience of beauty kindle within them the experience of worship? Why not make Art the stepping-stone to Religion? Why not make apprehension of beauty lead to apprehension of God, if, indeed, æsthetic appreciation and worship are experiences essentially alike?

No doubt, many, like Mr. Vogt, seldom read the Nieene Creed or the Heidelberg Catechism, yet frequently derive pleasure and benefit from some masterpiece of art; but can habits of this emotional sort be bent towards the ultimate perfection of Christendom? Will they actually lead to union, when, according to the author, the morality of the law, as typified in the Catholic Church, and the intellectuality of creeds, typified in Protestantism, have never accomplished anything but division?

Elaborate plans for inducing Art and Religion to live peacefully together and complement each other, would have seemed grotesque and foolish in ancient and mediæval times, when practically all the great masterpieces of art were created in the service of religion. But what was true then is not true now in America. The iconoclasts of the sixteenth century, who decreed the separation of art and religion, have held spiritual sway in this land. Generations of men have been deprived of healthy, soul-inspiring, æsthetic experiences, wherein their Pre-Reformation forefathers could legitimately revel. Signs are not wanting of an extensive revolt against that separation-act. Mr. Vogt is one of the revolvers.

As to Mr. Vogt's "modern" view of worship, we should say, that there is another view more firmly grounded in real life, and which does not concede to art an essential, but a subsidiary, place in the "experience of worship." While art has always flourished best in times of peace and secular prosperity, religion has often reached its greatest vitality during times of persecution, when it was deprived of every secular advantage. Mr. Vogt, incidentally, upbraids the Catholic Church in America with having brought to this new nation during her past history, until recently, "no artistic intelligence and culture," and with having built the ugliest of church buildings. We plead guilty, but refuse apologies. Catholic immigrants, the poorest of the poor, began their churches with money begged abroad. They lacked the means and the culture to carry on the artistic traditions of the ancient Church. They built to provide the immediate essentials of religion, with little thought of permanence and beauty. But this admission argues for, not against, the power and vitality of the religion housed in ugly Catholic churches. Power and vitality are not the

essential products of æsthetic culture, but rather of that definiteness of thought and definiteness of moral purpose, which Mr. Vogt decries as sources of discord.

Catholics reading this book will find in its pages a number of familiar straw men, that bear no real resemblance to their supposed counterparts. "Catholic legal morality," "the Church's aversions to the functions of the prophetic office," "the antiquated nature of the Church's devotional life" are among them. But we are at one with the author's main purpose: to revive a greater interest in and appreciation of the beautiful in church and services.

EARLY CIVILIZATION. An Introduction to Anthropology. By Alexander A. Goldenweiser. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$5.00 net.

There is no subject about which more undependable rubbish—the expression may seem to be harsh, but it is justifiable—is written today than that of Anthropology, especially that section which deals with the early days of mankind and, above all, with the early phases of religion. The late Andrew Lang, an acute critic and a deep reader in the subject under notice, in a criticism of one of Frazer's works (which contain enough loose argument to cast a serious blemish on his great collection of facts) quotes a sentence from Sir Alfred Lyall: "One effect of the accumulation of materials has been to encourage speculative generalizations, because it has provided a repertory, out of which one may make arbitrary selection of examples and precedents to suit any theory." This was written about forty years ago, and is truer today than when it was written.

It is a pleasure to welcome a book as free from this prevalent fallacy of selection, which has shaken off the bondage of the evolutionary hypothesis in Anthropology, as the one under review. Not that the author doubts the evolution of man. Unproved though it is, that belief must necessarily be affirmed, we suppose, in all books of this kind. But he does see that the older scheme of arranging all customs in an ascending or descending scale and linking one step with another, will no more work in actual practice than a similar color arrangement will work in connection with sweet peas, as Bateson has shown us to be the case, when the test of actual and incontrovertible facts is applied. We are particularly interested in the discussion of the problem of diffusion versus independent discovery, which is so much debated today, and find ourselves very largely in unison with the writer. Particularly, we agree that Elliot Smith's "key to all the mythologies" is no more likely to be successful than was that of the late Mr. Casaubon, in *Middle-*

march. The discussion on magic and religion is also excellent, and the writer sees that Lang and Father Schmidt are correct when they urge that, so far from being the parent of religion as Frazer would have us believe, magic is a disease of religion, and requires a pre-existent religion to grow upon as the mistletoe must have a tree to act as its host. "Prayer and the belief in the other world," the author tells us, "are well-nigh universal," yet neither of these could arise out of the magical system, which some have thought, and even think to be, the seed from which all religion grew. We have not room to deal fully with this book, but we can recommend it to those who wish to obtain a good idea of the present position of sane anthropology.

SOUTH AMERICA FROM A SURGEON'S POINT OF VIEW. By Franklin H. Martin, C.M.S., M.D., F.A.C.S. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. \$3.00.

Dr. Martin, who is Director-General of the American College of Surgeons, has had the collaboration of three eminent physicians in the preparation of this work—William J. Mayo, Thomas J. Watkins, and Francis P. Corrigan. These authors find so little to condemn and so much to praise in their study of South America, that Dr. Mayo feels impelled to explain this position, so contrary to the common concept. His explanation is so sane and timely that it will bear quotation:

I have been asked a number of times: "Do you mean to say that all the surgeons of South America are of this high grade you speak of?" I can only answer that all the work I saw was high-grade, but I saw only the best men, and not by any means all the best men. Relatively, the comparison with other countries is a fair one (page 202).

To the young lady who, a short time ago, asked a young South American if he did not find it awkward to wear shoes, and to other Americans whose ideas of South America are quite as crude, another passage on page 104 will seem incredible:

One of the objects of our trip was to obtain a bird's-eye view of the hospitals in the cities we visited. We passed through, very hurriedly of course, a number of the principal hospitals in each of the capitals, Valparaiso, and a few other cities. With only minor exceptions, they all had suitable buildings and interiors, and opened onto extensive and attractive gardens or patios. Without exception, I believe all of them had a system of case records, and the average of completeness in this respect was above that found in the United States. Everywhere working laboratories, including X-ray outfits, were in evidence, and were

pointed to with pride. The operating rooms, with but few exceptions, were modern, and contained the most approved sterilizing apparatus. Conveniences for diagnostic purposes and instruments for operating rooms were in abundance. Nearly all had provision for post-mortems and up-to-date morgues. The provision for graduate internes seemed to be adequate, especially in those hospitals connected with teaching institutions. Mostly all of the large hospitals had rather complete out-door dispensary departments. Some were deficient in modern plumbing, but a large percentage of the important hospitals were elaborately equipped with these conveniences. Some had the most approved hydrotherapeutic departments, and modern laundries and kitchens were in evidence in nearly all of the larger institutions.

The book may be described as a surgeon's *Baedeker* of South America. It contains a thread of narrative which interlaces accounts of three different voyages around South America. Its *raison d'être* is a discussion of South American medical practice, hospital facilities, hygienic measures, and its appendix, nearly one-half the size of the rest of the volume, contains a "Summary of Facts," a Spanish-English and Portuguese-English "vocabulary and phrases," and a full index. As may be surmised from this analysis, the book is distracting in its make-up. This fact may deter placid souls from its reading. Nevertheless, it is a very welcome addition to our South Americana, and should be in the hands of every apologist of our much-maligned cousins of the South. We welcome it as an antidote to such works as Franck's *Vagabonding Down the Andes*.

THE WORKS OF ARISTOTLE TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH—

De Cælo; De Generatione et Corruptione. By J. L. Stocks and H. H. Joachim. New York: Oxford University Press. \$3.35.

Even good Latinists do not hesitate to keep on their shelves the translation of St. Thomas, which the English Dominicans are now issuing to the great comfort of those to whom Latin is not a second tongue. And the far smaller body of philosophers whose Greek is fluent, will not grudge their less favored and much more numerous brethren a really good translation of the works of Aristotle, on which depend the whole of Scholastic Philosophy. Nor will they despise a translation with really adequate notes, such as this carries, of two treatises containing such fundamental portions of Aristotle's philosophy.

The second is, perhaps, the more interesting to us today, for it deals with "the coming-to-be and the passing-away," and thus

attacks problems, such as that of "becoming," full of actuality, in spite of our changed ideas as to the "elements," and in spite of the centuries which have rolled away since the author of these works discussed the utterances of Empedokles, Anaxagoras, and Leukippos. We welcome this translation, and hope it may be followed by other volumes until we have a really complete and scholarly edition of the Stagirite in English.

THE MERCY OF ALLAH. By Hilaire Belloc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$2.00.

Hilaire Belloc is nothing if not many-sided. He can dash off a volume of history that is sound and provocative, criticism of military tactics, criticism of literature, fiction, and biography. The present volume is a brilliant satire, cast into a mold made immortal by LeSage in *Gil Blas*. Mahmoud, a Persian merchant, recounts his adventures to his nephews, beginning with his expulsion from home by his father, and concluding with the golden day when, having carved out his fortune, he became a captain of industry, and sits himself down in self-complacent leisure with a wife, a beautiful mansion, a fat income, and delectable memories of his successes in the great game of high finance. Belloc's irony is delicious. And as you follow Mahmoud through his brilliant strokes of fortune and his heart-breaking reverses, you see in every line a biting satire on present-day capitalists. Bagdad is New York, Paris, London, Berlin. Mahmoud—but one must beware of libel suits. The reader can insert for himself the names of a dozen of our present-day millionaires.

In handling this satire as he does, Belloc proves that he has learned the tricks of Montesquieu, in his *Lettres Persannes*, and of Goldsmith, in his *Chinese Letters*. The *Mercy of Allah* is bound to rank high among Belloc's best work.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN PHILOSOPHY SINCE 1800. A *Critical Survey*. By Arthur Kenyon Rogers. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$3.50.

Those conversant with Mr. Rogers' work in the field of history of philosophy, will welcome this volume. It is no easy task to elucidate the muddled and tortuous ways of philosophers, especially those of the past few years. To succeed, one must be gifted with a clarity of thought and expression that is only too rare, both among thinkers and the chroniclers of thought. The author has this gift in a preëminent degree. The survey he gives us is not only expository, but critical. His own view of philosophy is that it should justify the fundamental beliefs that are implied in

human life, and he uses this view as the criterion whereby to evaluate the worth of each school. Much that he tells us is, of course, not new, especially in the historical part of the book, but the tenets of the various schools are set forth in a fashion both detached and objective—they are invariably viewed with a sympathetic and an understanding eye. The critical part, while acute, is distinguished by its dispassionateness and by its truly philosophical temper.

Perhaps, the most intriguing section of the work is that devoted to contemporary philosophies. The protean forms of modern idealism, panpsychism, and pragmatism, are delineated, their basic assumptions and fallacies are pointed out, while the numerous protagonists of the now popular epistemological realism are the subjects of a searching examination.

As might be expected, Catholic philosophy is not given prominent notice. Newman receives a few pages, St. George Mivart is mentioned, while "Howard" Joyce and "Lester" J. Walker, with four others, are alluded to in a footnote. However, he concedes that neo-Scholasticism "is a significant philosophical tendency."

THE SEVENFOLD GIFT. A Study of the Seven Sacraments. By William F. Robison, S.J., Ph.D. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder Book Co. \$1.50 net.

The Seven Sacraments of the Catholic Church are seven most precious gifts bestowed on her by her Divine Founder, Jesus Christ. They were intended to be channels of Divine Grace to all mankind. Of their own power, they produce their graces in the human soul. Nevertheless, most of them for their full efficacy depend on the dispositions of the soul that receives them. Part of this disposition lies in a realization of the meaning and effects of these sacraments. This volume by Doctor Robison, consisting of seven sermons originally delivered in St. Francis Xavier's Church, will help the reader to a deeper understanding of the meaning and effects of the sacraments.

CERTAIN PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE. By Kathleen Norris. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$2.00 net.

The protagonist of Mrs. Norris' novel is not an individual, but a family. There is no plot; but in the varied lives and circumstances of her people, there is abundance of incidents, seldom other than such as fall to the ordinary lot, yet holding the attention so satisfyingly that we deprecate, as out of proportion, the introduction of an event as sensational as the suicide of Victoria's lover. Continuity is sustained throughout. To a really remark-

able extent, the author keeps control of the many threads of interest, allowing none to become detached from the central point, the rise and decline of the Crabtree fortune. Nor does she digress into too much description of the changing conditions of the growing city. She contents herself with vivid touches that form a colorful background for her signally successful and elaborately detailed delineation of an average non-Catholic, American family, in the seventies and eighties.

This is the best of all Mrs. Norris' productions, a serious work, with strong, distinctive features. She has achieved a very striking effect in her pictures of the relations of parents to their children, an attitude so definitely characteristic of that era as to be essential to any faithful transcription. In particular, she treats of the deliberate reserve maintained by mothers to their daughters concerning precisely those experiences of life which they believed to be the most desirable for all women; a delicate subject, which she handles at considerable length with frankness, and judgment, also, needless to say; even so, the book is not for readers of all ages.

Its literary merit is great. For the most part, the author stands aside, as it were, while her people speak, revealing themselves most convincingly real and human. It is, indeed, by this means that she accomplishes some telling satire, especially in the last chapter, where, in connection with Reuben's death, she makes ruthless exhibition of the strange, almost universal, screen woven of conventional phrases and outward observances, in which people indistinguishingly blend the true and the false. Disconcertingly keen are the shafts of ironic humor that increase the appeal of the scene with which a sound artistic instinct has led Mrs. Norris to close her novel.

JOCK, JACK, AND THE CORPORAL. By C. C. Martindale. Chicago: Matre & Co. \$1.50 net.

Jock, a Catholic soldier of singular innocence of life, lies fatally injured in an English hospital. His hopeless suffering and dereliction, made vicarious by a Catholic mysticism, leads to the regeneration of his comrades. His nobility of character becomes for them a seal of the truth of the Faith he so ardently practises. Jack, the sergeant, takes instructions from the chaplain, who gradually introduces him to the world of the supernatural, and to the mysteries of the Catholic religion. This process of instruction, which forms the staple of the book, becomes, in the hands of Father Martindale, a revelation of the beauty and truth of the spiritual teaching of the Church. Every detail of Catholic belief

and practice is made relevant to the exigencies of human existence as God has provided for them in His divine economy. It is not too much to say that one closes this novel with a new realization of the immediacy of the things of the spirit to the secular affairs of every-day life, and of the inwardness of the faith that one lightly professes.

Father Martindale knows the language of his soldiers, and he understands thoroughly their psychology. For instance, his sketch of the Corporal, the wag of the regiment, is an admirable piece of portraiture. The story is so vivid and realistic that it must surely have been *vécu*. The chapters on Christmas at the hospital, and on the death of Jock, reach a lyric intensity, and have their place among the memorable things of fiction.

DISCOURSES AND ESSAYS. By John Ayscough. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$1.25 net.

This volume consists, for the most part, of occasional discursive papers on Catholic faith and practice, written by Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew against the assailants of the Church. In vindicating the claims of Catholicity, John Ayscough proves himself a witty and incisive polemic, who deftly unmasks the prejudice that underlies the specious rationality of its opponents. He unbares, for instance, the real motives that in the past prompted the denial of miracles, as also the bad faith that would gainsay all manifestations of the supernatural, or cavil at the Church's spiritual ministry on the grounds of laxity. He pierces the Anglican pretensions to continuity with the shafts of his fleering humor. The essay on "Taste and Tolerance" contains some wholesome comments on preaching. Other papers have the purely personal interest of an apologia for the methods of a Catholic novelist. In scope and substance, the book differs widely from *Levia Pondera*, and has not quite the same engaging quality.

THE AMERICAN INDIAN. An Introduction to the Anthropology of the New World. By Clark Wissler. Second Edition. New York: Oxford University Press. \$5.00.

The generally received opinion about the aborigines of this Continent is that they came from Northern Asia by the land bridge, then connecting it with Alaska, and that they came in comparatively recent times. For the learned Professor Hrdlicka has come to the conclusion, after an exhaustive study of the question, that all the skulls cited in evidence of a greater antiquity than that of Neolithic days, including the celebrated Calaveras specimens, cannot establish the point that America was inhabited in

earlier days than those just named. Bearing this in mind, it is amazing that there should be such variety in forms of culture and in speech as actually exist, or have existed, from the regions of high culture, such as the Incas and Nahuas, to the degraded races along the stormy waters of the Straits of Magellan.

Any intelligent person living on this side of the Atlantic must be of singularly unimaginative disposition if he is indifferent to the kind of people who inhabited it in pre-Columbian days, and from whom his forerunners, though not often ancestors, annexed it by force. In this matter, there can be no safer guide than the erudite Curator of Anthropology in the Natural History Museum of New York, who has written this book, already well received in its first edition and largely re-written in this. The immense number of facts to be considered makes the book a rather close study. Hardly a point in the life of the American aborigines is left untouched, and an excellent series of maps is a further aid towards studying the extent of different schemes of clothing, kinds of food, of transport, and so on.

It seems to be now what the lawyers call "common form" to assume the evolution of man's physical part from some lower animal, and of course we find that assumption here, although we are still awaiting any convincing demonstration of this theory. The experienced reader has by this time no doubt learned to discount this and to await "scientific" demonstration of the origin of man. What we are concerned with here is the excellence and accuracy of the account of his doings when he had appeared, and after he had made his way to what we now call the New World.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF ARCHPRIEST JOHN JOSEPH THERRY.

By Rev. Eris M. O'Brien. Sydney, Australia: Angus & Robertson, Ltd. 25 s. net.

The history of this pioneer priest in Australia sets forth the record of one man's superhuman struggle against overwhelming odds to preserve the Catholic faith of the settlers in this far-off island Continent. Most of the Catholics were Irish political exiles; they were treated as convicts, they were ruled by English military governors, and they were forced to attend English Church services on Sunday.

Father Therry was a native of Cork. His life work was decided upon one day when he saw a band of his fellow-countrymen being taken off to the convict colony. There had been priests there before; three had served terms as "convicts," a fourth had volunteered his services, but, after a short ministry, the author-

ities had forced him out. Upon his return to his native land, this priest started a campaign of enlightenment. As a result, the British Government voted an allowance for two Catholic chaplains for the colonies. Fathers Philip Connolly and John Therry accepted the chaplaincies. The two missionaries arrived in Sydney in 1820, but soon after Father Connolly departed for Van Dieman's Land. The building of a church presented a problem which consumed most of Father Therry's career. A large part of this long biography is devoted to the history of this church, the financial, civil, and, finally, ecclesiastical difficulties, in which Father Therry found himself as a result of his well-intentioned efforts.

When, through disagreement with the Government, this valiant priest was deprived of his chaplaincy, he continued to labor without compensation. For ten years he continued his ministry practically alone, constantly battling against the bigotry of officials. Then four other priests were sent out, Sydney was made first a bishopric, and then an archbishopric, and the Church started on more prosperous times. The author does not spare his hero; he paints in the shadows as well as the high lights; it is an inspiring record, nevertheless. Father O'Brien has performed his task well; original documents are quoted on almost every page. But there is one thing lacking: a map to show the location and the spread of the early missions.

SHORT SERMONS ON THE EPISTLES AND GOSPELS. By Rev.

F. P. Hickey, O.S.B. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$2.00 net.

A new volume of sermons by Dom Hickey is a welcome addition to our pulpit literature, especially now, when the demand for *short* sermons seems to be on the increase. Father Hickey's sermons are short, and they are practical. There is one sermon for each Sunday and Holy Day, either on the Gospel or the Epistle. There is a uniformity in the arrangement of the discourses: the title of the Sunday, the subject to be treated, four or five topical sentences, then the sermon. While sermon books are helpful chiefly to priests, the laity can find much profit in the carefully planned sermons of Father Hickey.

BIRTH CONTROL. A Statement of Christian Doctrine Against the Neo-Malthusians. By Halliday G. Sutherland, M.D. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$1.75 net.

One of the most pernicious, and perhaps most prevalent practices of this pleasure-seeking and luxury-loving age is studied in this little volume of one hundred and fifty pages with a skill and refinement of touch possible only to a man who is an expert in

medical science and of devout and well-informed Catholic faith. Dr. Sutherland, not content with emphasizing the immoral and sinful character of artificial birth control, reveals, by ample evidence from history and medical authorities, the inherent viciousness of an unholy practice entailing many evil consequences. While the Malthusian advocates and propagandists pose as the friends and protectors of the home and as champions of the welfare of the race, the author proves that their immoral methods produce the very opposite results from those intended.

The fear that urged Malthus to suggest the practice, viz., that men would multiply beyond earth's power to furnish sustenance, is shown to be groundless. Equally fallacious is the theory that poverty and hardships are due to an excessive birth rate; and that diminution of quantity means improved quality. Artificial birth control entails evils, physical and moral, of the gravest kind for the parties concerned. Dr. Sutherland, in clear and forcible language, yet free from exaggeration, presents such an array of facts as must convince the reader that all who would derive from wedded life such happiness as God and nature intend, and who have at heart their own health and domestic bliss, and the well-being of the State, must eschew artificial birth control. The thesis of this volume is that Malthusianism is not only immoral, but pragmatically unjustifiable. The book deserves the widest circulation as an antidote to vicious propaganda.

FINDING A SOUL. A Spiritual Autobiography. By E. E. Everett. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.50 net.

There are many roads to Rome. Men and women have traveled from all points of the compass to the Eternal City set upon a Hill. Here is the story of a soul attracted by the music of Beethoven. The author gives a graphic picture of her childhood, in a motherless home ruled by a father who was an avowed atheist. But he was a devoted admirer of Beethoven, and the child imbibed a love for the great master. At a convent school, she learned Beethoven was a Catholic, and gained a deeper appreciation of his music. The influence of convent life did the rest, and in spite of violent opposition by her father, as soon as she became of age she entered the Church.

ABBE PIERRE. By Jay William Hudson. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$2.00.

Under the still softly murmuring flow of this idyll of "sunny Gascony," we sense the deep current of the "invisible." The author, treading Gascony with the wise old Abbé Pierre and ex-

quisite Germaine, has penetrated the deeper things of Catholic faith and life—the “sublime virtues” of the “sublime silences.” That he is not a Catholic is evident from the inadequate description of the Mass, and certain *tournures de phrase* unsuited to a Catholic tongue, yet what Catholic has drawn a more beautiful portrait of a priest.

The Abbé Pierre is of those who turn all dross to gold, finding even in the Gascon philosopher, Montaigne, a stimulant to faith; who, when he “talks about people,” “talks about their virtues.”

Mr. Hudson has achieved a work of art. Never to be forgotten are the pages on “The Great Question,” the picture of “Moonrise in Gascony,” and the flaming tongues of St. John’s eve, and that sum of human tragedy in one short page: “Have Pity, O God.”

We can wish our readers no greater pleasure than to see with the Abbé Pierre the undulating tapestry “of the Gascon landscape,” the “brave, indomitable roads,” the Pyrenees—the “wall of the world”—the spire topped hills, the “homes that hug the church so close” they “seem like happy children gathered round their ancient mother,” the moonlight on the “wide-stretched arms” of the Man of Sorrows “that reach out over those who sleep beneath the long grasses;” and, with him, to hearken to the “sweet-toned bells that speak across the valleys.”

We suspect that the author, himself, has “looked at the crucifix for a moment with his heart in his eyes,” and may yet come to the Church “as to the Mother of all souls that seek Thy rest.”

A LIFE’S OBLATION—*The Biography of Geneviève Hennet de Goutel*, by Marthe Alambert. Translated from the French by L. M. Leggatt. (New York: Benziger Brothers. Cloth, \$2.00.) The biography of Geneviève Hennet de Goutel is already well known in the French, and the English translation of the biography of this noble woman, one of the first of the French hospital workers to fall on Rumanian soil, will be read with the greatest interest.

INDIANA UNIVERSITY STUDIES—Nos. 48, 49, 50. No. 48: “*Index Verborum de Covarruvias Orozco: Tesoro de la Lengua Castellana o Espanola. Madrid, 1673-1674*,” by Professor John M. Hill. Professor Hill, appreciating the rarity of this *Tesoro* of the Spanish of the seventeenth century and the increasing need of the work, has reprinted the edition of 1673-1674 for the use of students. The editors of the first edition of the *Diccionario de la Lengua Espanola* (Madrid, 1726-1739) recognized the high value of Covarruvias’ *Index*, and based their work upon his researches. It is, therefore, formative and authoritative in

every respect, and specialists in philology must award Professor Hill their sincere thanks.

No. 49: "Juvenile Delinquency and Adult Crime. Certain Associations of Juvenile Delinquency and Adult Crime in Gary, Ind., with Special Reference to the Immigrant Population," by Edna Hatfield Edmondson, Ph.D., a study to determine the reliability of the prevalent idea that juvenile delinquency and adult crime are more frequently associated with the foreign-born than with the native-born population. The conclusion reached is that juvenile delinquency and petty adult crime is determined, not by the race or nationality group, but by the social and economic class to which these races or nationalities belong. Perhaps, the most valuable feature of the work is the bibliography, which is very extensive and pertinent.

No. 50: "William De Morgan and the Greater Early Victorians," by Professor Will T. Hale, Ph.D., gives an optimistic comparison between the author of *Joseph Vance* and his illustrious predecessors—Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot. The citations are of considerable value.

ASISTER'S POEMS, by Sister Margaret Mary (New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$1.50), of the Sisters of Mercy, appears at a time when interest in conventual life runs particularly high. Sister Margaret Mary replies to the challenge with verses which give the world a much keener understanding of the religious mind. Her verse forms, however, and also her methods of expression, are not altogether worthy of her inspiration.

LATIN GRAMMAR MADE CLEAR, with exercises and vocabulary, from the original French of Professor H. Petitmangin, adapted into English by H. Petitmangin and John A. Fitzgerald, A.B., with the collaboration of Ernest Dimnet (Paris: J. De Gigord. \$1.50), is the result of a painstaking and intelligent effort to provide a text-book which, with the aid of a teacher, will eliminate from the study of Latin those difficulties which are not inherent in the subject. It is based upon the theory that there is "no royal road to learning," and that only the earnest, industrious student will ever attain to a mastery of the classics. But for the student who is willing to contribute his share, the book will, we think, be found to provide very valuable assistance. It is the translation, or rather the adaptation, of a text that has long served a useful purpose in French schools. Its logical order is of the excellence that might be expected from a Frenchman. The pedagogical principles upon which it is based are those which experienced teachers readily acknowledge to be valid. No doubt, in the course of time, this book will obtain, in America, something like the same high degree of popularity it has long enjoyed in France.

THE GHOST GIRL, by Edgar Saltus. (New York: Boni & Liveright. \$2.00.) Nellie Chilton, the heroine of this peculiar story, is killed in an auto accident the very day of her marriage to Bradish, the New

York millionaire. She has scarcely been laid in the family vault, when she appears "in all her ghostly loveliness" to her husband and his chum. Time and time again, they see her, but she vanishes at once into nothingness. The author amuses himself at our expense for some two hundred and fifty pages, making us guess at a possible solution of these mysterious appearances. He suggests a perfect double of "the incomparable Nellie," and then talks about the magic of Thibet, the phenomena of Spiritism, astral bodies, hallucination, and insanity. He even goes so far as to describe an orgy of Satanic magic the better to confuse us. Finally, with his tongue in his cheek, he calmly solves the riddle, and makes us ask ourselves why we wasted our time over his book.

THE CITY OF FIRE, by Grace Livingston Hill. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$2.00.) Mrs. Hill's latest novel—her seventeenth—centres about the murder trial of a very unattractive, although innocent, hero. The author draws a good portrait of a minister's daughter, who remains true to her sweetheart despite all appearances against him. Lynn has a very happy faculty of converting everyone she meets. A word from her, and heartless millionaires begin to interest themselves in the lives of the tenement poor, and evil-lived women die in the odor of sanctity. The story is well written, although rather ultra-pious.

ASCENT, by Frances Rumsey. (New York: Boni & Liveright. \$2.00.) This is a cleverly written psychological study of a cold-blooded American girl, educated by a cynical, atheistic grandfather on principles of utter selfishness and irreligion. She craves for life and adventure, and is satisfied almost to the point of becoming a wanton. The Paulist Fathers, who received her into the Church, made a big mistake—she remains a sentimental, ignorant pagan to the end.

AMERICA FACES THE FUTURE, by Durant Drake, Ph.D. (New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.50.) In this book a professor of philosophy in Vassar College undertakes to tell America what is wrong in our politics and industry, and to point out the ways we should tread. His purpose, as disclosed in the preface, is to "consider in these pages what our priceless heritage of American ideals actually is, and how far we are being faithful to our inheritance."

The result is neither helpful nor interesting. The author attempts to cover a multitude of subjects, and does it in a way that will leave those who are not with him in the beginning, still unconvinced at the end. Obviously, the author has not a thorough knowledge of the fields through which he offers himself as a guide. The range of topics he attempts to cover is so wide that this is not to be wondered at. It is not through books of this kind that an intelligent grasp of the perplexing problems that confront us is to be broadcasted or the solution of them along sound lines furthered.

THE September issue of *The Annals* of the American Academy of Political and Social Science is devoted to the study of "Industrial Relations and the Churches." For each volume of this publication, specially qualified editors are selected. The editors of the present issue are Dr. John A. Ryan, Director Department of Social Action, National Catholic Welfare Council, and Dr. F. Ernest Johnson, Research Secretary, Federal Council of the Churches. The issue carries articles by Dr. Ryan, Dr. Kerby, Rev. R. A. McGowan, and Rev. Edwin O'Hara. We recommend it to the attention of those interested in this very vital topic.

PAMPHLET PUBLICATIONS.

The Catholic Truth Society (London) has a budget of new pamphlets of exceptional interest: Rev. John Morris, S.J., provides the Catholic pilgrim and tourist with *Canterbury*, a detailed and interesting guide book of convenient size; *The Church in England in 1922*, by Rev. Bede Jarrett, O.P., summarizes past history, indicates telling influences, and dwells in detail on the *status quo*, pleading, finally, for "national action" by Catholics, to meet effectively "the splendid prospect" for the Church in England; *Lister Drummond*, by Robert E. Noble, tells the virile story of a convert lay apostle who headed the Guild of Our Lady of Ransom and paved the way for the Catholic Evidence Guild; Dom Norbert Birt, O.S.B., contributes a sketch of Father De Smet, *The Apostle of the Rocky Mountains*; *The Doctrine of Self-Discipline*, by Dom Justin McCann, presents the case for self-discipline in so attractive and reasonable a fashion as to force its claim, even upon modern youth; *The Real Presence*, by Rev. F. Mangan, S.J., presents clearly and succinctly the "Fact" and the "Fulfillment" of Our Lord's promise and gift; *Maxims of Mary Ward* introduces the pithy spiritual maxims of this remarkable foundress with a sketch of her life; Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J., leaves the reader no doubt as to *What Cranmer Meant to Do and Did* in robbing the English Church of the Holy Sacrifice; *Confession and Communion Prayers for Little Children* is an admirable little prayer book, well orientated and exquisitely childlike; a story of the days of persecution in England, by a nun of Tyburn Convent, is entitled *Trumpeter's Rock*.

The International Catholic Truth Society has a study of *Transubstantiation and the Real Presence*, short and clear and effective, by Rev. J. F. Splaine, S.J. *The Printed Message*, by Rev. George Thomas Daly, C.S.S.R., is a strong appeal to put Catholic truth to the fore in the "reevaluation, readjustment, and reconstruction" of the world's thought (Catholic Truth Society of Canada).

The Catholic Mind for August 8th contains a study of "The Cult of Psychoanalysis," by Rev. William J. McGucken, S.J., reprinted from the *American Ecclesiastical Review*, which is lucid and judicial, and quite final in its conclusions; and an address by Rev. John E. Wickham, LL.D., on "Catholicism and Culture."

In answer to many inquirers, Rev. Ernest Hull, S.J., has made a full and careful presentation of *Adventist Doctrines*, in a pamphlet published by the Bombay Examiner Press.

International Conciliation (407 West 117th Street, New York City), brought out, in August, "Impressions of Berlin in 1922," by Professor Henri Lichtenberger of the Sorbonne. And, in September, contributions concerning Cuba's relations to the Court of International Justice and the League of Nations.

Recent Events.

Greece.

The Greek military disaster at the hands of the Turkish Nationalists, early in September, spread out during the last thirty days into a number of effects, military, political, and dynastic, the whole surrounded by a thick atmosphere of Inter-Allied accusation and diplomatic intrigue. The first important event following the capture of Smyrna by the Turks, was the Allied prohibition of a Nationalist advance against the neutral zones of Ismid and the Dardanelles, a prohibition backed up by the dispatch of British military and naval forces. A week later—on September 23d—the Allies invited Mustapha Kemal, leader of the Nationalists, to a conference, which began at Mudania on October 3d, the Turks in the interval suspending all military operations.

Meanwhile, numerous conferences were held at Paris and elsewhere between British, French, and Italian governmental representatives, at which considerable differences of opinion became apparent, the French for the most part, influenced by their secret treaty with the Angora Government negotiated last spring, supported the Nationalists, being backed, to some extent, by Italy, and Great Britain insisting that under no conditions must Constantinople be allowed to fall into the Nationalist's hands. Finally, however, the Allies succeeded in presenting a united front at Mudania, where, on October 10th, an armistice convention was signed by representatives of all the Allied Powers and by the Nationalist delegate.

This convention specifies, among other things, that the Greeks shall evacuate Thrace within fifteen days, that Greek civil authorities shall leave as soon as possible, and that, as the Greeks leave, they shall hand over affairs to Allied authorities, who, in turn, will transmit them to the Turks within thirty days after the Greek evacuation.

In addition, plans are now being prepared for two conferences to bring about a definite peace in the Near East, one, to fix general Near Eastern peace terms, and, another, to provide for neutralization of the straits of the Dardanelles. Preparation for both conferences are now being made by the various governments who are to attend, as the settlements reached at the first conference must necessarily affect the second. It is believed that the first conference will be held early in November, with the second

general conference sitting early in December, and possibly concluding the entire settlement by Christmas.

As a result of the Greek defeat, a revolutionary movement broke out in the Greek army and navy, gathering such impetus that, on September 27th, the abdication of King Constantine was forced. Crown Prince George was named as successor and, with the approval of the revolutionists, was immediately sworn in as the new King. The British, Italian, and Belgian diplomatic representatives have since virtually recognized the new monarch, forecasting Entente recognition of the new régime. Ex-King Constantine has departed for Italy, and the revolutionary committee is in complete control, pending general elections on November 13th to constitute a new Parliament to succeed that deposed by the revolution.

Various reports have also been received of the abdication of Mohammed VI., Sultan of Turkey and head of the Government at Constantinople, from which the Angora Republic of the victorious Mustapha Kemal had broken away. These rumors, however, have been unconfirmed. The heir-apparent to the Turkish throne is Prince Abdul Medjid, a cousin of the present Sultan, and it is probable that if the succession has not yet devolved on him, it soon will.

Over 250,000 persons are reported to have evacuated Smyrna and neighboring ports since the Turks captured and set fire to the city. Relief measures have been instituted by various countries, but the problem is gigantic. It is estimated that half a million people require succor at the present time. President Harding has appointed a Near East Relief Committee, with former Postmaster-General Hays as Chairman, and has called on all the principal charitable organizations of the country to aid in a national campaign for relief funds. The Executive Committee of the American Red Cross has been authorized by that organization to expend the full amount now in its Treasury, some \$20,000,000, in aid of the Near East sufferers.

The Third Assembly of the League of Nations, meeting in Geneva for over a month, held its final sessions on the thirtieth of September. Two outstanding decisions were made by the Assembly—one, the adoption of Lord Robert Cecil's plan for world peace and the other, the extension of definite aid to Austria.

The Cecil plan, which has been called an "international company assurance against war," contemplates continental peace compacts between the various countries of Europe, South Africa, Asia,

and so forth. On its face, the system is a modification of Article X. of the League Covenant, but, in reality, it would mean giving specific guarantees instead of the generalities of Article X.: the various nations pledging themselves definitely to take action against any aggressor and to make it impossible for him to obtain victory.

The scheme for Austrian relief is set forth in three documents. The first, is a declaration by Great Britain, France, Italy, and Czecho-Slovakia, the principal guarantors of the loan which will be made to Austria, that they will respect the territorial integrity, independence, and sovereignty of Austria, and will seek no special or exclusive financial or economic advantages that would compromise Austria's independence. The other two documents, authorize Austria to issue for sale bonds sufficient to produce the equivalent of a maximum of 650,000,000 gold crowns, and provide for the guarantee of interest on the sinking fund by Great Britain, France, Italy, and Czecho-Slovakia of eighty per cent. of that sum. Austria, on her part, pledges for the payment of interest on the bonds her customs receipts and the tobacco monopoly, and agrees to undertake reforms necessary to balance her budget. This action of the League is expected to put Austria on a footing of solvency within two years, and definitely disposes of the possibility of her annexation to, or union with, Italy, Czecho-Slovakia, or Germany, which had been contemplated.

Other important events connected with this year's Assembly were the admission of Hungary as a member of the League, the announcement by the French delegation that it would oppose the admission of Germany as a member at this time, the resignation of Bolivia from the League, following the similar action by Peru, due, it is thought, to the election of the Chilean, Augustin Edwards, as President of the League, and the election of the six non-permanent members of the Council of the League, as follows: Brazil, Spain, Uruguay, Belgium, Sweden, and China.

Several crises over German reparations payments threatened to come to a head since these notes last appeared, but were finally and definitely averted, on the nineteenth of September, as the result of an agreement between Germany and Belgium, whereby the latter accepted Germany's guarantee for payment. A few days later, the German Government handed to the Reparations Commission two bills, one for 47,400,000 gold marks and the other for 48,600,000 gold marks, in payment of the two instalments for reparations due August 15th and September 15th last. Meanwhile, plans have been made for a conference on the Inter-Allied debts and the Germany indemnity, to be held in Brussels, the date

being tentatively set for December 1st. During the month, Louis Dubois, the French member and President of the Commission on Reparations, resigned, and Louis Barthou, Minister of Justice in the Poincaré Cabinet, was appointed his successor.

During the month, various French ports were troubled with strikes of seamen and port workers, notably Havre, Marseilles, and Bordeaux, called in protest against a Governmental decree modifying the eight-hour law on French vessels, in order to meet foreign competition. The strike of the seamen at Bordeaux ended on October 9th, but the dock workers and coal handlers at Marseilles have tentatively voted in favor of a sympathetic strike movement in that port. This is expected to intensify the tie-up there, where the strike is at its worst.

The figures of the French 1923 budget, made public by the Finance Committee of the Chamber of Deputies, show that the ordinary French budget will have a deficit of about 4,000,000,000 francs paper. In addition, provision is made for advancing 10,000,000,000 francs for reconstruction work, to be charged against Germany, and to balance which, no revenue is provided. That means that the French Finance Ministry must borrow some 14,000,000,000 francs for next year, less what can be realized from German cash payments. Belgium has a priority claim on Germany's cash payments this year, and although France will get most of the cash payments which Germany may make next year, still 1,000,000,000 marks gold is probably a favorable estimate of what France will actually get in cash. A billion marks gold is equal to about 3,000,000,000 francs paper, which means that the French Government must borrow more than 10,000,000,000 francs for the new budget. This will be effected by interior loans, the first of which will be floated in November or the end of December.

Important private commercial agreements, designed primarily in the interest of the occupied regions, but broadly for the purpose of aiding French industries in general, are expected to result from the visit, some time in October, of a delegation representing leading business interests in Germany, which has been invited to visit the devastated areas. The French Government has approved of the visit, which is an outgrowth of the accord reached last month by Herr Stinnes and the Marquis de Lubersac for the delivery of materials to rebuild the devastated regions.

Expectations that the Washington naval treaty would be ratified by the Chamber of Deputies this year, seem doomed to disappointment, and it is probable that the treaty will never be ratified so long as the present Poincaré Government retains office. There exists in the Chamber only a weak faction favoring ratifica-

tion of the treaty as it stands, and even those who favor it, demand important changes. The chief demand is that the capital ship ratio of 5-5-3-1.75 for the United States, Great Britain, Japan, and France and Italy respectively, be changed to give France at least a ratio of 2.50 to Italy's 1.75. Meanwhile, even those countries which have ratified the agreement, including the United States, have suspended further scrapping of war vessels in view of the threatening aspect of affairs in Asia Minor.

The recent letter, to his adherents, of Joseph Caillaux, former Premier, who was thoroughly discredited during the war and later tried for treasonable correspondence with the enemy, is considered to be a preliminary step towards his reëntury into the political arena. The letter in question declares the clericalists are installing themselves in the very establishments which they were obliged to quit, in complete violation of the law and under the eyes of the authorities. He also charges that an organized effort is under way to suppress the non-sectarian public schools in favor of independent schools. The letter urges true republicans to be on guard, and, while proclaiming their respect for all beliefs, to affirm their resolve not only to maintain, but to complete, strengthen, and develop anti-clerical laws.

An event of great importance in German internal politics occurred toward the end of September, when the Independent Socialist Party and the Social Democratic Party, after six years of embittered internecine warfare, jointly decided on a formal reunion. This decision was a direct result of the pressure of events growing out of the economic and political post-war situation in Germany. The original break between the two factions occurred in September, 1916, over the question of voting war crédits and other policies with which the Socialist Party was confronted, by reason of the World War. The demand for fusion has been accelerated, on the one hand, by the menace of Communism, towards which both divisions of the Party are inimical, and, on the other, by the aggressiveness of German industrialism and big finance. By pooling its mandates, the reunited party will command 169 out of 469 seats in the Reichstag. Defection on the part of former Left Wing Independents may possibly reduce this total by ten. Both wings of the party have a paying membership totaling 250,000, but this does not indicate the voting strength, as it is merely viewed as the political section of German organized labor, which has an enrollment of more than 10,000,000.

Germany's first popular Presidential election is scheduled to

take place on December 3d. The Reichstag, re-convening in the middle of October for a short session, is expected to pass, by a large majority, a law regarding the Presidential election framed by the Wirth Government, although it is possible that a plan may be adopted to amend the Constitution in order to avoid a Presidential election until 1925. President Ebert, who was elected Provisional President by the first German National Assembly at Weimar, in January, 1919, and has held office as such ever since, will undoubtedly become the first Constitutional President of the Republic.

On September 24th, the ex-Kaiser, from his retreat at Doorn, Holland, officially announced his engagement to the Princess Schoenaich-Carolath, a member of one of the minor German royal houses. The Princess is thirty-five years of age, a widow, and the mother of five children. The wedding has been tentatively fixed for November 5th. The approaching marriage has some political significance, being considered in many quarters as a sign that the ex-Kaiser has, finally and forever, given up all hope of regaining his throne.

Lloyd's Bank of London has published a study of the German industrial and banking situation, based on a report from its German correspondent. The statement of the case, which has attracted great interest in London, is: "The seeming prosperity of this country deceives the rest of the world, and it is scarcely yet realized, even in England, how greatly Germany has been impoverished in the last eight years." The report goes on to say that "reparations payments have been made, and the population fed since the armistice to a large extent at the cost of the speculator in marks, and by the financial extinction of the old middle class." The conclusion is reached that "if the most favorable treatment possible is accorded to Germany by the Allies, the paper mark can only be made stable (or be redeemed by a new currency secured by gold values) at something approaching its present low value (or the lowest value it may subsequently reach) in gold." As a result of the serious depreciation in the value of the mark, barter is, at present, replacing money in various parts of Germany.

A new and powerful so-called "vertical trustification," a combination rivaling the famous Stinnes concern, was recently engineered by a German industrialist, Otto Wolff, head of a large iron merchant's firm of Cologne. Economic and financial pressure welded the new concern together out of mutually dependent or mutually interested parts. It divides logically into two allied groups, the coal and iron group and the electrical group, with Herr Wolff at the common apex. The capital is 684,000,000 marks,

which is shortly to be increased to 984,000,000. The capitalization of the Stinnes "Rhein-Elbe-Siemens-Schuckert Union" is 1,138,000,000 marks. The new trust is significant as marking another step in the concentration policy of German economics, and is also hailed as "forming a new front against foreign competition."

Serious differences have arisen over the contract entered into last spring between the Russian Soviet Government and the Krupp Corporation, whereby the latter was granted a concession of a tract of territory in South Russia, comprising 56,000 acres, which the Krupps agreed to cultivate, bringing in for the purpose large quantities of agricultural implements of all kinds. The Krupps are now said to have withdrawn from the agreement, on the ground of financial inability to carry out the compact. The Soviet authorities, however, suspect that the withdrawal is due to political reasons, possibly French pressure, for the German Government is understood to have approved cordially the agreement when it was concluded. Leonid Krassin, the Soviet Minister of Trade and Commerce, will probably bring action in the German courts to compel fulfillment of the contract.

In September, several sporadic local railroad strikes threw the whole body of German railroad workers into renewed unrest, preliminary to a new demand for an increase in wages, which will again add many billions to Germany's deficit. To meet partially the deficit from operation of the State railroads, passenger rates will be trebled and freight rates nearly trebled from November 1st. An idea of German railroad finances may be gathered from the fact that in April expenditures were quoted at the rate of 100,000,000,000 marks annually, and today it is estimated that expenditures have risen to a rate of nearly 400,000,000,000 marks annually.

Poland's promise to the Allies to give home rule to Silesia was realized on September 30th, when the first elections for the Silesian Diet were held. The Poles secured thirty-four seats and the Germans fourteen. The German representation is only twenty-nine per cent. of the total, despite the fact that the German vote in the March plebiscite ran to forty per cent. The opening session of the Diet was held on October 10th.

Late in September, the closing performance of the world-famous Passion Play at Oberammergau was given. Some 315,000 visitors came to see the Passion Play this season, the gross receipts of the play amounted to 20,000,000 marks, and the sale of books and photographs netted a further 4,000,000. Altogether, sixty-six performances were given this year since the dress rehearsal on May 9th. Beginning on May 14th, there were thirty-

one scheduled presentations, besides thirty-three extra public performances given on account of the heavy demand for seats, and two special play days for Catholic organizations. In 1910, only fifty-seven performances were given, and the attendance was far less, the seating capacity at that time being considerably smaller. Figures are not yet available to show the season's attendance by nationalities, but up to the end of August, 18,000 Americans had visited the play. Various offers for permission to film the play, running, in some cases, it is reported, as high as \$1,000,000, and even proposals to reproduce the actual play in London and elsewhere, met with definite rejection by the villagers.

Russia. Negotiations between Japan, the Far-Eastern Republic, and the Soviet Government of Moscow, resumed early in September at

Chang Chun, Manchuria, again ended in failure on September 25th. Japan refused to meet the Russian demand for the evacuation of the northern half of the island of Saghalien, off the Siberian coast, which she is holding until she is indemnified for the massacre of six hundred Japanese at Nikolaievsk in 1920. On the other hand, Japan has since begun the evacuation of Siberia and Vladivostok, and expects to have her troops completely withdrawn by the end of October.

As the evacuation of Siberia is being carried out, fighting has become more and more frequent between Soviet forces and troops of the White, or Vladivostok anti-Soviet, Government. In this connection, a considerable scandal has broken out in Japan, where accusations have been made to the effect that, as the evacuation proceeded, great quantities of arms were handed over by Japanese officers to General Dieterichs, in command at Vladivostok, who, in turn, is said to have sold part of the arms to Chang Tso-lin, the Manchurian military leader, the purpose of the Japanese militarists being to establish an anti-Soviet buffer state in conjunction with General Dieterichs and Chang Tso-lin. A further complication in the affair is that the arms in question belonged to the Czecho-Slovak troops, who evacuated Siberia two years ago. The Czecho-Slovakian Government has entered a formal protest and claim for eight hundred and sixty thousand kronen with the Japanese Government, and the Tokio Cabinet has decided to take drastic action against those responsible for disposing of the arms.

On September 30th, the Moscow Government issued a decree reestablishing military service on the pre-war scale. Henceforth, all male citizens are liable to service between the ages of twenty and forty. It is learned from well-informed military circles,

however, that unless international complications arise, it is not intended to put the law in full effect before next fall. At the same time, the decree has significance, as showing that the Soviet Government, like its Tsarist predecessor, is able and ready to train a million youngsters every year for war service. It is significant, too, that the Russian Baltic fleet, towards the end of September, began holding regular maneuvers, the first since the revolution.

Early in September, a formal agreement was signed by Leonid Krassin, Soviet Minister of Foreign Trade and Commerce, and Leslie Urquhart, of London, providing for the complete restoration of the title rights for ninety-nine years of the pre-war holdings of the Russian-Asiatic Corporation, Ltd., amounting to over £56,000-000. This action aroused considerable comment throughout the world as forecasting a more favorable attitude on the part of the Soviet authorities towards property rights, but these conclusions proved erroneous when, on October 6th, the Soviet Government, through Premier Lenine, as President of the Council of Commissars, rejected the agreement, on the ground that "recent actions of the British Government are not regarded as indicative of a sufficiently friendly attitude to admit the signature of a contract of such magnitude." There is reason to suppose, however, that the real reason for rejection was because of internal opposition to the agreement, because it was not wholly in accord with the principles of Socialist Government.

Equally valueless, seems the reported grant to the Sinclair Oil Company, an American concern, of the right to prospect and develop the northern half of the island of Saghalien for a period of five years, since this territory, although nominally Russian, is now under the control of the Japanese Government, with no early prospect of surrender.

Despite the fact that the United States Government was said to have dropped the project of an American investigation committee in Russia, the Soviet Government still seems to have hopes of some sort of mutually satisfactory arrangement. Replying to the original unofficial inquiry of the United States, the Moscow Government, in September, dispatched a note which, while objecting to the proposed investigation, suggested a parley looking towards the establishment of official relations. This counter-proposal has met the fate of all its predecessors at the hands of the Washington Government, whose object in sending a mission to Russia was purely economic, and wholly outside of any political relations.

On the general subject of Russian trade, recently published

statistics show that Russia's imports during the first half of 1922 amounted to 80,285,000 gold rubles, and its exports 20,743,294, these totals being reckoned on the basis of 1913 gold prices. Of the imports, 46,174,000 rubles were for food. During the first quarter of 1922, 46.9 per cent. of Russia's imports came from the United States, 15.5 from England, and 11.8 from Germany; but Germany preponderated overwhelmingly in manufactured imports, supplying 67.4 per cent. of metal wares and machines, and 79 per cent. of textiles. In August, Germany delivered 198 locomotives to Russia, and will deliver another 150 before the closing of navigation to Petrograd.

Late in September, the Soviet authorities issued a veto against books and pamphlets of a theosophic or similar esoteric character, for which there has been a considerable demand, particularly in theatrical and literary circles. The official prohibition extends to the "sale or publication of literature advancing abstract philosophies opposed to concrete economic ideas." The reason for the veto is the objection of the Government to anything in the nature of secret societies or initiate groups with passwords and the like, such as are formed among Theosophists, Rosicrucians, "New Cagliostroists," and so forth, on the ground that they might easily become centres of counter-revolutionary activity.

Italy.

The most important event of the last two months, in Italy, was the definite cleavage, and therefore the probable collapse, as a political power, of the Socialist Party, which, in a convention at Rome, on October 3d, split into two sections: the Communists with a following of something over 32,000 members, who wish to pursue an out-and-out revolutionary policy, and the Collaborationists, having about 30,000 followers, who are in favor of a policy of peaceful penetration and of sharing the responsibilities of government. Two years ago the Socialists were the strongest party in Italy, and even up to a few months ago, in spite of internal differences, they always managed to present a united front against their opponents. The rise of the Fascisti, however, together with the liberal policy of the new Popular, or Catholic, Party, drained their strength, and brought to a head the deep-seated opposition between the extreme and moderate factions. On October 4th, the two branches met in separate halls, the Maximalists, or extreme Socialists, deciding to adhere to the Third Internationale, on condition that that body would not interfere in the domestic affairs of their party, and the Collaborationists, under the leadership of Turati, deciding to participate in govern-

mental activities whenever opportunity afforded, and to retain the name of Socialist.

Although some semblance of order has been introduced by the new Minister of the Interior, Taddei, in the last two months isolated outbreaks of the Fascisti still continued to occur. Their latest activity was the military occupation, on October 4th, of Trent and Bolzano, former Austrian territories, which since their acquirement by Italy, as a result of the World War, have been treated, according to the Fascisti, with too much leniency by the various Italian Governments. On the following day, the military authorities took charge of the situation, and the Fascisti, 5,000 strong, temporarily retired.

In the field of politics, the Fascisti have recently demanded, through their leader, Benito Mussolini, that the party receiving a majority of the votes in a parliamentary election, be granted three-fifths of the parliamentary seats. The Fascisti also informed Premier Facta, that general elections must be held this year. The Fascisti leaders are of the opinion that they will receive a majority of the votes in the next Chamber, and if their demand for three-fifths of the seats be granted, they will have 321 places against 214 for all the other parties. At present, they have but 46 seats.

During August, a number of great forest fires occurred in several of the provinces, particularly in Messina, and partial estimates of the losses caused thereby have been estimated, by the Ministry of Agriculture, as high as \$10,000,000. Troops were called out to prevent the spreading of the fires.

On September 28th, the powder magazine of Falconara Fort, near Spezia, was struck by lightning and one hundred and forty-four persons killed in the explosion that followed. The entire top of the hill, on which the fort was located, was blown away, and great damage was caused within a radius of ten miles.

The statement of the Bank of Italy, for the latest date in August on which returns have been received, shows a decrease in the outstanding paper circulation of 179,078,000 lire during the preceding ten-day period, and a decrease of 1,086,215,000 lire since the end of last December. As compared with the final statement of 1921, gold and silver holdings of the bank have increased 17,253,000 lire, and foreign exchange held, plus balances in foreign markets, have increased 22,585,000 lire.

October 13, 1922.

Editorial Comment.

WE have been accused of optimism—which is another way of saying that we have been called a fool. For there are various ways of imputing folly without directly violating the Scripture injunction. One way is to “deny a man’s major.” Another is to concede that he “means well.” Still another is to say, “he is young yet.” But if he is no longer young, the most subtle and effective way of saying that he is a fool, is to call him an “optimist.” Does not the adage say: “A pessimist before forty is a freak. An optimist after forty is a fool?” And we are over forty!

The imputation carries with it the added charge of shallow thinking. “All deep thought is sombre thought,” says Canon Sheehan. “The world’s greatest literature is tinged with melancholy. Cheerfulness and philosophy won’t go hand in hand. The moment you think, you begin to sink. We can only bear ‘the weight and burden of all this unintelligible world’ by not thinking of it. The ‘intellectually throned’ must suffer.”

THEREFORE, we presume, anyone who cherishes a happy and hopeful outlook upon the world is not “intellectually throned.” We hope that the good Canon—peace to his soul—does not mean that the optimist’s intellect is *dethroned*. To be reckoned a fool is enough. To be reckoned a madman is too heavy a penalty to pay for one’s optimism.

IT must be confessed that many of the great thinkers have been pessimistic. “Dante gnashed his teeth at the world.” “The genius of Shakespeare is best manifested in such a succession of horrors as are depicted in Othello, Macbeth, Hamlet, and Lear. The same note obtains in all the pages of Tennyson, and permeates all the poetry of Matthew Arnold, the truest interpreter of the modern weariness of life.”

“The *modern weariness of life!*” Must the emphasis be placed on the word *modern*? Sheehan says that “the *Welt Schmerz*, dreary, hopeless pessimism, has sunk like a thunder cloud on the minds of all the *modern* thinkers, and blackens every page of *modern literature*.”

WE said last month, in our foolish, optimistic way, that we desire to be modern. But if we would be modern, must we “blacken every page” of THE CATHOLIC WORLD with the *Welt*

Schmerz? Even then, someone may remind us, our pages would not necessarily be "literature." But will they never be literature until they are pessimistic? Must we make a beginning by affecting to be blasé, world-weary, cynical?

There, we imagine, is the secret of the pessimism of many modern thinkers and writers. They *affect* pessimism. They are not genuine pessimists. We have heard that one of the most successful of recent actors of Hamlet, shuns society, lives aloof from the metropolis on his country estate, wears black, reads only "heavy"—and presumably pessimistic—literature, and, in general, tries to *live* Hamlet off the stage as well as on. We wonder if our modern literary cynics do likewise. Do H. L. Mencken, Joseph Hergesheimer, Theodore Dreiser, and John Galsworthy go about with the haggard, long-drawn, woe-begone visage of Dante? When Henri Barbusse passes along the boulevards, do the urchins back off the sidewalk, whispering to one another: "There goes the man who has been in hell?" We think not. The photographs of these, and other up-to-the-moment pessimists show them to be, generally speaking, well groomed and well fed, even rotund, jolly, comfortable creatures, not at all like the melancholy Dane, nor yet like the "lean and hungry Cassius." They sleep well o' nights. They are not breaking their hearts over the condition of mankind; they sweat no blood in a midnight vigil, worrying over the sins of the world. Their pessimism is only a literary affectation. They are more like Goethe than like Hamlet. "The Sorrows of Werther" started an epidemic of suicide in Europe, while Goethe, the original of Werther, continued his wining and dining and his *liaisons*.

NOTICE that we have not conceded that pessimism is exclusively or even peculiarly a modern vice. It is older than Job, more ancient than the Kings of Israel. To quote Canon Sheehan again: "What a low, sad wail seems to moan all through the historical books and psalms of the Old Testament, until it culminates in the woes and desolation of Isaías. And then, at its culmination, it passes on to the terrors of Ezechiel, and the threnodies of Jeremias, and seems to die away in the burden of the weeping of the wind in the minor prophecies of Amos and Aggæus. Even in the New Testament, the testament of love and mercy, the same sadness predominates. The thunders of John the Baptist, subside to the 'soft wailings of infinite pity' of Him of Whom he was precursor and prophet, until they, too, grow and swell into that terrible *crescendo* that startled the darkness of Golgotha, and broke into the final cry of desolation, 'Eloi, Eloi,

lamma sabacthani.' So, too, in the Epistles of St. Paul, if we meet, here and there, with a '*Gaudete, iterum dico gaudete,*' somehow it seems forced by the pity and charity of the great saint for his followers. The truer expression of his habitual sentiments would be '*Cupio dissolvi et esse cum Christo.*'"

WE think that to be about the strongest case that can be made for pessimism in the Bible. We have quoted it entire because of its eloquence, and in order to be fair. But we do not altogether agree with Canon Sheehan. We think that in his paragraphs on pessimism, he overstates the case and misleads the unwary reader. We say this with infinite diffidence, for we reverence Sheehan "as much as man may, this side of idolatry," and we consider the book from which we have been quoting (*Under the Cedars and Stars*), as almost incomparably wise. But just here, the master does not entirely convince us.

We will not contend against him on the question of pessimism in the Old Testament. But when he gives the impression that even the gospels are predominantly sad, we protest; and when he says that St. Paul's "*cupio dissolvi*" is more characteristic than his "*Gaudete,*" we think that he radically misunderstands the valiant apostle.

The "*Eloi, Eloi,*" was indeed the "final cry of desolation," but it was not the final cry. The seventh and last word on the cross was "*In manus tuas Domine.*" The Crucifixion is not the last scene. It is a climax, but not a conclusion. Sadness and sorrow run through the gospels like a *leitmotif*, but the predominating note is *joy*; "I bring you good tidings of great joy."

AND here we reveal the heart of our own argument for optimism. Jesus Christ was an optimist. And He was no fool. "He knew what was in man; He needed not that any man should tell Him." Unlike our comfortable pseudo-pessimists, He did sweat blood over the sins of mankind. Yet He believed in man. "He who thought most seriously of the disease held it to be curable. Those who thought less seriously of it, held it to be incurable," says the author of *Ecce Homo*. Someone has defined a true friend as "one who knows all about you and yet likes you." Our Saviour knows all about us, and yet He loves us. And, even more, He believes in us.

THERE is the solution of the entire optimism versus pessimism controversy. Optimism is Christianity. Pessimism is paganism. And whether pessimism is ancient or modern, Oriental

or Greco-Roman, Scandinavian, or Russian, or Prussian, it is always pagan. But genuine pagans are rare. There are few, if any, English pessimists. There may be an occasional Irish pessimist. There are no American pessimists. Ours are only playing at pessimism, as the parlor Bolsheviki are playing at Communism. They have read Ibsen and Maxim Gorky as their grandfathers may have read Werther and Byron. Their pessimism is a romantic attitude, not the hard reality. In other words, they are not convinced pagans. Most of them have still in their make-up some of the elements of Puritanism. The affectation of paganism, like the affectation of pessimism, gives their writings a vogue, and provides their readers with a thrill as something naughty. If they were genuine pagans, they would loathe paganism. If they were genuine pessimists, they would stop whining and commit suicide. When a Japanese or a Chinese feels as these men say they feel, he cuts his throat, or commits hari-kari. That's the genuine article of paganism and of pessimism.

No Christian is a pessimist. "Confidence in the value of existence, and in the intrinsic victory of virtue, is not optimism, but religion," says Chesterton. By "religion," he means Christian religion. A Buddhist with his Nirvana may be a pessimist, so may a Shintoist or a Taoist or a Confucian, but we who believe in Christ, believe in the "value of existence," and the "victory of virtue."

BEFORE we drop this little dissertation, let us record the curious fact that some famous wits and humorists have been deeply pessimistic. And still more curious is the fact that their pessimism took the form of hating the human race. "I hate the common horde" (*Odi profanum vulgus*), said the sweetest-tempered of the Roman poets, the most genial and gentle of Roman humorists. It is a far cry from Horace to Dean Swift, both in time and in spirit. Horace was a courtly gentleman. Swift was a crabbed cynic. But they agree in their estimate of the "*profanum vulgus*." "The most pernicious race of little odious vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth," is the Dean's definition of the human race. And he adds: "I heartily hate and detest that animal called man." A certain critic, Laurence Mason, remarks: "In the last analysis, his loathing for human vileness differs only in its appalling sincerity from the professed creeds of many great religions, philosophies, and poesies the world over."

We have said that there is no American pessimist. Perhaps we must make an exception. Mark Twain was, for a good part

of his life, privately a pessimist. His philosophy of life finally became public in one of his last books, *The Mysterious Stranger*. His amazing thesis is that God and the Devil are identical, and that the Power behind the Universe is both malicious and beneficent. This is the *ne plus ultra* of blasphemy. Even the Persians separated Ormuzd, the good god, from Ahriman, the bad god. Mark Twain combines them. Or, if you read him differently, he makes God neither good nor bad. But this, too, is blasphemy. It is also a curiosity, not only of literature, but of psychology, that a man could carry a theory like that in his head and yet have an international reputation as a joker, always brimming over with irresistible fun. It reminds one of the old legend of the clown who received a note announcing the death of his child just before he goes out to his nightly task of buffoonery, who yet compels himself to be funnier than ever. Even that legend has been, to a degree, verified by a newspaper reporter who interviewed Charley Chaplin and found him a serious-minded philosopher, puzzling over the riddle of existence!

THE advocates of the public school are becoming a bit discouraged. It seems that the system is not working out very well. Many Americans are losing confidence in the public schools, for one reason or other. In an article by Dallas Lore Sharp, in the October *Harper's*, we read that a New York attorney, who is a member of the Board of Education in a suburban community in Westchester County, writes to ex-President Eliot of Harvard: "I have been amazed to see how strong the sentiment is against public education above the eighth grade, and how the college men in our community who came through the private schools are so completely out of touch as to be entirely unconcerned with the equipment for public education." Even men who were themselves educated in the public schools refuse to send their own children to them. "I used to think the American public school a good thing," said an eminent college president the other day, "until I had children of my own." "There speak a million American parents," says Mr. Sharp. Another college president says: "My children have never gone to a public school, and never shall go. The thing I hate about the public school—" That abrupt dash is irritating. We wish that Mr. Sharp had let the college president continue. We Catholics, while we do not *hate* the public schools, have some criticisms to pass upon them. But we should like to know why non-Catholic Americans go further and *hate* the system.

MR. SHARP had another and more painful experience. He was addressing the Harvard and Radcliffe Teachers' Association, and had occasion to remark that "Harvard did not believe in the public school; that so far as I could find out, only one professor on the Harvard faculty had a child in the Cambridge public schools." Thereupon arose a storm. The college president of whom he had spoken, says Mr. Sharp, "called me a foreigner, and told me that I was ignorant of democracy. He proceeded to say that no father would send his son to the Boston Latin School, if he could afford to send that son to a private school. He (the president) had gone to that school as a boy, but 'at that time it was a good school, because it was a homogeneous school,' homogeneity, and hence virtue being constituted it would seem, of Bradstreets, Wigglesworths, Mathers, Lodges, Cabots, Eliots. 'Now,' he went on to say, 'it is a heterogeneous school, *i. e.*, made up of odds and ends, from the Ahamovites to the Zweigenbaums, and so it is no longer a good school.'"

So, "the cat is out of the bag." When the public school was founded, it was "strictly native and national, and instinct with the inmost soul of democracy." But the democrats who were trained in the public school, it seems, have become aristocrats. And the public schools are about to be abandoned to the children of foreigners and to the poorer native Americans.

THE Boston Latin School, of which Mr. Sharp speaks, has existed since 1635. The public school system as a national institution has existed since the days of Horace Mann, nearly a hundred years ago. Its aim professedly was not only to educate, but to democratize the American people. It is "instinct with the inmost soul of democracy." "It is the hope, the strength, the beauty of democracy; its way, and truth, and life."

But as such, after a hundred years—or three hundred years—it has failed. It has not made its graduates democratic. Mr. Sharp goes even further. He says: "We have never had a democracy. There have never been enough of us who want one in America. Each of us in America wants his theocracy, his plutocracy, his aristocracy, and insists on getting it."

We fear that Mr. Sharp's experiences with the Harvard teachers and the college president have gotten on his nerves. But there is truth in what he says. In proportion as the American people add to their wealth and improve their social standing, they lose devotion to the public school, precisely because it is public. When America was "homogeneous" (blessed word), that is, when it was Anglo-Saxon, it had no chance to demonstrate its democracy. All

students were of the same race, and all were of the same caste. But when the chance came to show a sincere belief in democratic principle, by permitting the mingling of races and castes in the public school, then the original Americans withdrew. Democracy had not gotten very deeply into their blood.

IT is difficult to see how, in any wise, the Catholics are to blame for this collapse of the experiment in democracy. Mr. Sharp's quarrel would seem to be with his own kind. But, in the same article, he turns upon us Catholics and beats us with the usual rod. "One of the most mistaken institutions in America," he says, "is the parochial school. Why, in the fundamental process of making Americans, cannot the Catholic Church accept the historic, the established, the fundamental institution for that purpose?" Taking a cue from Mr. Sharp himself, we might reply that the public schools were not successful in teaching democracy, so we built some schools in which there would be true democracy, with no invidious distinction between rich and poor, race and race, caste and caste.

But he might think that only a clever answer. So we will tell him, if he really cares to know, that the reason we Catholics cannot approve of the public school, is that it never has lived up, and by its nature never can live up, to its primary purpose. That primary purpose we will give in Mr. Sharp's own words, or rather the words he quotes from the Ordinance of the thirteenth of July, 1787, when, as he says, "the nation went on record, uttering its educational creed in the famous words: 'Religion, morality, and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged.'" There is the fundamental principle which brought the parochial schools into being. "*Religion, morality, and knowledge are necessary to good government.*"

Democracy is good. Religion and morality are better. The three combined are excellent. The public schools cannot combine the three. The parochial schools do combine the three. The parochial schools are, therefore, the only true public schools of the original pattern.

It is amusing to hear Mr. Sharp declaiming against those who are undemocratic. He evidently thinks them snobs. But is he not something of a snob himself? "Come, now," he says fervently, "let us reason together. Surely in 54,800,000 of traditional Anglo-Saxon stock, out of our total of 105,000,000, the Lord of Hosts hath left us something of a remnant." And again: "We speak the English tongue. We brought it with us, and we brought what

is still the grander part of English literature with *us*. We have Americanized the language. We have added a priceless portion to the literature, and this English-American language is what *we* were and are and shall be." Whom does he mean when he so constantly reiterates "we" and "us." He means the Americans of English origin. If he can only succeed in so far broadening his own democracy as to say "we," and "us," and mean all Americans without exception, he will be a democrat indeed, and then he may properly try to make the people democratic.

A GREAT deal of comment has been made upon the statement of President Hopkins of Dartmouth College, that "too many men are going to college." "It is a curious turn of fate," says the *New York Times*, "that the college of which Daniel Webster said, 'It is a small college, but there are those who love it,' should now be advertised as being too large and loved by too many."

"Several thousand applicants for admission have been refused," we read. The conditions at the "big" colleges are even worse. It seems that the classrooms are cluttered with scholars who are not mentally equipped to take advantage of the higher education. The United States Bureau of Education, after a survey of a large number of colleges and universities, found that whereas 39.3 per cent. of the total enrollment in the average college are freshmen, 25.7 per cent. are sophomores, 19.3 per cent. are juniors, and only 15.7 per cent. are seniors. Economic conditions may account partially for the gradual elimination of students through the four years' course. But we are given to understand that a large number of students are not "educable." They fall by the wayside because of deficiency of intelligence.

However, the statement, "too many men are going to college," is probably untrue. During the draft for the war, it was estimated that about $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the young men examined had the "ability to make a superior record at college," and 9 per cent. more were thought to be capable of making an "average" record. Upon that basis, it is estimated that there might well be in college about one million men between the ages of seventeen and twenty-three. But in all the colleges, universities, and professional schools in the United States, there are less than a quarter of a million men students (223,841 according to the *World Almanac*).

Meanwhile, let it be remembered that there is plenty of room in the Catholic colleges. We have not more than 22,000 men students in all the Catholic colleges and universities of the country.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- THE MACMILLAN Co., New York:
Charlie and His Kitten, Topsy. Written and illustrated by Violet Maxwell and Helen Hill. \$1.25. *Helga and the White Peacock.* By Cornelia Meigs. \$1.00.
- LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:
Eschatology Indexes. By Rev. Francis J. Hall, D.D. \$2.25. *The Life of Cornelia Connelly, 1809-1879.* By a Member of the Society. \$5.00.
- E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:
The Cathedral. By J. K. Huysmans. Translated by Clara Bell. Edited by C. Kegan Paul. \$2.50. *Beasts, Men and Gods.* By F. Ossendowski. \$3.00.
- DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & Co., Garden City, New York:
The Story of a Varied Life. An Autobiography by W. S. Rainsford. \$5.00.
- BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:
Average Cabins. By Isabel C. Clark. \$2.00. *The Wonderful Crucifix of Limpias.* By Rev. Baron Von Kleist, S.T.D. Translated by E. F. Reeve. \$1.25.
- THE WOMAN'S PRESS, New York:
What's Best Worth Saying. By Richard Roberts, D.D. \$1.25.
- CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:
The Revolt Against Civilization. By Lothrop Stoddard. \$2.50.
- FLEMING H. REVELL Co., New York:
In His Image. By William Jennings Bryan. \$1.75.
- G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:
Nonsenseorship. Edited by G. P. P. Illustrated by Ralph Barton. \$2.50.
- OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:
The Holy Alliance. By W. P. Cresson, Ph.D. \$1.50.
- ALFRED A. KNOPP, New York:
Secret History of the English Occupation of Egypt. By Wilfrid S. Blunt. \$5.00.
- HENRY HOLT & Co., New York:
Down the River. By Roscoe W. Brink. \$1.90.
- HARPER & BROTHERS, New York:
Elizabeth Cady Stanton. Edited by Theodore Stanton and Harriet Stanton Blatch. Two vols. \$6.00 each.
- FUNK & WAGNALLS Co., New York:
Getting Your Name in Print. By H. S. McCauley. \$1.25.
- A. L. FOWLE, New York:
The Things That Are Cæsar's. By Guy Morrison Walker. 50 cents.
- THE ENCYCLOPEDIA PRESS, INC., New York:
The Great Experiment. By Hon. Thomas Dillon O'Brien. \$1.25.
- GEORGE H. DORAN Co., New York:
Chimneysmoke. By Christopher Morley. \$1.00.
- DODD, MEAD & Co., New York:
What I Saw in America. By G. K. Chesterton. \$3.00.
- THOMAS Y. CROWELL Co., New York:
Crime: Its Cause and Treatment. By Clarence Darrow. \$2.50.
- COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:
The Literature of the Old Testament in Its Historical Development. By Julius A. Bewer, Ph.D. \$5.00.
- THE CENTURY Co., New York:
The Social Trend. By Edward A. Ross, Ph.D., LL.D. \$1.75.
- BLASE BENZIGER & Co., New York:
Augustinian Sermons. By John A. Whelan, O.S.A. \$2.00.
- THE AMERICAN VIEWPOINT SOCIETY, New York:
We and Our Government. By Jeremiah W. Jenks and Rufus D. Smith. \$2.00.
- RICHARD G. BADGER, THE GORHAM PRESS, Boston:
The Work and Office of the Holy Souls.
- THE B. J. BRIMMER Co., Boston:
Slings and Arrows. By Edwin Francis Edgett. \$1.25.
- HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS, Cambridge, Mass.:
Mediæval Philosophy. By Maurice De Wulf, Ph.D., LL.D. \$1.75.
- HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN Co., Boston:
Short Stories of America. Edited by Robert L. Ramsay, Ph.D. \$1.44.
- J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co., Philadelphia:
Delaware and the Eastern Shore. By Edward Noble Vallandigham. \$5.00.
- MATRE & Co., Chicago:
Work, Wealth, and Wages. By Joseph Husslein, S.J., Ph.D. Paper, 25 cents.
- P. LETHIELLEUX, Paris:
Les Mystiques Bénédictins des Origines au XIIIe Siècle. Par Dom Besse. 6 fr.
Lex Levitarum. La formation sacerdotale d'après S. Grégoire le Grand. Par Mgr. J. C. Hedley, O.S.B. 4 fr.
- IMPRIMERIE LESBORDÈS, Tarbes:
Le Vénérable Michel Garicotts. Fondateur de l'Institut des Prêtres du Sacré-Cœur-de-Jésus de Bétharram. Par Rev. Basille Bourdenne, C.S.J.
- THE EXAMINER PRESS, Bombay:
Collapses in Adult Life. By Ernest R. Hull, S.J. 12 annas.

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Christmas

BY EMILY HICKEY.



ING, bells, ring, and tell the story afresh
Of the Word Made Flesh:

Tell of Infinitude taking the room of a span—
God Made Man.

Tell of a helpless Babe, Who in cradle mean will sleep:
Tell of His power on the scaleless height, in the fathomless deep.

Tell of a Child Who takes from a mortal breast His food:
Tell of the One Who feedeth creation's amplitude.

Tell of the baby cries, the baby laughter sweet:
Tell how the heaven of heavens is lying under His feet.

Tell of the low estate, of the little humble shed:
Tell of all wisdom and might and glory in that small bed.

Tell of His mother's joy, beholding His lovely face:
Tell how creation lives by this her Creator's grace.

Ring, bells, ring, and tell the story afresh
Of the Word Made Flesh:

Tell of Infinitude taking the room of a span—
God Made Man.

ON GOING HOME FOR CHRISTMAS.

BY JOHN BUNKER.



YOU are, let us suppose, of the metropolitan horde, a human unit in the multitudinous heap, a subwayite, a flat-dweller, a diner-out, a whirling atomy amid roaring millions, divorced from all the kindly associations, the ancient simplicities of neighborhood . . . one of the great dispossessed, in other words, a typical New Yorker. Or, if not a New Yorker, then a Bostonian, a Chicagoean, a St. Louisan. At all events, you are a stranger in a strange town, rolled about in the whelming tides of urban existence and doing such work as it has been given you to do—a clerk, a banker, a writer, a salesman, a merchant, or one learned in the law. But whatever your occupation or place of sojourn, each year towards the December solstice, you shake off the incubus of habit and determine to be, for once at least out of the three hundred and sixty-five days, no more a mere banker or supernumerary clerk, isolated and lost amid numbers, but a human being with a human background and definite human relationships, a recognized member of a group, a gens, a tribe, a family. In short, you decide to go home for Christmas.

Consider that pleasant custom which annually, every twenty-fifth of December or thereabout, sends scurrying homeward some tens of thousands of people all over this broad land of ours. A gracious phenomenon and one full of rich significance. For this home-coming, this gathering of the clans, is no mere transference of the human machine from one point on the earth's surface to another, nor yet, as our scientific friends might affirm, simply another instance of the herd instinct, a primeval impulse harking back to the days of the caveman and the dark dangers of the wild. No, it is

something far higher than these things—a spiritual act, a sacramental participation.

But we grow too general and philosophic, whereas the experience is special and individual and particular; and it is to you, Reader, that we mean to address our remarks. Whatever your departing-point, then, you decide, we have supposed, to go home for the holidays—with what heart-warming anticipations let memory declare. You board the train, and after a certain number of miles, you reach the city (the mid-western city, say), whence, years ago, you started out on your wanderings.

At last, you find yourself before the paternal door, you ring, you enter, and there, standing with outstretched arms in a gesture you have long pre-visualized, is your mother—and a little behind her, perhaps, your father, beaming upon you with a proud, affectionate, half-quizzical gaze. You advance, you gather *her* into your arms—but over that scene, if you please, we shall draw a veil. Suffice it to say, that for one high, miraculous moment you are no longer a man, a woman; in that instant the years shrivel up and drop off from you like a shed garment; custom, habit, and all the mental and spiritual impedimenta with which you have laden your maturity vanish at a touch, and you are back again in the days of knickerbockers and pinafores. Whatever face you put upon the matter elsewhere and at other seasons, now you are simply a child, her boy, her girl, drawn in once more from the storms of the world and sheltered beneath her protective influence.

Then the good talk begins. First, of course, come your adventures, your tales, your experiences, which, though flat and unprofitable enough when they occurred, take on now, in retrospect and in this sympathetic atmosphere, a strange and romantic glamour. The hills far away are always green, and stimulated by maternal wonder and appreciation, you rise to unusual eloquence, enthralling interest.

And your auditors, also, have their story to tell: family news, neighborhood gossip; births and deaths, arrivals and departures, marriages and giving in marriage, romance, love, children, school—all the homely details of homely existence. "Much," your mother observes, "may happen in a year." Much, indeed! And, truly, in the presence of these loving

informers, things now begin to fall into their right perspective. For, after all, what are wars or the fate of empires or the far-off rumors of crumbling nations in comparison with this simple and intimate recital? Here, indeed, you have "all life in a life;" the whole of existence contracted to a span, and you the centre of the universe. This is the true microcosm; your hand is on the pulse of the world.

The present occasion, however, is not only a home-coming, the welcoming back of a far traveler. It is something more, and on the morrow dawns the day, the most joyful of the entire year, for

This is the month, and this the happy morn
Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King,
Of wedded Maid and Virgin Mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring.

And, with the coming of that day, do you quite realize the stupendous mystery of which it is the celebration? Are you penetrated with a sense of the sublime dispensation of which you and all the other children of Adam are the beneficiaries and inheritors? Probably not. The shackles of the world are not so easily unloosed. And of what, then, are you thinking as you wend your way along snowy or wind-swept streets to Mass—or rather to the three Masses which, by old family custom, you hear every Christmas for the good of your soul and the honor of the Holy Trinity? Perhaps of the weather, perhaps of the old acquaintance you meet on the way, usually no doubt of the gifts you are going to give and the loved ones who are going to receive them.

And you enter the church, where there are priests before the several altars and rich vestments and incense and festooned evergreens and the glow of innumerable candles and a choir singing "*Adeste Fideles*," and other simple immemorial hymns, which, simple though they are, have an unaccountable power to stir you. And so you dispose yourself to devotion and join your hands in prayer, and, bowing your head, you think of a tiny Babe Who—unfathomable manifestation of Divine Love!—was born in a stable and wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger. And, thinking of these things, your heart is filled with praise and gratitude and awe and unspeakable adoration—

It is, then, Christmas. And so you return home, where other business is toward—not the artificial revel of metropolitan gaiety, dancing, and garish music and glittering electroliers and obsequious servitors; nor yet the dry fare and meagre circumstance of restaurant or boarding-house. Ah, no; far otherwise is the day celebrated in all these countless homes of the mid-western country.

The feast is spread; the clans arrive. It reminds you of a stanza out of "John Gilpin:"

My sister and my sister's child,
Myself and children three
Will fill the—

table, and there the parallel breaks down, for you are the honored guest, and so are not required to "ride on horseback after we," though, perhaps, you have a tight squeeze for it, what with brothers and their wives, and sisters with their husbands, and gouty uncles, and maiden aunts, and stout cousins, and children bobbing about, and, in general, insinuating their small persons into all sorts of impossible places.

My, what a chatter and stir! The steaming dishes, the aroma of food, laughter and talk, banter and gossip, the rattle of plates, the faint sub-tinkle of plied cutlery, the musical ring of authentic cut glass—was ever such a confused uproar heard outside the regions of chaos and the reign of old Night? Nevertheless, it strikes upon your ear like the chiming of the spheres—a culinary symphony, a gastronomic orchestration.

Duly the courses pass before you, not without their levied toll, and then, after the first edge of appetite has been removed, you take time to look around you and observe. You glance at Tom, that younger brother of yours, whom, only a short while back, as it now seems, you were cuffing about and ruling with the iron hand of three years' seniority. How pert and frivolous he used to be—and how irritating! and yet what can surpass his dignity now as he sits there beside his wife of a twelvemonth with all the gravity of conscious young-husbandhood? Not Destiny herself could look more solemn and

severe, and you who have known married men of ten, twenty, thirty years' standing, wonder, in your simple bachelor's way, when the young prig will come off his perch and consent to be human again.

But you must not neglect your dinner-partner. At your side sits your doting maiden-aunt, your mother's sister, that fond and lovable creature who has watched over you from the days of infancy, through boyhood and adolescence, and up to the point of manhood and beyond. She, good, innocent soul, is busy with reminiscence. She inquires if you remember the day when, at the age of five, you tumbled down the cellar-steps and threw the household into consternation—or the sanguinary combat you had with Willy Rathburne. Willy is dead now these many years. Alas, poor Willy. She recalls your first day at school, your fevers, your measles, your mumps, and all the various ills that juvenile flesh is heir to. To all these, you nod assent as to things dimly remembered; and you remember, too, if dimly, at all events gratefully, other matters to which she does not refer—how, when you were sick, she stole into your room at odd moments, smuggling in forbidden delicacies, or to read you a story, or simply to place her cool hand on your fevered forehead.

Meanwhile, talk is not still in other quarters. Your Uncle Ned, a whilom drummer-boy of '61, says, with emphasis, that he is certainly glad the war is over; and Aunt Emily replies that it has indeed been a terrible strain. And as you sit listening to the ancient pair, you presently discover that despite recent events, England is as distant to them as Spain under Isabella, and the France they are thinking of is, for the most part, the France of Lafayette and 1776.

Family, business, and war: discussion is in full swing all around the board—all around the board, that is, except just opposite you, where sits that pretty young cousin of yours, just turned twenty, whom you last beheld as a chattering miss with carroty hair and innumerable freckles. Really, you discover with surprise, she has blossomed out adorably—a veritable flower. And, like a flower, too, she droops the pensive head and has nothing to say. Though corporeally present, spiritually, it is clear, she is far away; nor are roguish intimations wanting as to the cause of her reverie. Wrapt in sweet dreams and fair musings, she is on a plane inexpressibly re-

moved from mundane concerns; she, at least, is not one of you.

The guests arise; the tree is lit, and there is a general swarming about its mystic splendor. Insensibly, you are drawn into the magic circle of childhood and share the fresh raptures of nieces and nephews. Or, putting on a clownish mood, you tumble about on the floor careless of clothes and the restraints of sophistication.

But lo, there is another attraction, for now is brought forward for admiring inspection Tom's three-months-old baby, warm from its nesting-place and blinking in the unaccustomed glare. Or no, not blinking—what infant ever blinked?—but with eyes as bright as beads or dollars, and as round. But who can describe a baby? There it lies huddled in its mother's arms, a tiny mass of pink and white, swathed in voluminous garments. How is one to act in this presence? You whistle, you chuck it under the chin, you wave your arms and go through other absurd antics, and it only stares at you with a solemnity, profound, abysmal, unearthly, before which knowledge is abashed and wisdom bows the head. You proffer it a tentative finger, and it is in half-a-mind whether to cry or be silent. And, finally, you make the crucial move and ask, as the phrase is, to "take it."

Why is it that mothers—at least, young mothers—are with bachelors so chary of their infants? One would think that you intended to swing it about your head or dangle it out the window. Did a blundering male on some prehistoric occasion drop the baby—or inadvertently pinch it?—and is this reluctance a survival of primitive instinct? At any rate, you have asked whether you may hold it, whereupon ensues, in the mother's soul, a terrible struggle between nature and grace, between constitutional misgiving and the claims of politeness. But, after all, however hard she may find it to credit the fact, you are Tom's brother, and so she hands over the precious bundle—though the look in her eye says plainly enough that all bachelors are clumsy brutes, and certainly you are far from an exception. Orthodoxly, you grasp the infant firmly under the arms and lift it on high. And then—wonder of wonders!—it smiles, it gurgles, it coos. You are a made man. The mother is your friend for life. Henceforth, do what you will, rob, murder, pillage, sink to the lowest degradation, there

will always be one at least to discover and proclaim in you high virtue and the possession of a noble soul.

Meanwhile, during this parley, all about you the revelry goes on—laughter and music and song and childish merriment. And then, imperceptibly, the tumult decreases. The parting-hour has come, there is a bustle and scurry for wraps, and, one by one, the guests depart, till, at last, you are left by the fire, alone once more with those two who are dearer to you than all the world beside. You kiss your mother good-night and go up to your old prescriptive room, haunt of boyish memories, whose least detail is as present, to your mind, as if you had left it but yesterday. You stretch out luxuriously in the ample bed, your ears yet ringing with jocund voices and innocent mirth. And then, insensibly, you float off into the region of dreams, peopled with friendly faces and familiar forms, and, above all, shining down upon you with a tender and holy light, the face of her who, through all change and vicissitude, has loved you with a constant and an unwearying love.

Hushed now are all the harsh noises of the world; far, far away are its brutal contacts, its blundering cruelties, its mean ambitions, its strange sorrows, and all the burdening mystery of life. A great peace descends upon you. You are asleep once more under your father's roof.

LOUIS PASTEUR.¹

December 27, 1822–September 28, 1895.

BY SIR BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE, M.D., SC.D., LL.D., F.R.S.

"Pour célébrer Louis Pasteur tous les mots ont déjà été employés dans toutes les langues."²



THREE centenaries of scientific luminaries, in this year of grace, 1922, give a decisive answer to Huxley's ignorant jibe, that the Church is the "implacable enemy" of science: the centenary of Johan Gregor Mendel, the inaugurator of a new biological era; the centenary of Abbé Häuy, who placed the science of crystallography on unshakable foundations, and the centenary of Pasteur, greatest of them all, since he embraced all science as his kingdom.

At that famous nursery of great men, the Ecole Normale de Paris, Pasteur pursued a course of studies intended to fit him as a professional chemist. Curiously enough, his thesis for the Degree of Doctor of Science was devoted to crystallography, of which the founder, Abbé Häuy, had died the very year of Pasteur's birth. Pasteur had now attained his twenty-fifth year.

When Pasteur obtained his doctorate, in 1847, he was apparently a mere child among scientists. A then unexplained mystery in crystallography was the known fact that some crystals have the optical property of rotating the plane of polarization to the right, others to the left. This problem confronted Pasteur and others of his day. The others wondered, Pasteur explained. So startling was his discovery, his brother scientists met it with skepticism, and controversy raged over his proposition. The matter was referred to Biot. After full investigation of Pasteur's experiments and findings, this distinguished man pronounced in his favor, saying: "My

¹ *Pasteur and His Work*, by L. Descour, translated from the French by A. F. and B. H. Wedd, M.D. (New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.), is a recent accurate and readable book, in which, however, Pasteur's Catholicity receives only passing notice.

² "Language has been exhausted to pay tribute to Louis Pasteur." The President of the Académie des Sciences at the Jubilee Celebration of Pasteur.

dear boy, I have so loved science all my life long that this discovery of yours makes my heart throb with joy."

Pasteur's discovery was the germ of a mighty tree—the science of stereo-chemistry, so assiduously cultivated since by Le Bel and Van't Hoff. Here, for the first time, a glimpse was afforded into the molecular architecture of chemical substances; of their arrangement in the three dimensions of space. This science has grown rapidly since its initiation by Pasteur, and, of late, by the discovery of the process of X-ray spectroscopy, it gives promise of solving questions of vast scientific—and philosophic interest. Such a discovery marked Pasteur as a man of the first rank, and the Government of France, more enlightened than some, soon found a place for him as Professor of Chemistry in the University of Strasbourg—then, as now, a French possession. At Strasbourg, he met and, eventually, married Marie, daughter of M. Laurent, the President of the University. She became his devoted helper in his future investigations.

The great scientific struggle over the origin of life was then raging. For centuries, the doctrine of Spontaneous Generation had been held even by such men as St. Thomas Aquinas. Redi, in 1698, was the first to subject it to criticism. He found that, if meat were kept away from flies, no maggots developed in it. Thus stood revealed, though distant, the promised land of sterilization. A century later ensued a strenuous contest between Needham, an Englishman—the first priest to be made an F. R. S.—and Spallanzani, an Italian priest, who took the side of Biogenesis, as opposed to Spontaneous Generation. Still a century later, in 1858, Pouchet, a Frenchman and a Catholic, asserted the existence of Spontaneous Generation. Then Pasteur set to work on the subject. His procedure was that of Redi and of Spallanzani: sterilize the substance and exclude from it all but perfectly pure air, and no life will appear in it. To name but one practical result, the whole "canning" trade depends upon the truth of this observation.

Pasteur, however, did not, as is sometimes foolishly insisted, disprove the existence, still less the possibility, of Spontaneous Generation. That process may be going on around us without our knowing it, and invisible to our eyes. It may be the Creator's method of producing lowly organisms,

as it may have been His method of starting life in the beginnings of the world—we do not know. What Pasteur *did* show was that the experiments hitherto relied on to prove Spontaneous Generation were fallacious. It is hardly too much to say that no single discovery has ever had such remarkable and beneficial effects for the human race.

Each fermentation is the product of the development of a special microbe; this, Pasteur's first great discovery, laid the foundation for the vast and wholly beneficent science of bacteriology. Pasteur found that, in connection with fermentation, there were beneficent and maleficent, or "wild," organisms. All of these can be killed by heating the fluids containing them to a sufficient temperature and for a sufficient time, thus completely sterilizing them. Most of the "wild" organisms can be killed at a lower temperature, which does not interfere with the useful properties in a fluid such as milk. This is, in fact, the process known as "Pasteurization," to which our morning milk is subjected in well-regulated cities.

Starting from this point, Pasteur engaged in a series of investigations, all based on the fundamental principle just laid down, and all of vast importance to the human race. The first was in connection with the silk-worm disease (1865), which raged in the south of France. Pasteur proved that this disease, of dual character, part bacterial, part protozoal (part vegetable, part animal), was preventable. He was equally successful in finding the cause and cure of the so-called chicken cholera, which ravaged rural France; and of anthrax, so rampant and deadly in the herds of many countries, which, in 1891, had destroyed forty per cent. of the 106,260,000 sheep on the runs of Australia. In each case, Pasteur successfully isolated the germ responsible for the condition, and laid the foundation of his second great discovery: *Each infectious malady is produced by the development in the organism of a special microbe.* His third, and most amazing, discovery developed from his investigation of chicken cholera: *The microbe of an infectious malady, if cultivated under suitable conditions, ceases to be noxious and, becoming attenuated in its operation, is a valuable remedy and preventative: instead of a virus, it is a vaccine.*

The narrative of this last discovery must be briefly given. In investigating chicken cholera, and like conditions, Pasteur,

like the bacteriologist of today, made what are called "cultures," or growths of the organisms under observation, in *bouillon* or some organic jelly or fluid. With the products of these cultures, he inoculated living things, such as guinea-pigs, in order to observe the results. Vivisection, no doubt: without that process, Pasteur could not have discovered any of the facts which have saved millions of human lives, as valuable, we hope, as the lives he was obliged to sacrifice; to say nothing of the millions of animals he saved from pain and death by the same experiments. Pasteur went off for a holiday, and while he was away his cultures of chicken cholera were not renewed. On his return, he found, to his great surprise, the old cultures would no longer cause the disease, when injected into fowls. "In the field of observation, chance favors only the trained mind"—a profound saying. An ordinary man would have abused the culture for "going bad," and thrown it away, but Pasteur was no ordinary man. The fact set him thinking: the result of his thought was the initiation of the vast method of vaccino-therapy. Jenner, in England, years before, caught a glimpse of this truth, but the time was not ripe for its discovery. He had not then the instruments of precision which were at Pasteur's disposal; still less those we have in our laboratories today. Jenner found that cowpox, a common disease in those days, inoculated the chapped hands of the dairy-maids employed in milking the cows, and that these maids seldom caught the smallpox, or, if they did, had the disease in a very mild form.

In Jenner's discovery lay the germ of Pasteur's monumental one: find the bacillus of the disease, cultivate it in the proper media until it has been sufficiently attenuated; if inoculated into an organism affected with the disease, it will cure it: if into an organism unaffected with the disease, but in danger of infection, it will prevent it. Here we have the principle of the so-called autogenous vaccines, so much and so beneficially employed today. In the case of boils, for instance, the surgeon ascertains by bacteriological methods that a *staphylococcus*, *i. e.*, a lowly bacterial organism, is at the bottom of the trouble. He makes a culture from the patient's own bacteria. It is treated so as to become a vaccine, and injected into the patient in proper doses, usually with success. That is the cure of a disease *in esse*. The very word

"immune" was almost unknown in the present sense, and certainly quite uncomprehended, until the time of Pasteur. Everybody knew that a person marked with smallpox was less likely to catch that disease than another who had never had it, and persons were even, like Lady Mary Wortley Montague, inoculated from mild cases so that, if they had the disease, it might be in a mild form, but the real reason for these undoubted facts was unknown until Pasteur discovered it. It is too long a matter to take up here, but it is one of the most interesting and beautiful discoveries of the last hundred years.

So far, the observations made concerned chiefly the lower rungs of animal life: silkworms, chickens, sheep. Later, the applicability of the facts to man became evident. Yet, even from the business point of view, Pasteur's discoveries were of enormous importance. Huxley said, after they had been in operation but a few years, that they had already saved more than would pay the war indemnity demanded by Germany from France. We must now speak of Pasteur's achievements, which have brought such amelioration to the sufferings of humanity. Of primary importance is his discovery of a cure for the horrible disease of Rabies or Hydrophobia. From the days of Dioscorides, centuries past, there had been no cure known, but the usually inadequate one of cutting out the wound and cauterizing it. Sometimes, this was effectual; where it was not, the victim was doomed to an end of indescribable horror. For this terrible malady, Pasteur sought, and found a cure.

The great difficulty of investigation arose from the fact that the organism, or venom, of hydrophobia was not, and is not, discoverable where one would expect, namely, in the mucous saliva flowing from the mouth. Pasteur, naturally, selected this saliva for his first experiments, obtaining what he required from a little child who died of rabies, after twenty-four hours of the most excruciating agony, in one of the Paris hospitals. He found a bacterium in the sputum, and naturally thought it was the organism of hydrophobia. But it failed to produce the disease in a dog. It was a bacterium, no doubt, but not the specific organism he was seeking. It would be tedious to the general reader to detail Pasteur's experiments; his suspicion that the poison must lurk in the regions of the brain; his desperate and dangerous struggles with animals

suffering from the disease; the proof that his suspicion was correct, and, finally, his discovery of the antidote.

In 1885, Pasteur first tried his remedy on a human being, an Alsatian peasant child bitten in fourteen places by a certainly rabid dog. No surgeon being available, the cautery was not applied until twelve hours after the bites had been inflicted—too late even for the faint hope afforded by that procedure—and, for some reason, the cauterization was only attempted with carbolic acid, a very ineffective agent in hydrophobia. The boy was brought to Paris. Pasteur debated, anxiously, whether he ought to risk a treatment never before employed. His medical colleagues believed the attempt should be made. The child must shortly die a horrible death if nothing were done; at the worst, the inoculation would only precipitate the inevitable. The decision was made, and the child inoculated with the vaccine prepared from the material obtained by Pasteur. Day by day, Pasteur administered stronger and stronger doses of the injection, and night after night he lay awake, in agony as to the result. Day by day, rabbits were inoculated with the same cords with which the boy was treated, in order to test the virulence. On the twelfth day, the boy was treated with the deadly virus capable of producing hydrophobia, but impotent—*ex-hypothesi*—to affect those prepared for it by accurately increased doses of less violent nature from day to day. The moment was one of supreme anxiety. The same virus was inoculated into unprepared rabbits. They all fell victims to hydrophobia, but the boy, Joseph Meister, remained perfectly well. Pasteur's experiments were justified: the cure for this dread disease was found. "My turquoise," exclaimed Shylock, "I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys." And one may feel sure that Meister's parents would as little regard the sacrificed rabbits which had helped to snatch their child from the grave and—far worse—from a death of exquisite torture.

But we must turn to another direction, where Pasteur's labors have had wider, though not more beneficent, effect, namely, prophylactic inoculations. In hydrophobia, the injections were only given after the patient had been bitten. Naturally—for, after all, a bite from a rabid animal is not a thing one need expect, nor prepare for by prophylaxis. The same is true of tetanus. But there are conditions where it is

wise for every person to guard against some evil he is sure to encounter, do what he will—typhoid or enteric fever, for example.

This treacherous and deadly disease was bad enough in private life, but worse, far worse, when it dogged the footsteps of armies in the field. In the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-1871, nearly ten per cent. of the entire German Army were victims of typhoid fever, and eleven and three-tenths per cent. of those affected died. Twenty years later, in the Boer War, the number of men actually killed by the Boers was 7,781; the number of men attacked with typhoid, in fly-infested South Africa, was 57,684, of whom 8,022 died. "Bacteria were more deadly than bullets," as the late Sir William Osler remarked. Nothing was more remarkable in the late war than the small number of cases and still smaller percentage of deaths from typhoid fever. The difference was due to the protective inoculations of anti-typhoid serum (denounced by ignorant fanatics as "pouring dirt into men's systems"), to which every combatant or non-combatant going to the front was required to submit. How many thousand lives were saved by these inoculations, it is impossible to say, but they all go down in the great ledger to the credit of Pasteur.

A similar story, by the way, not of protective, but *ex post facto*, treatment, might be told about tetanus. The anti-tetanic serum used in the late war, another of the remedies dependent on Pasteur's lines of investigation, was most successful in combating this very fatal disease.

No story is more sickening than that of hospital surgery, yet there is none more full of hope and encouragement. In the time of Ambroise Paré when two, three, or more patients, suffering from any miscellaneous collection of diseases were bundled into the same hospital bed; when there were no anæsthetics and no antiseptics, unless hot irons deserve that name, it is no wonder that people perished in thousands. But let us, for a moment, study conditions nearer our own times that we may comprehend humanity's debt to Pasteur. In 1867, the late Sir James Y. Simpson, of Edinburgh, published a paper on "Hospitalism," which is the standard authority for the subject. A very few figures may be given from this. Taking all amputations, except those of a minor character and those through joints, of 2,089 performed in hospitals, 855, or

forty-one per cent., died, whilst of 2,098 performed in country practice, 222, or ten and eight-tenths per cent., died. This was certainly not due to the greater skill of the country practitioner: it was due to hospital gangrene and other septic diseases less likely to occur in isolation outside, than inside the crowded hospital. Simpson collected, also, a vast number of statistics on childbirth, so closely related to surgery, and he found that of 888,302 women delivered in hospitals, 30,394¹ died—1 in every 29. Of 934,781 delivered at home, 4,045 died—1 in 212.

A striking difference this, and one due entirely to the greater amount of sepsis and consequent puerperal fever in the hospitals. One of the first to take action in this matter, to his honor be it said, was the late Oliver Wendell Holmes (better known as a charming writer than as a medical man), in 1843, but not until Pasteur, in 1879, showed its bacteriological cause was the danger overcome. What are the resulting statistics? Home cases have been reduced to a percentage mortality of 0.15 from the 0.47 of Simpson's day—a very substantial gain. But far more remarkable is the change in the hospital figures. In the maternity hospitals of today, where a large number of cases are of a grave character, the percentage is even lower than in private practice. Only God knows how many homes, now tenanted by smiling mothers and children, would have been desolate but for Pasteur.

Pasteur's influence in the field of surgery was indirect, for he was not a medical man. He was made a member of the French Académie de Médecine, it is true, and the University of Bonn, prior to 1870, made him an Honorary Doctor of Medicine,² but he had no medical training, and even his more important vivisections, such as the trephinations necessary in the investigations of hydrophobia, were performed for him by medical assistants. Yet it can fairly be said that, by the improvements in medical and surgical practice due to him, he has saved more human lives than a whole college of physicians and surgeons. This was largely due to the appreciation of his work by the late Lord Lister and to the methods based on it, which he devised. For right up to Lister's time, the hospital conditions, already alluded to, continued.

² The story of this diploma and the return thereof after the war, with the correspondence between Pasteur and the University, is one of the few things in his life on which it is impossible to dwell with any satisfaction.

How are things now? When I entered upon medical study the new order was just coming in—bitterly contested and sneered at by many old practitioners even in the United States where, as in England and Scotland, Listerism, as it was called, had a very up-hill battle to fight. I have seen surgeons operate in filthy old coats, with the carbolic spray blowing vigorously on their backs, and then wonder why their patients did not do as well as those of X, who was, in their opinion and very likely in fact, no better operator. Above all, I may refer to operations for ovariectomy, just coming into vogue in my student days, and regarded as of such gravity as to warrant not only a special night nurse to each patient, but a special senior student to sit up all night with her. I can remember doing it myself, and how the surgeon felicitated himself if his patient eventually recovered. Well—the Mayos—a glory, if a medical man not belonging to the United States may respectfully say so—to the profession of that part of the world, from 1905 to 1914, reported six hundred and nine cases of ovariectomy with only five deaths—that is eight-tenths of one per cent. Antisepticism or asepticism are due to Pasteur and his fundamental discoveries, and the greatness of Pasteur is only imperfectly understood unless one grasps the greatness of the surgical revolution produced by Lister, working on Pasteurian lines. At Pasteur's jubilee celebration, Lister said: "Truly, there does not exist in the entire world any individual to whom the medical sciences owe more than they do to you. . . . Thanks to you, surgery has undergone a complete revolution, which has deprived it of its terrors and has extended, almost without limit, its efficacious power." On another occasion, Lister told his audience that Pasteur had pointed out a path in which he had done his best to walk.

An extraordinary *canard*, let loose in the United States not many years after Pasteur's death, stated that he had never been really a Catholic; never more than a fairly convinced deist, believing in a future life, as indeed he had proclaimed on more than one occasion. Who let fly this amazing *canard*, or where it was fledged, I cannot say: it went from paper to paper, reached England and was widely disseminated throughout the United States. Not the slightest credence was attached to the story on the other side of the Atlantic: people

there were too close to Pasteur, too accustomed to hearing of him as a Catholic—"A devout Catholic," says Chambers' *Biographical Dictionary*. Nor, of course, could it be believed in France, where all that is mortal of Pasteur lies in a chapel where Mass is offered for his soul. Some French unbelievers shook their heads over what one of them called Pasteur's "ingrained enmity to the critical spirit" (superfatuously statement about a man whose critical spirit was superlative). Others wailed, with Le Dantec, a leader of materialism in France: "He was a believer before he was Pasteur, and that he has remained, although he is Pasteur." The story of Pasteur's own utterance as to his faith and the faith of the Breton peasant and the Breton peasant's wife, is too well known to be repeated here.

The credence given the tale in the United States that Pasteur was not a practical Catholic, happily induced Monsignor Guillot to look into the matter and to publish the result of his inquiry. A few facts from his statement settle the question.⁴ Pasteur, at his busiest, never failed to visit Arbois, the little village where he was reared, to assist at the Corpus Christi procession, and in the autumn, at the blessing of the first ripe grapes at the vintage festival. His statement as to the Breton peasant, which won such wide publicity, was made at the Distribution of Diplomas at Dôle College. The year of his death, 1895, he made his Easter Communion, with his wife, in the parish church of Dôle, and on Friday, September 25th, received the Last Sacraments of the Church from one of the assistant priests. To forestall any possible statement that he was unconscious at the time and could not prevent his pious wife from having her will, he had a long conversation, after the ceremony, with Père Boulanger, O.P., who was his regular confessor.

Pasteur was a great discoverer; a great benefactor of the human race; he was also a faithful child of the Holy Church, which is Catholic and Roman, and not one of the least of her glories.

⁴I am indebted for the following data to the footnote on page 32 of Father Husslein's very interesting book, *Evolution and Social Progress* (New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 1920).

THE HOLY SEE AND THE SOVIET GOVERNMENT OF MOSCOW.

BY AURELIO PALMIERI, O.S.A., D.D., PH.D.



HE Holy See has never ceased to look to Russia as an important field for fruitful apostleship. Russia drifted into the Eastern schism, not comprehending its significance, and because of geographical position. It was a great nation, separated from contact with Western Christianity. Thus isolated, Russia could not feel the beneficent influence of the "foremost see of the Christian world," to quote an expression of the most ancient historians of the Church.

Therefore, the Catholic Church has ever been animated with real affection for unfortunate Russia. One need only peruse the first volume of A. Boudon's latest work, *Le Saint-Siège et la Russie*,¹ to find ample and convincing proof of the Popes' paternal reasonableness towards the national aspirations of tsaristic Russia, and of their desire to spread among Russians the idea of true ecclesiastical unity.

Benedict XV. took a keen interest in the fate of the Russian Church under the Bolshevist régime. He suffered and wept with the Russian hierarchy. He appreciated the martyrdom of the Russian clergy, and when a letter came to him from far Siberia, signed by three Russian bishops, asking for help, he did what was humanly possible to alleviate the trials of Russia. The allegation that only the Anglican clergy of London have cared for the bleeding Church of Russia, is wholly inaccurate. The late Pope exerted his influence in every way to mitigate the persecutions of the Russian clergy by the Bolsheviki. To be sure, his efforts were not crowned with success. The red tyranny of Russia, which erects statues in honor of Judas in Russian cities, has no respect for institutions or personalities. The Pope fulfilled his duty as Supreme Pastor of Christianity, when he sent large sums of money for the relief of Russian refugees.

Pius XI. has admirably continued the work of his prede-

cessor. He looks upon wounded Russia with the compassion of the good Samaritan. The press of certain countries has stated, more than once, that the Pope aims only to take advantage of the calamities of Russia, to extend his authority, and to proselytize the Orthodox Russians. The truth is, the Pope, at the present time, is only anxious to save human lives from the terrors of famine. Through the initiative of Pius XI., a mission has been sent to Russia, of priests of different nationalities, for relief work in the famished provinces. The purpose of this mission is not religious propaganda. In spite of limited resources, the Pope has appropriated the sum of 2,500,000 lire (approximately \$100,000 at present exchange rates) for the Russian provinces devastated by famine.

These apostles of charity, sent by the Roman See, have begun their work in the Crimea. At present, the Holy See is endeavoring to have them sent into the Volga region, where the ravages of famine are beyond all imagination. The mission hopes to extend its beneficent work within the starving Ukrainia, where a considerable number of ex-uniates long for reunion with Rome. But it has been ascertained that the commissaries of the Soviets are holding, for the red army, food intended for starving civilians, and, therefore, the Pope is forced, most reluctantly, to leave the Ukrainians to their dreadful fate. For the honor of America, it may be said that the practical chief of the mission is an American priest, Father Edmund Walsh, S.J., and that the most difficult work of the mission is being accomplished with the active coöperation of the American Red Cross.

Russians are fully aware of the beneficent purpose of the Holy See. But, on the occasion of the Conference of Genoa, a large number of them, especially those who are working for the reëstablishment of the Russian autocracy, pretended to be shocked by the alleged friendship of the Vatican with the Bolshevik chiefs. Certain Russian, Greek, Serbian, and even Anglican papers have slandered the Catholic Church for her would-be "philobolshevism."

This hostile press found a pretext for anger in the Pope's letter to the Most Reverend Archbishop Signori of Genoa (April 7, 1922), urging prayers for the success of the Conference there, and his letter to Cardinal Gasparri (April 29, 1922), expressing his earnest desire for a new era of peace and jus-

tice. Moreover, Monsignor Pizzardo's mission to Genoa, with a memorandum on the religious conditions of Russia, and the Catholic interests in that country, has aroused the critics. It was alleged that Archbishop Signori went out of his way to show courtesies to Tchitcherin, the chief of the Russian delegation.

In order to answer these charges, it is well to quote some of the most important Orthodox documents concerning the relations between the Holy See and the Russian Soviets. First of all, we have an appeal to His Holiness from Demetrius Merezhkovsky, well known as one of the most brilliant novelists and literary critics in Russia, although he cannot be said to merit our gratitude as Christians for his book, *Julian, the Apostate*. Merezhkovsky is one of the leaders of that modern Russian mysticism which aims to abolish or set aside Christian dogma as "unfit for our age," and to await a new revelation by the Holy Ghost.

In his appeal, dated May 4, 1922, and published in the Russian paper of Paris, *Latest News (Poslednyia Novosti)*, of May 10th, the Russian novelist writes as follows: "On the sacred soil of Italy, some priests of the Western Church, with the same hands which touch the most blessed particle, touch also the bloody hands of the executioners. Do they know what they are doing? Do they know that it is the very same moment when the churches in Russia are desecrated and pillaged, and the faithful gathered around their sacred buildings to defend them are shot down, and the sacred vessels are confiscated and melted into gold and silver bullion, and sent to the foreign countries for the expense of the Bolshevist propaganda, or sold in one lump? . . . Do they know that their words and speeches are addressed to the violators of all laws, who, as soon as they have the supreme power in their hands, will desecrate the Catholic Church as they have desecrated their own? . . . Holy Father! In this fatal hour, when not only Eastern Christianity, but all Christian mankind are in danger, we appeal to you! The reunion of churches has long since been the yearning of the prophetic spirits of Russia, who had foreseen the catastrophe which has already occurred in Russia, and which threatens the whole world. The universal Church, the one pastor, the one flock—this is our hope, our faith, our love. But the reunion of the churches is also

a great act of love, a great sacrifice. The Spirit of the Lord is wherever love is, and wherever love is, there freedom is to be found. But, will the work of love ever be achieved by the hands of men who preach the murder of their brothers and civil war as the only means of social action? . . . To alienate the Western Church not only from the Eastern, but from all the Russian people, to excite hatred against all churches as instruments of slavery, there is no better method than to conclude an alliance of the Holy See with the worst enemies of Russia. We love Russia, and we are intimately convinced that the hour is coming when her horrible chains will be broken. But free Russia will never forget those who took advantage of her past weakness in order to charge her with still heavier serfdom. No! Russia will never forget either in the present generation or in the future. If that takes place—which we cannot believe—namely, a concordat between the Holy See and the international gang, who call themselves the Soviets of Russia, the work of reunion would be ruined for all time.”

Still harsher is the style of the *Rul*, a widely circulated Russian paper of Berlin: “The Vatican hopes, by condescension, to pave the way to the reunion of churches: the Vatican hopes to quench the thirst for faith of Russian souls; but that thirst cannot be quenched by any agreement with the persecutors. The Patriarch of Moscow, surrounded by red guards, morally is stronger than the Jesuits (!) who walk freely through the streets of the capital of Russia under the protection of the Soviets! The results of the policy of Rome will be diametrically opposed to its aspirations! Rome will be deceived like others who trust in Bolshevism. On the ground of a fallacious tolerance, the Vatican is signing an alliance with the murderers of the Tsars, and of Patriarch Tykhon. It was for the Vatican to say its word, and that word, at last, has been said.”²

The resentment of Orthodox Christianity towards the alleged policy of conciliation between Rome and the Soviets has been strong in Serbia, where the Russian supporters of the old tsaristic régime have found asylum. The official organ of the government, *Samouprava*, published a violent protest of the Serbian Orthodox Church against the Vatican. Among

² “*Slovo Vatikana*” (The Word of the Vatican), May 14, 1922, n. 453.

other banalities, it was declared: "That, by means of a treaty stipulated between the Holy See and the Soviets, the Pope and the Jesuits have conquered an unlimited right to spread Catholicism within Bolshevist Russia, and to increase the influence of the Roman Church. It is a great misfortune for an Orthodox nation of 200,000,000 souls. The Serbian Patriarch and hierarchy feel it their duty to protest against the Catholic invasion of Russia, and appeal to the Patriarch of Constantinople, who is the champion of the Orthodox faith. The *corrupted* West has no right in the East. The Orthodox people of Russia cannot be sacrificed to the interests of the Vatican."³

Another Serbian paper, *Balkan*, calls the alleged concordat between the Holy See and Bolshevism, the greatest shame of the twentieth century: "The diplomatists of the Vatican have embraced the murderers of Russia, those who have transformed the churches into moving picture theatres, and houses of prostitution: who have devastated the monasteries, killed the priests and bishops, and shed the blood of numberless innocent Christians! This brotherly relation of the Vatican with the atheists of Bolshevism is aimed at the exploitation of the national soul of Russia. Just as Lloyd George obtained from the Bolsheviki the mineral oils of the Caucasus, so the Vatican has gained the monopoly of Russian believers. The guilt of the Vatican in buying consciences is no less than that of the executioners of Moscow, who have sold them."⁴

We have quoted literally the most violent invectives of Russian refugees against the supreme power of the Catholic Church. As with all slanders of the Papacy, history has already passed upon these charges. Leo XIII. once wrote that the Catholic Church needs truth, truth, only truth. Several months have already passed since the vile accusations quoted were written, and the facts have given them the lie.

We understand the psychological conditions of millions of Russian refugees, who have been deprived of their property and who, with bleeding hearts, witness the economic ruin, martyrdom, and enslavement of their fatherland. They cannot bear that anyone outside of Russia should have even the

³ "Srpska Crkva i katolicko—boljsevički sporazumi" (The Serbian Church and the accord between Catholicism and Bolshevism), June 1, 1922, n. 119.

⁴ May 14, 1922.

slightest and most informal relations with the Bolsheviki, even for the purpose of inveighing against their crimes. But society cannot ignore a mass of one hundred and twenty million souls and go on as if that mass did not exist! The necessity of helping Russia, forces those who abhor the Russian Soviets to enter into relations with them. It is a great mistake for Russians to misunderstand such conduct.

First of all, as a French paper, *Europe Nouvelle*, stated, the policy of the Vatican is the policy of eternity. This definition indicates that the Vatican cannot be affected by the political changes and turmoils of nations. The Catholic Church lives in close contact with human policy, but does not follow its vicissitudes. The Catholic Church does not depend upon the political conditions of society, as do the Orthodox churches, which, as in the case of Russia, espouse the cause of a régime, thrive and decay with it. They make their bed; they must lie upon it. The mission of the Vatican is, first of all, a religious one. The interests of the Catholic Church are its constant preoccupation.

Bolshevism is, at present, the only form of government in Russia, a nation having among its inhabitants a large number of Catholics. It is, therefore, as necessary for the Vatican to enter, in some respects, into relations with Bolshevism, as it is incumbent upon the Greek Patriarch of Constantinople to communicate with the Sublime Porte for the defense of Greek Orthodoxy. But these necessary and sporadic relations have nothing to do with an eventual approbation of the aims and methods of Bolshevism. They are imposed upon the Vatican by the exigencies of the hour, just as, for instance, during the Mongol domination over Little Russia, the Russian metropolitans and bishops were obliged to entertain relations with the Khans of the Golden Horde for the protection of their subjects. The Church cannot make war upon political régimes that have taken power by violence. She may condemn them, but she has a right to ask of them the necessary guarantees for the faithful.

This is what the Vatican has sought in its communications with the representatives of the Soviets. By sending Monsignor Pizzardo to Tchitcherin in Genoa, the Holy Father asked only for guarantees for both Catholics and Orthodox. In the name of the laws of humanity, and of the rights of justice, the Pope

claimed full freedom of conscience for Russians and for foreigners; freedom of worship for all creeds in Russia—even the Jews. The Pope has acted, not alone as the Supreme Pastor of the Catholic Church, but as the Father of all Christendom, and as the symbol of elevated and ennobled humanity.

We know that the Russian Church was still struggling under the leadership of Patriarch Tykhon for the defense of ecclesiastical property and the inviolability of the churches. The initiative of the Holy Father reënforced and invigorated the course of the Patriarch of Moscow. When he speaks to the Bolsheviki, Pope Pius XI. addresses them not, indeed, as a friend, but as the legal representative of the interests of Christianity. He claims what is due to all Christians, and his petition is an open condemnation of Bolshevik tyranny. Precisely because the Bolsheviki are trampling under foot freedom of conscience, the Pope, in a public document, demands that they respect the rights of religious consciousness. By this act, the Vatican maintains the spirit of solidarity between the Christian East and the Christian West.

The Vatican knows full well what is going on in Russia. The *Osservatore Romano* says: "The decree of the Soviets, dated May 23, 1918, guarantees freedom of conscience and religion: but information received from authentic sources, in various provinces of Russia, demonstrates that the reality does not at all correspond to these promises."

The Vatican is aware of the mendacity and brutality of Bolshevism. It is endeavoring, none the less, to obtain from a tyrannical government some mitigation of the persecution of both Catholic and Orthodox clergy. If the Bolsheviki have massacred twenty-eight bishops and have sent to death, on September 10th, Veniamin, Metropolitan of Petrograd, and the Orthodox Archbishop of Irkutsk, it must not be forgotten that the Catholic clergy are also subjected to violent persecution. The relations, therefore, between the Vatican and the Soviets have culminated in a protest against the satanic hatred of Bolshevism for the Christian religion.

In short, it is absolutely untrue that the Holy See has ever dreamed of concluding any concordat with the Soviets. If the Bolshevik régime continue, with its destructive policy of abolishing the hierarchical principle and the social constitution of all Christian denominations, neither the Catholic

Church nor the Orthodox can live in Russia. The Vatican has raised its voice to claim, for the Christian Churches, the right to exist.

It is a pity that the generous initiative of the Vatican should have been greeted by passionate outbursts from Russian Orthodoxy. Now that the storm is over, the Pope's action stands out as that of the Father of Christendom. Of course, the Catholic Church longs for the return of the Orthodox Churches to the centre of Christianity, but she does not propose "to buy souls" from the persecutors of the Christian faith. She prays and she multiplies evidences of love; she gives material and spiritual help, and labors for the final reconciliation of Christianity. The evils that now beset Russian Orthodoxy, the domestic schism that is shattering its masses, would, perhaps, never have taken place if the Russian Church had been united with Rome. However this may be, the spreading of the Catholic idea in Russia will never be the result of any fantastic contract between Bolshevism and the Papacy. The greatest joys and triumphs of the Church come directly from God; Bolshevism stands revealed as the devilish work of the enemies of God and his Divine Son, Jesus Christ, Our Lord.

STARS.

BY CHARLES J. QUIRK, S.J.

THESE are the tears of all the sainted dead,
Which God upgathers to adorn the night.
He shrines them as great jewels overhead
To show that darkness but enhances light.

WHERE ALL ROADS LEAD.

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

II.—THE YOUTH OF THE CHURCH.



WHEN the Master-BUILDER spoke apprehensively of the younger generation knocking at the door, it certainly never occurred to him to apprehend that it might be the church door. And yet, even in the figure of Ibsen, might have been found signs of so strange a sequel. The very words, Master-BUILDER, are but a tradition from a mediæval system, and it is that very system which some would now make a rough model for the modern system. And if the Master-BUILDER had been driven by his ruthless lady friend to make a tour of Europe, looking for the tallest towers to climb, he would soon have discovered what people of what period had the right to be called masters of building. He would have found himself in the tracks of many a master, who not only climbed his own tower, but carved his own angels or devils at the four corners of it, hanging as on wings above the void.

The artists and art critics of the rising generation had already begun knocking at the church door fifty years ago, in the time of Ruskin and William Morris. In our own time, a yet younger generation of art students are justifying their bold, or possibly bald, simplifications by yet severer doctrines drawn from the Primitives. The new artists may be, in a chronological sense, Post-Impressionists, but they are also, in a strict historical sense, Pre-Raphaelites. But this youngest generation knocks at the door of the Master-BUILDER, not only to ask about the church of which he was a builder, but also about the guild in which he was a master. Mediævalism provokes a study, not merely artistic, like Morris and Ruskin, but as economic as that of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb. Let it be understood that I am not here discussing whether these views are accurate; I am only pointing out that, whatever they are, they are not merely antiquated. We may denounce or delight in the school of Mr. Eric Gill; but if we denounce it, it will not be

merely for being too mediæval; it is much more likely to be for being very much too modern. We may quarrel or sympathize with the Guild Socialists; but we cannot deny that they do, in fact, think they are advancing a modern thing like Socialism by adding to it an ancient word like guild. We cannot deny that these men would, in fact, be stared at, geyed or made game of merely as advanced and even anarchical innovators. The rising generation is not necessarily right; but this generation is certainly rising. Its enthusiasms cannot be dismissed as emotions of elderly regret.

I could give, of course, any number of other examples, but it is sufficient for this summary to say that there are now not only movements, but new movements on our side. I deliberately refrain from dwelling on that with which I have been rather more concerned, along with my brother and many of my friends; but which Mr. Belloc stood alone in England in preaching twenty years ago. Mr. Belloc and my brother were not exactly pallid æsthetic reactionaries seeking peace in the ruins of the past. The Distributism which they preached is now solidifying into a political party all over Europe. But in Europe, as distinct from England, the movement had older roots; and the glory of it, under God, goes without question to the great Pope, Leo XIII. Here I only note briefly the facts of the present, to show that they are part of a series that can as clearly be traced in the past. It is not true, as the rationalist histories imply, that through the ages orthodoxy has grown old slowly. It is rather heresy that has grown old quickly.

The Reformation grew old amazingly quickly. It was the Counter-Reformation that grew young. In England, it is strange to note how soon Puritanism turned into Paganism, or perhaps ultimately into Philistinism. It is strange to note how soon the Puritans degenerated into Whigs. By the end of the seventeenth century, English politics had dried up into a wrinkled cynicism that might have been as old as Chinese etiquette. It was the Counter-Reformation that was full of the fire and even of the impatience of youth. It was in the Catholic figures of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries that we find the spirit of energy and, in the only noble sense, of novelty. It was people like St. Teresa who reformed; people like Bossuet who challenged; people like Pascal who ques-

tioned; people like Suarez who speculated. The counter-attack was like a charge of the old spears of chivalry. And, indeed, the comparison is very relevant to the generalization. I believe that this renovation, which has certainly happened in our own time, and which certainly happened in a time so recent as the Reformation, has really happened again and again in the history of Christendom.

Working backwards on the same principle, I will mention at least two examples which I suspect to have been similar: the case of Islam and the case of Arianism. The Church had any number of opportunities of dying, and even of being respectfully interred. But the younger generation always began once again to knock at the door; and never louder than when it was knocking at the lid of the coffin, in which it had been prematurely buried, Islam and Arianism were both attempts to broaden the basis to a sane and simple Theism, the former supported by great military success and the latter, by great imperial prestige. They ought to have finally established a new system, but for the one perplexing fact, that the old system preserved the only seed and secret of novelty. Anyone reading between the lines of the twelfth century record, can see that the world was permeated by potential Pantheism and Paganism; we can see it in the dread of the Arabian version of Aristotle, in the rumors about great men being Moslems in secret. Old men, seeing the simple faith of the Dark Ages dissolving, might well have thought that the fading of Christendom into Islam would be the next thing to happen. If so, the old men would have been very much surprised at what did happen.

What did happen was a roar like thunder from thousands and thousands of young men, throwing all their youth into one exultant counter-charge: the Crusades. The actual effect of the danger from the younger religion was the renewal of our own youth. It was the sons of St. Francis, the Jugglers of God, wandering singing over all the roads of the world; it was the Gothic going up like a flight of arrows; it was the rejuvenation of Europe. And though I know less of the older period, I suspect that the same was true of Athanasian orthodoxy in revolt against Arian officialism. The older men had submitted to a compromise, and St. Athanasius led the younger like a divine demagogue. The persecuted carried into exile

the sacred fire. It was a flaming torch that could be cast out, but could not be trampled out.

Whenever Catholicism is driven out as an old thing, it always returns as a new thing. It suggests some parable in which an old man should be driven forth from the fireside to wander in the storm like Lear, but should return as a young man at the head of a mob, to thunder at the door like Laertes. The parable could not merely be a human tragedy, even a Shakespearean tragedy. It would have to be, in the most exact sense of the words, a divine comedy. In other words, that tragedy could only be a miracle play. That particular state of things could not be rendered in any story except a supernatural story; or, as the skeptic would put it, a fairy story. It would be easy enough to make a human tragedy about the old man being right, or about the young man being wrong, or even about the young man being punished for being wrong. But, probably, the chief punishment of the young man would be the death of the old man. It would be that he had to weep with unavailing repentance beside a grave. It would not be that the old man would suddenly jump up out of the grave, and hit him a hearty thwack over the head. That sort of punishment is only possible in a divine comedy; but that sort of punishment is exactly the sort of poetical justice which has, age after age, marked the revivals of our religion. What the realists call real life does not exhibit anything so lively as that. That sort of story is something much livelier than a ghost story; it is not so much like any tales of ghosts as like the old tales of the gods; and that also is very much to the point.

It is not a survival. It is not impossible to imagine that some very old thing might manage to survive. The Druids, let us say, if the course of religious conflicts had been different, might conceivably have lingered through some local traditions for two thousand years to the present time. It is not easy to imagine even this; but it is not impossible. But if it were true, the Druids would look lingering; the Druids would look two thousand years old; in short, the Druids would look like Druids. The Catholic priests do not look in the least like Druids. It is not a question of how many stones of Stonehenge are still standing, and how many have fallen over, or been knocked over. The stones of the Catholic Stonehenge

were knocked over; they always are knocked over; and they always are laboriously put up again. The point is that as many of the Druidic stones as fell, still lie where they fell, and will lie there forever. There has not been a Druidic revolution every two or three hundred years, with young Druids, crowned with fresh mistletoe, dancing in the sun on Salisbury Plain. Stonehenge has not been re-built in every style of architecture from the rude round Norman to the last rococo of the Renaissance. The sacred place of the Druids is safe from what is called the vandalism of restoration.

This, then, is the vital distinction, upon which I have dwelt before going further, because its comprehension concerns the argument later on. It is not endurance, but the *kind* of recovery. Doubtless, there are, in every such transition, groups of good, and even glorious, Catholics, who have held to their religion rather as a thing of the past; and I have far too much admiration for their religious loyalty to insist here on any regrets for their reactionary politics. It is possible to look back to the passing of the monk, merely as one looks back to the passing of the Stuarts; it is possible to look back to the passing of the Stuarts merely as one looks back to the passing of the Druids. But Catholicism is not a thing that faded with the final failure of the Jacobites; rather it is a thing that returned with a rush after the relative failure of the Jacobins. There may have been ecclesiastics surviving from the Dark Ages who did not understand the new movement of the Middle Ages; there certainly were good Catholics who did not see the need for the great raid of the Jesuits or the reforms of St. Teresa; and they were most probably much better people than we are.

But the rejuvenation does recur; and it is the first fact with which I have wished to start my argument. Its effect on the question of the seat of authority and the limits of communion I may proceed to consider at another time. But, for the moment, I am content to say that we live in one of these recurrent periods of Catholicism on the march; and to draw a more simple moral from it. The real honor is due to those who were with it when its cause seemed hopeless; and no credit, beyond that of common intelligence, really belongs to anyone who has joined it when it is so evidently the hope of the world.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Born December 24, 1822.

POET AND ESSAYIST.

BY BROTHER LEO.



HASTY glance at the writings of Matthew Arnold is likely to produce as unpleasant an impression of the critic as a bowing acquaintance with "the son of Dr. Arnold of Rugby" seems to have produced of the man himself. If his portraits do him justice, we can well understand that his personal appearance went far to belie the finer and more essential elements of his personality. It was the verdict of that sensitive and observant little lady, Charlotte Brontë, that "his manner displeases from its seeming foppery. . . . I was told, however, that 'Mr. Arnold improved upon acquaintance.'"¹

Now, for aught we know, the novelist's dictum on the essayist may be as unfair and misleading as the essayist's dictum on the novelist; Miss Brontë's mind, Arnold wrote, was empty of everything "but hunger, rebellion, and rage."² But there can be no doubt that, though first impressions of Matthew Arnold's writings often evoke "regretful surprise," fuller knowledge wins admiration or at least respect. I am mindful of an early reviewer of *Literature and Dogma*, who said in his haste: "Mr. Arnold's book has no one good quality that even his best friend could discover."³ No twentieth century commentator would say anything quite so sweepingly inaccurate. It is probable that we of a later day perceive Arnold's limitations and perversities even more clearly than did his protesting contemporaries; but—otherwise we should scarcely be concerned with him at all—our perception of his abiding excellence as a poet and of his distinctive contribution to the theory of literary criticism has clarified with the years. His penchant for phrase-making—at once a blessing and a ban—

¹ Clement Shorter, *Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle*, p. 458.

² Matthew Arnold, *Letters*, vol. 1., p. 34.

³ *Dublin Review*, April, 1873, p. 365.

has exposed him to misunderstanding and ridicule; even yet the hosts of the uncircumcised wax mirthful over "culture" and "high seriousness" and "sweetness and light;" sometimes even his admirers have been tempted to quote his famous characterization of Shelley against himself and to describe the "elegant Jeremiah" as a "beautiful and ineffectual angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain." But, in the main, the centenary of his birth finds that to the world, as to individuals, Matthew Arnold has decidedly improved upon acquaintance. Victorian reputations have declined on his right hand and on his left, but the vogue of Arnold has widened and increased.

Of the genuineness of Arnold's poetic endowment, and of the enduring quality of his best verses, there can be now no doubt. Several of his shorter rhymed poems, like "Requiescat" and his sonnet to Shakespeare, have won places in every representative English anthology; his metrical narratives, "Sohrab and Rustum," "The Forsaken Merman," and "Tristram and Iseult," enjoy a generous measure of popularity, and to the "remnant," at least, of his readers if not to the "numbers," his Obermann poems and "Dover Beach" and "Heine's Grave" are moving and authentic transcriptions of a human mood, in many ways characteristic of the middle years of the last century. It is significant, however, that the poems which Arnold himself most prized are the poems which the world has most quickly forgotten—I mean his idyls on Greek themes, executed in what he conceived to be an eminently Hellenic spirit. "The Strayed Reveller," it is true, we would not willingly part with, but in general it holds true that his poetic studies of classical subjects, though in form well-nigh perfect and in detail of structure almost meticulously exact, have somehow missed the infusion of the breath of life; they are marbles merely, white and hard and cold. Arnold set great store on his "Merope;" but, in "Merope," he attempted to tell a story already handled by so great a diversity of artists as Euripides, Maffai, Voltaire, and Alfieri.

The distinctive, indeed the individual, note of Arnold as a poet is sounded most clearly in his sonnet, "The Austerity of Poetry." For austere his muse undeniably is, alike in her view of life and in her technical resources. Utterly alien to Arnold are Browning's eupeptic enthusiasms, Swinburne's

colorful fugues, Francis Thompson's superb abandon of manner and of mood. The cry of anguish, decorous, but insistent,

That wild, unquench'd, deep-sunken, old-world pain,

echoes and reëchoes through his verses, from the "nameless sadness" of "The Buried Life" to "the lonely inn 'mid the rocks" in "Rugby Chapel,"

Where the gaunt and taciturn host
Stands on the threshold, the wind
Shaking his thin white hairs—

But the austerity of Arnold is not merely the austerity of pain; it is even more characteristically the austerity of resolute and high endeavor, the austerity that, in his conception, would seem to be the indispensable concomitant of "high and flawless excellence." Inevitably, it limits his scope; and, inevitably, as in "Calais Sands," it impedes the outpouring of the conventional lover's fine frenzy; but it is not less a source of power and even of inspiration. There is a contagious vigor in the movement of "The Scholar Gypsy," and even those of us who, unlike Arnold, know the sweetness and the potency of a vital religious faith, cannot remain impervious to the elegiac beauty of the picture he limns of his father in "Rugby Chapel:"

We were weary, and we
Fearful, and we in our march
Fain to drop down and to die.
Still thou turnedst, and still
Beckonedst the trembler, and still
Gavest the weary thy hand.
If, in the paths of the world,
Stones might have wounded thy feet,
Toil or dejection have tried
Thy spirit, of that we saw
Nothing—to us thou wast still
Cheerful, and helpful, and firm!

Those readers who maintain that Arnold the poet is an appreciably more important figure than Arnold the critic and dictator, are right in one sense at least, for his poetry embodies the quintessence of his intellectual and emotional excellence,

and in his verses he conveys the finest and highest, though by no means the most complete, revelation of his personality. As a poet, he invariably wears his robes pontifical; as an essayist, he appears too often in negligée. In his poems, there is no trace either of the seeming foppishness that repelled Charlotte Brontë or of the "Olympian manners," which Max Müller observed in him at Oxford; but, in his essays, there is abundant evidence of the superficial flippancy whereof certain of his judicious friends complained, and of the good conceit of himself that moved him to splenetic satire or to ironic self-depreciation when anybody had the hardihood to disagree with him. Of his verse it could never be said, as it has been sagely said of his prose: "The moments when Matthew Arnold is most provincial are the very moments when he endeavors consciously to be urbane."⁴ Nor does Arnold the poet indulge in the vagaries of style which, in Arnold the essayist, are so irritatingly manifest—the vain repetitions of savored phrases, the reiterations *ad absurdum* of favorite ideas, the smirking condescensions to supposedly untutored readers, the abrupt shifting of moods, the inconsequential digressions, the humor which too often degenerates into farce and sheer burlesque. His contribution to English poetry, though quantitatively slight, is qualitatively distinctive; but we could more equally suffer the loss of even his "Rugby Chapel" and his exquisite shorter pieces than we could of his essays on "The Study of Poetry," and "The Function of Criticism at the Present Time," and "The Literary Influence of Academies." With all its faults, the prose of Arnold means more to us than does his poetry, with all its "high and flawless excellence." Arnold the poet is a rare spirit, but a more helpful and necessary man is Arnold the dictator.

And this, as we have said, despite his considerable and very palpable limitations. True, he possessed "that cognate culture without which specific erudition produces a rather lean result."⁵ Matthew Arnold was a well educated man, and a well read man; but, in the strict sense of the word, Arnold was no scholar. His lack of high scholarly status involves no reproach; but, at times, Arnold chose to ignore the limitation and, with characteristic dogmatism and presump-

⁴ Edward J. O'Brien, Preface to Arnold's *Essays*, Third Series, p. 17.

⁵ W. C. Brownell, *Criticism*, p. 20.

tion, to write upon topics for the handling of which he possessed neither adequate learning nor appropriate mental attitude.

A case in point is illustrated in an anecdote related by Professor Goldwin Smith. He and Arnold were traveling together in a railway carriage; and Arnold, pointing to a pile of books at his side, said, with a gay air: "These are Celtic books which they send me. Because I have written on Celtic literature, they fancy I must know something of the language." "His ideas," adds Professor Smith, "had been formed by a few weeks at a Welsh watering-place."⁶ The story is enough to freeze the blood in the veins of a present-day "research professor" and to inspire Dr. Thomas O'Hagan to indite an addendum to his essay on "The Degradation of Scholarship!" Yet, a special Providence seems to watch over the innocent; for I have heard the eminent Celtic scholar, the late Dr. Kuno Myer, vouch for the essential reliability of Arnold's essay. "Despite his imperfect knowledge," said Myer, "Arnold was in the main right in his estimate of Celtic poetry. He was in error only in his contention that it represents a titanic rebellion against the domination of fact, and in his finding in it a pronounced strain of melancholy. Celtic poetry has no sentimentalism of any kind." And William Sharp ("Fiona Macleod") held that "it was Matthew Arnold who first disclosed to his countrymen not only the beauty and the charm of Celtic literature, but the need of a more intimate understanding of, a livelier sympathy with, Celtic life and thought."⁷ So it would seem that, in this instance at least, Arnold's intuitions were substantially correct, even though his scholarship was egregiously defective.

Arnold's intuitions served him less admirably, however, in his excursions into the field of Biblical criticism. It was natural, even inevitable, that he should be drawn to a study of religious literature, for the man possessed an impelling interest in the things of the soul. In this, he was his father's son, for the religious element was most pronounced in the career and character of Dr. Arnold; and he was his brother's brother, for the religious mutations of Thomas Arnold—the "dear old Tom" of Matthew's letters—first an Anglican, then a

⁶ Quoted by Lane Cooper, *op. cit.*

⁷ *Papers Critical and Reminiscent*, pp. 2, 3.

Catholic, then a rationalist, and then a Catholic once more—offer an entertaining contribution to the psychology of religious belief; and he was his niece's uncle, too, for religious problems loomed large in the outlook of Mrs. Humphrey Ward, the author of *Robert Elsmere* and *Helbeck of Bannisdale*, and the sympathetic translator of Amiel. Catholic devotional literature especially attracted Arnold; he never wearied of thumbing *The Imitation of Christ*, as many a jotting in his notebooks and many a passage in his letters attest; and in his essays he has recognized the beauty and practicality of the à Kempis view of life.⁸ His interest in religion was eminently creditable to him, however attenuated his conception of the subject; but his scholarship was not such as to warrant his entering the lists as an authority. Yet he did enter the lists, and repeatedly; and it never seems to have occurred to him that he was a hopelessly ineffectual amateur. The utter incompetency of his *Literature and Dogma* and of its defensive supplement, *God and the Bible*, becomes apparent when that diverting medley of pseudo-scholarship, chop logic and refined vituperation is compared with a work of real philosophic inquiry, like Mr. Paul Elmer More's *The Religion of Plato*, or with such a masterpiece of controversial scholarship as Ballerini's *Gesù Cristo e i suoi Moderni Critici*; and the extent to which his *St. Paul and Protestantism* fails to grasp the spirit of the real St. Paul is shown by a comparison with Abbot Vonier's *The Christian Mind*.

Arnold was no Biblical scholar, and when he assumes the rôle of one he is perforce ridiculous; but he was a true appreciator of great books, and so when he discusses the purely literary aspects of the Bible, he is often persuasive and suggestive. And again—this is notably true of *Literature and Dogma*—though his application of principles is generally wrong-headed, the principles themselves are stimulating and dependable as points of approach in the study of literature. Such is his insistence on the necessity of a sense of proportion in the reader, the ability “to read between the lines, to discern where he ought to rest with his whole weight, and where he ought to pass lightly.”⁹ Such is his distinction between

⁸ “The most exquisite document after those of the New Testament, of all the documents the Christian spirit has ever inspired.” *First Essays*, p. 345: “Marcus Aurelius.”

⁹ Preface to *Literature and Dogma*, p. xli.

scientific language and literary language, the latter being "language thrown out at an object of consciousness not fully grasped, which inspired emotion."¹⁰ Such—and this is where Arnold the critic merges with Arnold the educator—is his contention that a mental training, mainly metaphysical, unfits a man for evaluating literature from the literary point of view.

This is not the occasion to discuss Arnold's contribution to the theory of pedagogy. Let it suffice to say that in the educational field he was a competent authority, and that his school reports contain some of his most brilliant writing and some of his most pregnant thoughts. He discerned from afar the wooden horse of vocationalism, and he warned schoolmen—his, alas, was the voice of one crying in the wilderness!—of the danger of making education subservient to bread-and-butter ideals. He pleaded for religious training—inconsistently, if you will, in the light of his own neo-paganism—on the grounds that such training conduces to culture and character as no other discipline does, or can.¹¹ And he was the first non-Catholic Englishman to preach and to practise urbanity of educational perspective, and to recognize the merit of the school systems fostered by the religious orders, notably the Dominicans and the Brothers of the Christian Schools. Arnold's place in the history of education is, in fine, distinguished and assured.

Though not a practical educator of his father's eminence, a teacher, in the larger meaning of that word, Arnold unquestionably was. To him the critic's office is largely a teaching function, to be filled in the spirit of "sweet reasonableness" and "flexibility of spirit." He exhorts the student of literature to shun "habits of unintelligent routine and one-sided growth,"¹² and to persuade himself that "excellence is not common and abundant."¹³ He inculcates a wholesome habit of discrimination, and illustrates it admirably in his review of

¹⁰ *Literature and Dogma*, p. 60. It is at least possible that this distinction suggested the detailed development given the subject by Brother Azarias in his *Phases of Thought and Criticism*, ch. v., "Literary and Scientific Habits of Thought."

¹¹ "The enemies of catechisms have, perhaps, never considered how a catechism is for the child in an elementary school his only contact with metaphysics; it is possible to have too much metaphysics, but some contact with them is to every active mind suggestive and helpful. The Bible, again, is for the child in an elementary school almost his only contact with poetry and philosophy." Quoted by W. H. Dawson, *Matthew Arnold*, p. 123.

¹² *Culture and Anarchy*, ch. v.

¹³ *Second Essays*, p. 58: "Milton."

Stopford Brooke's *Primer of English Literature*.¹⁴ "He had no mind for fished-up authors, nor did he ever indulge in swaggering rhapsodies over second-rate poets."¹⁵ For all his warm admiration of Wordsworth, his fine sense of literary values led him to recognize the arid spaces in "The Excursion" and to distinguish, in a way in which the seer of Windermere was incapable of doing, between pathos and bathos. Though yielding to none in his veneration of Shakespeare, he could point out the master dramatist's unevenness of style and uncertainty of touch. Of a piece of loose construction in *Macbeth*, he can say: "There is but one name for such writing as that, if Shakespeare had signed it a thousand times—it is detestable. . . . He is the richest, the most wonderful, the most powerful, the most delightful of poets; he is not altogether, nor even eminently, an artist."¹⁶

The object of literary culture, the object, indeed, of all education, Arnold conceived to be "intellectual deliverance;" and what he means by the phrase he elucidates in his academic address, "On the Modern Element in Literature:"

But first let us ask ourselves why the demand for an intellectual deliverance arises in such an age as the present, and in what the deliverance itself consists? The demand arises, because our present age has around it a copious and complex present, and behind it a copious and complex past; it arises, because the present age exhibits to the individual man who contemplates it the spectacle of a vast multitude of facts awaiting and inviting his comprehension. The deliverance consists in man's comprehension of this present and past.¹⁷

He applied the same principle to political issues when, apropos of the Irish situation, he admonished his fellow-Englishmen "to acquire a larger and sweeter temper, a larger and more lucid mind."¹⁸ It was the basis of his arraignment of the higher class "Barbarians" and the middle class "Philistines;" both stood in eminent need of intellectual deliverance, and both should, therefore, read freely of the best that has been written; both conspicuously lacked "the discipline of respect

¹⁴ *Mixed Essays*, "A Guide to English Literature."

¹⁵ Augustine Birrell, *Res Judicatæ*, p. 191.

¹⁶ *Mixed Essays*, p. 145.

¹⁷ *Third Essays*, pp. 38, 39.

¹⁸ Preface to *Irish Essays*, p. vi.

for a high and flawless excellence."¹⁰ Such discipline the right reading of great literature supplies, for the potency of literature "resides chiefly in the refining and elevation wrought in us by the high and rare excellence of a great style."²⁰ "What is really precious and inspiring in all that we get from literature," he elsewhere asks, "except this sense of an immediate contact with genius itself, and the stimulus toward what is true and excellent which we derive from it?"²¹

For this very thing, Arnold has been censured by a diversity of objectors assailing him from varied points of view. Does he not overlook the intellectual training and the character formation secured through the formal, intensive study of masterpieces in conformity with rigid scholarly ideals? Is he not, for all his unction and impressiveness, unduly given to orotund generalities? Is not his viewpoint suspiciously aloof from the needs and the duties of practical, workaday life? Does he not carry his theory of the refining and elevating properties of literary study to unwarranted length? And does he not make of his cherished culture a substitute for religion itself?

There may well be grounds for these and similar protests, but all the objections in the world cannot impair the validity of Arnold's fundamental plea for the cultural mission of literature. Himself not a scholar in the strict sense of the word, Arnold could hardly be expected to wax enthusiastic over the discipline of research; besides, he knew enough concerning university methods and ideals, both at home and abroad, to temper his appreciation of learning for learning's sake. His facility for coining or adapting apt and quotable phrases necessarily exposed him to the charge of pedantry, but to know what pedantry is, is to shun its contamination. "The pedant," wrote Arnold, "is he who is governed by phrases and does not get to the reality of things."²² Nor was he indifferent to the importance of keeping both feet on the ground; his comments on Lucretius²³ testify to his conviction that the literary interpreter, creative or critical, must sympathize with the life he depicts. His conception of culture was rich and copious and his conception of religion was cold and thin; yet

¹⁰ *Second Essays*, p. 61: "Milton."

²⁰ *Ibid.*, pp. 63, 64.

²¹ *First Essays*, p. 265: "Joubert."

²² *Irish Essays*, p. 275: "The Incompatibles."

²³ *Third Essays*, pp. 70, et seq.: "On the Modern Element in Literature."

he could, approving, quote Strauss to this effect: "None but a book-student could ever imagine that a creation of the brain, woven of poetry and philosophy, can take the place of real religion."²⁴

Indeed, those carpers at Arnold who envisage him as a spirit aloof from humanity and the times in which he lived, as a man with circulating ice water in his veins, completely miss the warm and vibrant humanism revealed continuously in his letters to his kindred and friends, the letters which serve better than any formal biography to set the man before us as he really was. No "Barbarian" could surpass him in his devotion to his deceased father, in his tender and affectionate attitude toward his aged mother; no member of the despised "Philistine" tribe could outdo his delightful ingenuous reproductions of the baby talk of his children. To read his letters with insight and sympathy is to learn to love not less than to admire Matthew Arnold.

Nor did he stand apart from the affairs of his time. His papers on political subjects constitute a considerable portion of his works; he was deeply concerned with problems of government, and was on intimate terms with Disraeli and other political leaders. Even when lecturing in America, he could not get English politics out of his mind, and was annoyed by the comments of the American newspapers on Gladstone and Parnell. He states a fundamental phase of his philosophy of life in the preface to his *Mixed Essays*:

Literature is a part of civilization; it is not the whole. Civilization is the humanization of man in society. Man is civilized when the whole body of society comes to live with a life worthy to be called *human*, and corresponding to man's true aspirations and powers.

Literature is, then, according to Arnold, a civilizing, a humanizing agency; and in all his discussions of literary problems, from the translating of Homer to the writings of the de Guérins, he is cognizant of the vital quality in books. Wherefore, he defines poetry as "a criticism of life," and criticism itself as an endeavor to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought and said. Not only does he oppose the dry-as-dust estimate of literature; he likewise points out the

²⁴ Matthew Arnold's *Notebooks*, p. 95.

limitations of the personal estimate and the historical estimate as opposed to the vital estimate.²⁵ The "disinterestedness,"²⁶ which he sets down as an essential attribute of true criticism, is another word for catholicity of outlook, which enables the reader to recognize the best wherever and whenever it appears, and, by implication, to repudiate the unworthy and the meretricious.

One detail of Arnold's critical technique deserves special notice, particularly in these days of impressionistic criticism, when it is accepted as an axiom of the craft that the business of the critic is to make an exhibition of himself, even though the process may result in the obfuscation of the author he discusses. Arnold, to be sure, reveals himself in his essays; that is something that every writer must perforce do, however involuntarily. But he does not fall into the facile trick of self-exploitation. He usually prefers to let the author he is discussing speak for himself; he quotes generously and wisely—even, if need be, from Matthew Arnold.²⁷ Much of the charm and helpfulness of his essays on Marcus Aurelius, Gray, Joubert, and Heine may be attributed to this salutary self-effacement and artistic reserve. And the result is that when we read Arnold we not only come into touch with a modern mind of cultivated powers and unusual flexibility and grace of expression—a mind that at least approximates to that "encyclopedic comprehension," so beloved of Balzac—but we also enter into direct communication with some of the choicest thoughts of some of the richest personalities in the goodly kingdom of letters.

ARNOLD THE HUMANIST.

BY F. MOYNIHAN.

IN 1840, when Matthew Arnold entered Oxford, there were voices in the air, the voices of the Tractarian movement, but he remained unaffected by them. He succumbed, on the contrary, to the scientific agnosticism of the "higher criticism" of his time, and lost his faith in orthodox Christianity. He re-

²⁵ *Second Essays*, "The Study of Poetry."

²⁶ *First Essays*, p. 20.

²⁷ For instance, in "On the Study of Poetry," *Second Essays*, and "*Porro Unum est Necessarium*," *Mixed Essays*.

tained, however, its ethics as his religion, which, in the defect of dogma, resolved itself into a system of "morality touched with emotion." Having matriculated from Oxford as Fellow of Oriel, he chose for his life-work the inspectorship of schools. The duties of this office he continued to discharge faithfully for thirty years. During that time, his avocation was poetry, of which he developed a genre modeled upon Greek forms, and imbued with the nature-passion of Wordsworth. Twice appointed Professor of Poetry at Oxford, he became the recognized authority on the principles of criticism in literature, and the apostle of culture to his generation. His career was suddenly ended by his death, through heart failure, in Liverpool, March, 1888.

In "A Writer's Recollections," Mrs. Humphrey Ward states that her uncle was partly of Irish ancestry. This fact serves to account for the Celtic traits of his character, and for the blend of melancholy, romanticism, spirituality in his poetry. As a counterpoise to his emotionalism, he disciplined himself in the self-contained objectivity of the Greek and Roman classics. "I know not how it is," he writes, "but their commerce with the ancients appears to me to produce in those who constantly practise it, a steadying and composing effect upon their judgment, not of literary works only, but of men and events in general. They are like persons who have had a very weighty and impressive experience. They are more truly than others under the empire of facts, and more independent of the language current among those with whom they live." To see things as they really are, without bias or *parti pris*, thus became the norm of his ideal in life and letters. It is this bland dispassionateness that gives a sanative value to his work. It finds issue in the balance, poise, and centrality of his criticism, and in the "imaginative reason" of his poetry. In the dearth of faith, however, its limitations are the restricted vision, which results from an attempt to interpret life solely in terms of rationalism.

In the interval that has elapsed since Arnold's death, his poetry, not his prose, has come to be regarded as the true index of his genius. In form and content, it reflects his purpose to evade modern complexity in the clarity of the ancient world. Like Sophocles, he holds the balance delicately adjusted between reason and passion, and presents the enigma

of human destiny in a medium breathing sympathy, melancholy, beauty. Indeed, the memorable words of *Œdipus'* address to Theseus, if taken in their modern acceptance, comprise all the notes of Arnold's lyre:

Fair Aigeus' son, only to gods in heaven
Comes no old age, nor death of anything;
All else is turmoiled by our master, Time.
The earth's strength fades, and manhood's glory fades,
Faith dies and unfaith blossoms like a flower,
And who shall find in the open streets of men,
Or secret places of his own heart's love,
One wind blow true forever?¹

His artistry is essentially classic: it has "the pure lines of an Ionian horizon, the liquid clearness of an Ionian sky." This distinctness of outline constitutes the excellence of a style that depends for its effect upon its faithful imaging of the thought. Its clearness of definition enhances the relief of the natural landscapes that are limned in his pages. It gives, too, by contrast a poignancy to the passion that throbs beneath the marble calm of the verse. For Arnold is not, like Wordsworth, the priest of beauty and bloom of the world. Rather is he haunted by the frustration of human life as it unfolds itself against the background of Midland Sea, or Alpine height, or dewy English wold. It is the contrast between nature's loveliness and man's infelicity that deepens his sense of the tears in mortal things. Hence, the undertones of his Muse, who invests his wistfulness in stately forms of beauty, but rarely attains the rapture of the lyric cry.

While he worked in the spirit of the Greek writers, the motif of the poems recalls the romanticism of *Sénancour* ("Obermann") and *Amiel*, who sought an escape from the confusion of modern life "with its sick hurry, its divided aims" in the serenity and peace of Nature. For Arnold, too, Nature became a refuge from the burden of this unintelligible world, from the hopelessness of a life from which the light of Christianity had gone out. From the untroubled calm, the impersonality of natural things, he hoped to wrest the secret of the endurance that would dull his too quick sense of dereliction. And because the Greeks had evolved a Stoic-Epi-

¹ *Œdipus Coloneus* (607-614).

curean creed in obedience to cosmic law, which accorded with the scientific trend of the time, he sought in their cult of blitheness and fortitude the sanctions of his religion of conduct.

Yet this attempt to revive Greek naturalism in a Christian age was to prove a failure as the comfortless tone of his poems attests. The ministry of Nature is no sure anodyne for mortal ill. For the isolation in which human lives are islanded, she has naught to offer but an answering solitariness:

The solemn peaks but to the stars are known,
But to the stars, and the cold lunar beams
Alone the sun rises, and alone
Spring the great streams.

The fragrant lawns, the cool trees, the tranquil Thames, the moonlight and the dew could not assuage his Greek nightingale, who still sang her "eternal passion, eternal pain" in the pleasantries of Victorian England. Nor are the amenities of human affection proof against the hazards of a pitiless universe. The *cri du cœur* of "Dover Beach" is plangent with his despair of the power of love to stem the miseries of existence:

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another, for the world that seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

The special note of Greek melancholy, which envisaged the uncertainty and futility of life bounded by the merely human view, is sounded in all his longer poems—in "Mycerinus," in the lyric musings of "Empedocles on Etna," in the epic fragments of "Sohrab and Rustum," and in the Sophoclean drama of "Merope."

The poems are also important as a rendering of the mental temper of the middle of the last century. "No poet has expressed more powerfully and poetically its spiritual weaknesses," writes Richard Holt Hutton, "its craving for a pas-

sion that it cannot feel, its admiration for a self-mastery that it cannot achieve, its desire for a creed that it fails to accept, its sympathy with a faith that it will not share, its aspirations for a peace that it does not know." All these conflicting moods of thought and feeling are vocal in the stanzas of "Obermann Once More." Arnold's principle of philosophic doubt finds its logical conclusion in James Thomson's "City of Dreadful Night." Indeed, his poetic agnosticism is only a breathing through silver compared with the blowing through bronze of Thomson's iron music. While Arnold does not end in the blankness of this negation, neither does he attain the affirmation of Meredith's evolutionistic acceptance of earth. Still less does he compass the sentiment of Browning's progressivism as expressed in the lines:

What are our failures here but a triumph's evidence
For the fullness of the days?

Rather, like Tennyson, he melodizes doubt, though, unlike him, he cannot trust the larger hope. He remains fixed in an impasse between the claims of a finite classicism and a troubling romanticism. His instincts counsel abandonment, but he has not the assurance of faith that warrants the practice of the anchorites of the Grande Chartreuse. His authentic utterance sounds indubitably in the elegiac verses on "Thyrsis"—Arthur Hugh Clough—who, through stress of spirit, renounced an academic career to follow the promptings of a visionary idealism. Though his intellect does not approve Clough's unconventionality, yet his heart is strangely in sympathy with him. It is, no doubt, this community of sentiment that inspired the unforgettable picture he draws of the scholar-gypsy rapt in the elusion of English woodlands:

Still nursing the unconquerable hope,
Still clutching the inviolable shade,
With a free onward impulse brushing through
By night, the silver'd branches of the glade—
Far on the forest skirts, where none pursue
On some mild pastoral slope
Emerge, and resting on the moonlit pales,
Freshen thy flowers as on former years
With dew, or listen with enchanted ears,
From the dark dingles to the nightingales!

As a landscapist, Matthew Arnold depicts, in their natural coloring of vivid greens and blues, browns and grays, scenes that are redolent of the rural charm of England. In theme and treatment, his sketches recall the canvases of Constable. Indeed, the reaches of the river, the cornfield, the haywain, the mill-weir, the valley farm of the painter are but renderings in pigment of the word-pictures of the poet, while the distinctive atmosphere of dews, breezes, bloom, and freshness is common to both. Arnold is especially the poet of the Oxford country, of which he has penned many exquisite transcripts: the stripling Thames, Bagley wood, the Cumnor hills, the Berkshire moors; the shepherd tending his flocks on the downs; the reaper at work in the lush meadows; the black-winged swallows that haunt the glittering Thames; the blue-bells trembling by the forest ways; the roses, stocks, and carnations of the garden-closes. The abiding impression of his *paysage* is one of luxuriance, of mellow loveliness that saddens with its hint of caducity:

So some tempestuous morn in early June,
When the year's primal burst of bloom is o'er,
Before the roses and the longest day—
When garden-walks, and all the grassy floor,
With blossoms, red and white, of fallen May,
And chestnut flowers are strewn—
So have I heard the cuckoo's parting cry,
From the wet field, through the vexed garden-trees,
Come with the volleying rain and tossing breeze:
The bloom is gone, and with the bloom go I!

In the sphere of criticism, Matthew Arnold's influence was palmary, as is evidenced by the fact that his illuminating criteria have become the hackneyed commonplaces of the art today. Literature was prized by him not merely for its own sake, but as a criticism of life. He was, like Joubert, an *esprit fin*, whose evaluation of life and letters was at once æsthetic and moral. The application of ideas to life, the stressing of Hellenism, as well as of Hebraism, constituted his evangel to England. He sought to supplement the practical energies of the English people with the graces of culture, and the luminous play of the free intelligence. The advocacy of culture as a corrective for the grossness of utilitarianism, the

insistence on disinterestedness as an antidote to party spirit, the plea for poetry as a succedaneum for religion, were the staple of his mission. He strove to temper Anglo-Saxon extravagance and commonness with Gallic *justesse* and distinction. He wished to make English literature cosmopolitan, to free it from its provincial spirit, and to federalize it with continental forms. In these ideals, his masters were Goethe and Sainte-Beuve, whose flexibility of mind and breadth of vision he emulated. They were the children of light, who were to combat the Philistinism of his countrymen.

As a critic of letters, he used the touchstones of the classics. They bred in him the delicacy of perception which, unerringly, noted the faults of excess or defect in the authors of English prose and poetry. In his splendid "Study of Poetry," he is quick to sense the departure of the English poets from attic standards of excellence. Elsewhere, he notices the "over-curiousness" of Shakespeare's style, the strain of deliquium in Keats' poetry, Shelley's lack of moral sanity, the willfulness of Ruskin, the "confident shallowness" of Macaulay. Though he is no longer credited with literary infallibility, his critiques are, for the most part, vital today as when they were written. The shortcomings of his method are that it is not sufficiently comprehensive: he is too Wordsworthian in spirit to be a catholic critic, and he does not plumb the deeps of personality. While he has said memorable things of Milton, Wordsworth, Gray, Byron, Keats, and Emerson, he is happiest, perhaps, in the delightful papers on translating Homer, where technique is the prime consideration.

Arnold's incursion into Biblical criticism was calamitous because of his manifest incompetence for the task. Among his religious opinions, it is interesting to note, in passing, his imperfect sympathy with Nonconformity, and his feeling for the poetry of Catholic worship. The sweetness and light of Catholicism shine forth abundantly in his account of the beauty of holiness, as illustrated by St. Francis, Lacordaire, and Eugénie de Guérin. His social writings supplement the impression of his character that we derive from his poetry. They reveal him the arbiter of the elegances in whom "some-what of the worldling mingled still with bard and sage." The qualities of humor, playfulness, urbanity, which they display, tend to lighten the gravity of the poet of skepticism. The

blending of these elements is necessary to form a complete portrait of the man. Yet the dominant note of his personality is his high seriousness, his ethical idealism,

Set up a mark of everlasting light
Above the howling senses' ebb and flow,

which stands out luminously against the vicious insurgency of the present day, even though his Anglican creed has sunk to the proportions of a mere *religio grammatici*.

THE FIRST TOYS.

BY ARMEL O'CONNOR.

I MAKE a cave, a child's design;
Then dream the dwelling is not mine
Except to furnish and prepare
For One to be a baby there.

Angels I make, with folded wings,
Shepherds and treasure-laden Kings,
An ox, an ass, a manger small—
Baby's first toys, I make them all.

I wait now, watching, wonder-dumb . . .
It seems to me my travelers come
Right past an inn that knows them not,
Seeking my cave and manger-cot.

* * * *

Jesus, these things are in my heart,
Kept from the world, for You apart.
Breathe on the fashionings I give
With all my love—and they shall live.

ST. BERNARD AND ST. FRANCIS: A CONTRAST.

BY JOHN KEATING CARTWRIGHT, D.D.



HE lives of the saints will teach us how the Church has known the uses of diversity and, like a Mighty Mother, has fostered the various endowments of her children, disowning no good quality, thwarting no precious thrust of character in them. True, many of us have gotten our first concept of hagiography from works of an admirable worthlessness. Large tracts of what is called Catholic literature consist of wearisome treatises where scant knowledge of facts is made up for by abundant stores of legend, where "the marvelous replaces the supernatural," where all is fitted into the same crude categories and related with stale and shallow piety of phrase. Some saints thus must suffer a curtailment of their glory and seem to us mere patterns. Still there exist a small number of excellent works which make the Christian heroes really known to us; and in the consideration of such biographies nothing is more engaging than to perceive how individual each saint is, how different from others, of what peculiar and personal haloes each one is possessed. The saints whom we thus know, though superhuman in much, are human at least in their divergences. So, when we become acquainted with the yet living beings, Catherine of Siena, Philip Neri, Teresa of Avila, or Lisieux, there is interest, satisfaction, liking, and, as a result, edification of no forced or sterile kind.

Now, it is our fortune that we can know thus intimately two great mediæval saints, Bernard and Francis of Assisi. The first has left behind a vast correspondence of some five hundred letters. The latter, though he wrote only a hymn, a testament, a benediction, still lives in the genial and gracious memoirs of a few friends. Both of them, within the last quarter of a century, have had the destiny to be written about in splendid modern biographies, so that we can know them closely and well.

That their lives are a contrast might seem too obvious to point out. Their times were not far distant. Yet their place,

their fortunes, their purposes, their achievements were greatly and clearly unlike. Founders of great religious Orders, they worked on different principles. The one is the last builder on the ancient Benedictine foundation, the last to establish a cloister-refuge. The other is the revolutionary of monasticism, the first friar who sought, not solitude, but life and evangelization, so that we might almost call him the "friar-preacher;" and by these aims, with all his unworldliness, the lover of and sympathizer with the world. Different in their aims, they were different in accomplishment. Bernard was the successful organizer, abbot over a community of seven hundred, the rector of a social establishment, the ruler of no mean city. Francis "could a people raise, but could not rule," found the control of his Order slip from him, his Constitutions overridden, his work undone. Bernard, for all his principle of "*Weltflucht*," was in the world and its affairs, pacifier, arbiter, enthusiast, until his last days. Francis ended his wanderings and preachings and minstrelsies in disappointment, to spend his last hours on the islands of "reedy Thrasymene," or with the hawks and doves on Mt. La Verna.

All these things are obvious contrasts on the very surface of their lives. Yet there are differences more subtle in their intrinsic qualities, which are at the bottom of their outward variety.

I.

One of the most striking things in the life of St. Francis is his love of nature, a faculty he had for seeing the beauty and divining the purposes of all created things. "When he be-thought him of the first beginning of all things, he was filled with a yet more overflowing charity, and would call the dumb animals, howsoever small, by the name of *brother* and *sister*, forasmuch as he recognized in them the same origin as himself." This characteristic was developed to the point of singularity. It was not only the animate creation which thus appealed to him, but the inanimate. To the endless incidents concerning his love for lambs and birds, to his acts of kindness to doves and fishes, to his diplomatic treatment of Brother Wolf at Gubbio, and his influence over the cicada at Porziuncola, we can add his curious and touching love for the rocks and woods and waters, for *Frate Sole* and *Sora Luna*, and

his strange unwillingness that fire should be extinguished. There is the story of the cautery, how, when they were about to sear his eyes, "the servant of God began to address the fire as a friend, saying: 'My brother fire, the Most High hath created thee beyond all other creatures mighty in thine enviable glory, fair, and useful. . . . I beseech the great Lord, Who created thee, that He temper thy heat unto me, so that I may be able to bear thy gentle burning.'"

These things are always treated at length in works about St. Francis from the oldest to the newest, and beautifully by Jorgensen in his chapter on the Canticum of the Sun. This author, allowing that there was an element of symbolism in these loves of St. Francis, very correctly goes on to say that much was due to "a pure and direct love of nature" that was sincere and spontaneous, that found "in each creature immediately a living word of God. . . . The aspect of a flower in morning freshness, or of little beaks in a bird's nest opened with ingenuous confidence, all this revealed to him the purity and the simple beauty of God, as well as the infinite tenderness of the Divine Heart, whence it sprang."

All this seems very lovely to you and me. But it is painful to contemplate how St. Bernard would have disapproved of it and the dreadful, hurtful things he would have written to St. Francis, or told him to his face. Fortunately, when time was being thus wasted in Umbria, Bernard had been in heaven for fifty years or so, and understood things better. On earth, he could never have understood. We all remember the story about the Lake of Lausanne. In the evening, after a day's journey along its shore, the monks gathered in the hall of a friendly monastery for rest and conversation, and began to speak of the exquisite scenes through which they had passed. Bernard, when questioned, answered, in surprise, that he had seen no lake, having been busy with his thoughts of God. If you do not know the story from the *Exordium Magnum* or Vacandard, surely you have it from Gibbon, and have learned from it, as he bade you, properly "to admire or to despise the saint." We do not need to mind the sneer, but we must agree as to the fact that Bernard cared nothing for nature as such. His thoughts were then, as always, too much concerned with the Creator to bother much about creation.

It is true that sometimes Bernard sought the solitude of

nature. There is a passage or two quoted by admirers, more sentimental than critical, to the effect that the "woods and stones will teach thee what thou canst not learn from masters." From this, they deduce that he loved "woods and stones" a great deal, and they say pretty things about his inheriting this trait from his mother, and quote Wordsworth. But a discerning reading of his life and letters can leave no doubt that (apart from the souls of men) mere creatures were of no interest to him. What he said about learning from the beeches and oaks was no more than a conventionality or Scripture-reminiscence. When he did seek this society of the trees, it was assuredly not to listen to them as "living words of God;" but simply because they were quieter than men and cities, and gave him opportunity for the entertainment of his own engrossing thoughts.

In this, then, is marked out one difference between the two in their approach to God. Both these mystics lived in hourly consciousness of the Divine Presence, and yearned constantly after greater nearness to God. The object of their adoration was the same; their devotion was equal, as far as we can judge; the difference was in the starting-point or stimulus of their thoughts of Him. Francis, by nature made to realize the goodness of creation and to be glad of it, looked ever through the facts to their cause, and thanked and praised the Maker of so much loveliness. Bernard, finding much that was evil in the only creatures about which he cared at all, turned aside from the world of men and sought refuge in the contemplation of the Eternal Sinlessness. Francis, not a Christian, would have been a high type of pagan like Vergil. Bernard, not a Christian, would have been a moralist philosopher like Marcus Aurelius. Christians both, the one clung to his natural concept of God the Creator, heightening and brightening it by the Gospel pictures and devotion to the Crucified; the other took revelation as his starting-point, dismissed creation with a wave of the hand, and concentrated all his thought on what had been revealed. "Praised be our Creator, my sister pheasant!" And to the birds at Bevagna, "my little sisters, much are ye beholden to God your Creator . . . for that He hath given you a double and a triple vesture." So said the one, thinking of his own reasons for gratitude for the joy of life. But for Bernard the only reason for loving God is God Him-

self: "*Causa diligendi Deum Deus est.*" God is to be loved, not for what He has given us, but for what He is.

Thus, then, to put it in a simple formula, we see the immense difference between the two sanctities. Francis saw God's image in His handiwork, loved Him through the image, and waited to behold the object, singing and rejoicing the while. Bernard, no more passionate, was more direct, rested upon a theological concept, and disregarded all images and vestiges in impatience to think about the very object of his love. They were both far from the heavenly Jerusalem, their home. Francis recognized the exile, but found the place a goodly one enough to wait in and so he could sing over the waters of Babylon. Bernard hung up his harp, or if he took it down, found heart for none but plaintive music.

II.

I have said above that Bernard was interested in no creatures except souls. In these, he was assuredly deeply interested, no less so than was Francis. They were both ascetics, unworldly, tending towards solitude as an ideal to be sought, but they were not actually solitaries. However much they may have admired and desired a Thebaïd, there was nothing of the desert solitary in their lives as they actually lived them. Francis, indeed, often sought the caves of Subasio, as Bernard sought Clairvaux, yet their isolations were only temporary. There was in both a tremendous sense of responsibility to society, or to God *for* society, that kept them from being morose in their avoidance of the world. Their power to gather vocations was phenomenal. Between 1115, when Bernard became abbot, and the time of his death, Clairvaux had grown to enormous proportions, having about seven hundred under its direct jurisdiction, and being the parent of one hundred and sixty monasteries, small and great. Similarly, Francis beheld five thousand brethren assemble at the Porziuncola for the Chapter of Mats. Most of these developments were due to the personal influence of the two founders. If both sought after souls with extraordinary zeal, both were sought after by souls. Both left a deep mark on their age, yet with how diverse operations of the same Spirit. For the difference we have noted above seems to have its analogy in their love for souls.

While Francis loved each soul as a person, Bernard loved it as a soul.

The life and legends of the Assisian owe no small part of their charm to that galaxy of originals who were his friends and associates. Leo, Bernard of Quintavalle, Giles, Juniper, Elias are individualities. It needs no straining of texts to see them separately. St. Francis, himself full of a rich personality, drew round him natures that sparkled with varied rays and that reflected subtle tints from his solar genius.

When we read the letters of St. Bernard, we are likewise brought into contact with figures manifold. King, prince, baron, peasant; pope, cardinal, abbot, monk, priest; templars and missionaries, wealthy ladies, and recalcitrant novices, all these pass before our thought. The relations Bernard has with them are fruitful in results, and the reading of this amazing correspondence gives a basis of vast information concerning *events* of the twelfth century. But not of *personalities*. What Giotto, reading the Bernardine epistles, has been moved to seize his brush? What Cistercian ever dreamed of gathering "little flowers" of portraiture from his founder's sober and purposeful treatises? The recipients of the letters were fortunate to live through them in history; but they live as names, as functionaries. He consults them on tasks, advises them on duties, reprimands for lapses, petitions charities, thanks for favors, lectures on policies, discourses on the love of God. Occasionally, there are even expressions of affection, as in the well-known letter to Robert, or in those to Haimeric, the chancellor. But what a regulated affection! How according to rule and explanation! "*Mihi ob suam religiositatem admodum familiaris amicus.*" He will have a good reason to justify even his friendship. His attachment is granted as a reward for goodness instead of being given as a faith. Nor is it a feeling that will burst into uncontrolled expression. "What good," he says to the Canon Ogier, "to put into vain and transitory little words true and eternal friendships?" Or when he does speak, how his phrases are buttressed with Scripture precedent.

Francis called Leo his "little lamb of God," and Bernard called Robert the "little sheep" that had strayed away. But, if he used the same word, it was not with the same mind, and we may be sure that he did not see in Robert, as Francis saw

in Leo, a creature soft and mild and woolly; but, simply, he applied a phrase canonized by Scripture, and, therefore, proper as a symbol and irrefutable as an argument. Francis, who was careful in his dealings with women, still had a great affection for some of them, notably St. Clare and the Lady Jacoba de Settesoli, and with the latter was candid and unconventional, calling her "brother Jacoba." Bernard, on his part, expressed great affection for the Lady Ermengard, but in language stately and dignified. It is impossible to imagine him stooping to the indecorum of a jest with her.

The truth is that he pushed aside all developments of personality as mere irrelevances. He saw only the naked soul. The rest was a mere worthless shell. Was the soul in grace? Then he felt himself to be bound to it, to possess it, to love it with a powerful love that was a part of his love of God. Was it in sin? Then he desired for it, yearned for it for God, strove to overpower it with his knowledge of truth and consciousness of right. Francis, on the other hand, looking on his companions, saw that this one sang, this one laughed much, that other was given to merry and surprising turns, that each, for his own special gifts, was good and likable; and for these things he loved souls. Was the soul he loved in sin? Then must he strive lest so dear a thing should perish. Was it in grace? Then was he fain to be glad at the companionship it would give him at his ragged Round Table, and to anticipate happy courteous society in the communion of saints in Heaven. So, in their very apostleship, these two followed their own ways, the one loving souls as the creatures, the other as the temples of God. To Francis they were good, as all things He has made are good. To Bernard they were beautiful, only because the Everlasting Beauty chose to make them His dwelling place.

III.

It would not be refining too much to say that in the action of these two men on their contemporaries, we see the respective power of personality and character. These words are close to each other in meaning, but not identical. Personality, in English language and literature, is applied not only in the strict philosophic meaning of "*persona*," but also, and more frequently, in the sense of individual qualities—

what the Scholastics call "*notæ individuantes*." It is the sum of those properties that are spontaneous; hereditary rather than acquired; growing and intensifying under favorable circumstances, but not created by circumstances; born in and of the peculiar individual. It is a gift, not a virtue. It is emotional. It does not depend upon our will. It is like our features, which are indeed a part of it. It can be cultivated, but not transplanted. It is the part of us which is manifest, the part which interests others in us. It is the basis of the value that we have to others for amusement and admiration. If we lack it, we find others cold; if we have it, they are genial and they seek our light.

On the other hand, character is the deliberate and purposed product of the will. It is not inborn or hereditary. It can be planted where it was not, and cultivated to a remarkable degree. As it may come suddenly with resolve, it may depart quickly with yielding. It is not complex, but simple. It is not rich in variety, but severe in strength. Where personality is luxuriant, it is ordered; where its rival is like a tropical forest, it resembles an Italian garden. It is a virtue rather than a gift, and consists in the deliberate direction of energies. Where it acts upon others, it does not attract by the curiosity of loveliness; it compels by the force of right.

Assuredly, Francis did not lack character, nor Bernard personality. There was probably never a saint without the latter, certainly never one without the former. But when they drew, guided, and ruled, the quality that gave Francis his success was personality, attractiveness; what dominated in Bernard was character, will.

The first Franciscan, Bernard of Quintavalle, became the companion of the Poverello, not at any bidding or invitation, but upon the observation of his leader's holy life. After Francis had gone about Assisi for two years in his new way of life, this Bernard, one of the city's rich men, "began to consider wisely concerning St. Francis and to say within himself: 'Of a surety this friar hath great grace from God;'" so he invited Francis to sup and spend the night with him, and he arranged the guest-bed in his own chamber, and kept a light burning so as to observe him well. Now, during the night, when Francis thought that his host was asleep, he arose and got on his knees, and began to pray. And for all the rest of

the night he kept praying and repeating: "My God, my God." "Now Bernard, when he beheld these most devout acts . . . was moved and inspired by the Holy Ghost to change his manner of life; wherefore, when morning was come, he called St. Francis to him" and told him his new state of mind. Note how, in all this story, the saint says nothing as a dictate of his own. Simply, his lovableness and the originality of his holiness gave the rich Assisian, as they were to give thousands, "the homesickness for sanctity."

Turn, then, to Bernard of Clairvaux and his entrance into religion. He comes to Cîteaux, not alone, but bringing thirty companions, most of whose vocations had been determined only at his own urgent representations. There are few pages more remarkable, even in the annals of sainthood, than the ones which tell the story of apostleship of this youth of twenty-one. His uncle, five of his brothers, and twenty-four other young noblemen of his acquaintance yielded to his arguments. Some came quite willingly. On others he had to use persuasions, eloquence, warnings, and the resistless instrument of his prayers. From the attractive apprenticeship of arms, nay, from the excitement and glory of besieging a castle, came Gaudry, his uncle, and Andrew, a brother. From a happy marriage, Guy was, with some difficulty, persuaded to join the party, while wife and children retired to a convent. From the hopes of an already flourishing ecclesiastical career came Hugh of Vitry. Imperiously, they were told that God was calling them. The dreadfulness of disobedience was pictured to them. And all left their pleasures and ambitions at life's very threshold to seek the retreat of Chatillon, the cloister of Cîteaux, the hardship and starvation of the first days of Clairvaux, the drudgery of farmwork on the Cistercian granges, silence, abnegation, hours and years of prayer.

Such was the power even the youthful Bernard had, not to draw, but to convince and compel others by his irresistible tongue and overpowering moral strength into the ways that he had determined to be their vocation. What a contrast to the vocation of the first Friar! And the contrast continues throughout the history. When Francis met men, he drew them. He seemed to turn on, unconsciously, some shining of celestial light, as the souls do in the "Paradise" of Dante, and they remained in love with what they saw. Bernard directed

toward the perfection of other souls those same masterful resources of mind and will which he used for his own perfecting; and then, with no mind to allure, but to compel them into goodness, acted like a resistless, holy force. Francis was like the angel guiding the willing Tobias; Bernard like the spirit who seized Habacuc by the hair. The one was an attracting, the other a compelling grace.

As it was in the beginning, so it was throughout life. Francis always worked as he begun. His ideal of the Christian life was not reduced to a formula, but pictured as the Lady Poverty. He was tolerant of other religious Orders and respectful to even the faulty members of the secular clergy. To the weak and lapsed, he was suave, his remonstrances were full of tenderness, his reproaches, of pathos. He mingled little with the mighty, but when he did, it was to captivate them by his own gracious originality. Lastly, it was typical of all his doings that, when his Order grew to such proportions that many of its members could not see and know him in the flesh, his power over them was gone. His power was in and of himself, not in the system, which had therefore to be buttressed, controlled, rebuilt by other genius than his. The last two years he spent in retirement with his own on Mt. La Verna.

In contrast with him, how stern, how efficient, how successful the career of Bernard! Practical from the outset, he had ideas that he could lay clearly before others. What dreadfully lucid arguments he uses about vocations! What astonishing letters of persuasion and invective and passionate pleading he writes to those who have fallen away! What a calm and courageous confidence he has in the superiority of his white monks to the black, and how willing, at all times, to insist on the greater severity of life as proof of the superiority he claims! How he unveils his thoughts, as when he tells the grieving parents of a novice that their sorrow is leading them to hell! How bold he is with the great, count, king, emperor; abbot, cardinal, pope, and what ringing words he has, this New Testament Nathan, when he chooses to tell them they do ill! How he almost hounds the Emperor Conrad from place to place, until he takes the vow of the Second Crusade! What a genius he shows to organize and control his vast establishment of Clairvaux and its dependents in their

far-flung lines! Ever denouncing and defying wrong, ever insisting upon the right and truth that men so dread to hear, until, at last, the name of Bernard sounds over Europe from Scandinavia to Naples like Gabriel's trumpet, in terror and in beauty.

In the earlier Middle Ages, Europe was barbaric, semi-Christian. Its people were in tutelage, having to depend on the Church for instructions in mundane, as well as in sacred lore. The double function was, in large part, filled by the Benedictine Abbeys. The twelfth century was in the full current of the true Renaissance, yet there were many vestiges left of the ancient and barbaric day. Therefore, the great religious figure of that age partakes more of the nature of the past, teaching the world, indeed, yet standing somewhat aloof, holy and austere. Bernard has been called the last of the Fathers.

When Francis came, there was a new age and a new necessity. On the one hand, the peoples, having learned for themselves the arts of life, did not need so much schooling as their ancestors. On the other, they were no longer half-pagan. The missions were nearly over, and in spite of much mist of sin and wrong (not even yet dispelled perhaps), Europe lay in the sunlight of Christianity. It looked for leaders still, but the leaders unto holiness could now afford to be in and of the led. Therefore, Francis and the Friars came to fulfill a new Providence of God.

THE SPIRITUALITY OF STONEWALL JACKSON AND CATHOLIC INFLUENCES.

BY HENRY CHURCHILL SEMPLE, S.J.



THE striking piety of Thomas Jonathan Jackson, the most picturesque figure among the heroes of our Civil War, is a subject of special interest to the Catholic student of history. Evidences are not wanting of the play of Catholic influences in the beginning and upbuilding of his marked spirituality. It is interesting to trace testimonies to this effect in the biography, compiled (1866) by Professor R. L. Dabney, D.D., of the Union Theological Seminary, Virginia, who was Jackson's Chief of Staff, and had access to Jackson's private correspondence and the official papers of the War Department of the Confederacy; and in that written by Jackson's widow (1892)—both impartial witnesses.

Immediately after his graduation from West Point in 1846, Jackson was ordered to the Mexican War. He received the most rapid promotion of all the officers of his grade in General Scott's army, and was Major of Artillery in the garrison which occupied the city of Mexico during the armistice before the final treaty of peace in 1843. With his customary thoroughness, he mastered the Spanish language and, consequently, was able to enter into relations with the people among whom he was stationed. Jackson loved to talk about his many good warm Mexican friends, and to display the cherished souvenirs with which they had loaded him. He blushingly confessed that he was nearly captured by a certain dark-eyed *señorita*, from whose charms he escaped only by precipitate retreat. He accepted the invitation of a community of highly educated and refined priests to make his quarters in their home, and never tired of telling of their exquisite hospitality.

Here he made a study of the doctrines of the Catholic religion and, according to Dr. Dabney, "became acquainted with the Archbishop of Mexico, and had a number of interviews in which that prelate entered at large into an explanation of

the Romish system. Jackson always declared that he believed him a sincere and honest advocate of that Church, and that he found him not only affable, but able and learned. He also said that the system, as expounded by intelligent Romanists, was, by no means, so gross or so obnoxious to common sense as is represented by the mass of decided Protestants" Mrs. Jackson says: "His views of each denomination had been obtained from itself, not from its opponents. Hence, he could see excellences in all. Even of the Roman Catholic Church he had a much more favorable impression than most Protestants." Elsewhere, she tells that Jackson gladly furnished a Catholic priest with a tent, to say Mass for his comrades of that faith. This was only one of many such instances. Again Dr. Dabney says: "His attitude towards all creeds and sects was at this time singularly unbiased. His parentage cannot be said to have belonged to any party in religion. His youth had been passed in a household where Christianity was practically unknown. And his later education was obtained among a great company of young men, assembled from every church, under the slender instruction of an army chaplain. His own religious knowledge was at this time extremely scanty." His studies, under the priests and the Archbishop, "seem to have left Jackson's mind, for a long time, in a singular state. His progress towards the full light was extremely gradual. He was henceforward conscientious, and more than ever punctilious about the purity of his life. He never remitted his interest in the great question of his own salvation."

In 1848, Jackson was stationed at Fort Hamilton, Long Island, and was baptized there on April 29, 1849, by Rev. M. Schofield. His sponsors were Colonels Dimick and Taylor. Dr. Dabney mentions this same Colonel Frank Taylor, as having been Jackson's first official spiritual guide during the Mexican campaign and armistice. Both Dr. Dabney and Mrs. Jackson note that Jackson explicitly declared to the minister of baptism that he would consider himself by that rite as becoming a member only of "the Catholic body of Christ," or "the Holy Catholic Church," and not of the Episcopalian denomination, in which he never was confirmed, although he did receive holy communion in it. Later, while professor at Lexington, Virginia, he finally became a deacon in the Presbyterian Church, and hence made its profession of faith.

The above facts are taken, almost word for word, from Dr. Dabney and Mrs. Jackson. The former intersperses his record with personal reflections upon the faith and morals of Catholics in general, and of Mexicans in particular, but he does not ascribe any of these ugly remarks to Jackson himself.

Jackson's association with the Archbishop and the priests, in whose home he lived, was evident cause for edification. At least, he saw them saying, daily, their Mass and their Breviary. If, as seems probable, his hospitable friends were members of a religious Order or Congregation, he saw them devoting to the spiritual exercises required by their special rule, much more than the two hours for Mass and Breviary. He saw, too, the churches packed on Sundays and Feasts, and largely frequented every morning and throughout the day during the week. He witnessed, moreover, the other constant manifestations of faith common among the great mass of Catholic people. And now Jackson, himself, began to "pray always."

An intimate friend once asked, how can we "pray always" or "pray without ceasing?" He answered that obedience to this divine injunction ought not to be impracticable to a *child of God*. When pushed further about his own practices, after earnest apologies for seeming religious egotism and display, he said:

"When we take our meals, there is the grace. When I take a draught of water, I always pause, as my palate receives refreshment, to life up my heart in thanks, and prayer for the water of life. Whenever I drop a letter into the box at the post office, I send a petition along with it, for God's blessing upon its mission and upon the person to whom it is sent. When I break the seal of a letter just received, I stop to pray to God that He may prepare me for its contents, and make it a messenger of good. When I go to my class-room, and await the arrangement of the cadets in their places, that is my time to intercede with God for them. And so of every familiar act of the day."

"But," said his friend, "do you not often forget these seasons, coming so frequently?"

"No," said he, "I have made the practice habitual to me. I can no more forget it, than forget to drink when I am thirsty. The usage has become as delightful as it is regular."

While teaching at Lexington, as his wife writes, summer

or winter, he rose at six and took a cold bath. Then, rain or shine, he took a brisk walk. At seven, he had family prayers, at which all his household had to be prompt to the minute. As he once wrote his wife, "at morn the caroling birds and all creatures (except men) seem to join in God's praises. At eve they invite to silence and meditation. Before you go to bed, put your head out of the window, and gaze at the stars, and recall the eternal joys of heaven prepared for you, and the glory which the Son of God left to come down to earth to save us. When you look in the glass, remember that your body will be reduced to dust, and your soul will never die, and you should take the more care of it."

Jackson had to be present at Harper's Ferry, with the Lexington cadets, at John Brown's execution. Beforehand, he was absorbed in prayer that the unflinching victim might prepare his soul to meet his divine Judge, and not incur the sentence: "Depart into everlasting fire."

"At a council of war one night, Jackson listened attentively to the views of his subordinates, and asked a delay until the next morning to present his own. As they came away, A. P. Hill laughingly said to Ewell: 'Well, I suppose Jackson wants time to pray over it.' Having occasion to return soon afterwards to get his sword, Ewell found Jackson on his knees, and heard his ejaculatory prayers for God's guidance in the perplexing movements then before them, by which he was so deeply impressed, and by Jackson's general religious character, that he said: 'If that is religion, I must have it.'"

The remark of Jim, Jackson's devoted colored servant, is well known: "The General is a great man for praying: night and morning—all times. But when I see him get up several times in the night besides to go off and pray, then I know there is going to be something to pay. And I go straight and pack his haversack, because I know he will call for it in the morning." The same Jim often said to soldiers who were noisy near Jackson's tent: "Hush! The General is praying." They would then peer through the canvas at Jackson on his knees near the lighted candle. Even when his men were rushing past him in a charge, they sometimes saw him on his horse with his hands raised to heaven and his lips moving in prayer.

This constancy in prayer is common among Catholics in thoroughly Catholic communities. Good old Irish men and

women scarcely utter a sentence without invoking God or Our Lord or the Blessed Mother or the saints. The same is true of pious, old-fashioned Spaniards, Italians, and others. Jackson had no such habit *before* he lived with pious Mexicans; he did have it *after* he had been intimate with them.

According to the strict Calvinists, God creates only the elect to be saved. Christ died not for all, but only for the elect. God gives grace necessary for sanctification and salvation only to the elect, and not to all. According to Catholic faith, Christ died for all men, and God created all men to be saved, and seriously wishes all men to be saved, and gives to all the graces necessary to work out their own salvation. St. Thomas Aquinas, the Angelic Doctor, teaches: "God, *Who gives to all abundantly*, refuses grace to no one who does what is in himself to prepare himself for grace."¹ It would seem that Jackson's thoughts, desires, prayers, words, and deeds, far from being prompted by Calvinistic motives, were more in accord with St. Thomas; that he preserved, in fine, the doctrinal impressions received in Mexico. I will outline the facts that the reader may weigh them for himself.

Jackson prepared his soul negatively to receive supernatural grace by removing impediments to it. By roughing it in his childhood and youth, he cultivated the virtue of fortitude. He was his bachelor uncle's jockey, and the horse he rode was thought sure to win. He enjoyed few school advantages, and "squeezed through" his entrance examinations at West Point with difficulty. At the end of the first year, he was still behind, but he graduated seventeenth in a brilliant class, and his classmate, General Dabney Maury, has said that had there been a fifth year, Jackson would have graduated first, even ahead of McClellan. He made it a practice never to study a new lesson until he had mastered the preceding ones. After the drum-call for lights out, he raked coals out on his hearth and studied late, with his head near the blaze. In a notebook of maxims written then, we read: "I can do what I will to do." He was often heard to repeat these words in his after life.

Jackson was the idol of the negroes. He organized a Sunday School, instructed them in the Catechism, and prayed with them, and preached to them. When he rehearsed to them

the story of Our Lord's passion and death, his face beamed like an angel's.

"A day or two after the second battle of Manassas," writes Mrs. Jackson, "and before the news had reached Lexington in authentic form, the post office was thronged with people, awaiting with intense interest the opening of the mail. Soon a letter was handed to Rev. Dr. White, who immediately recognized the superscription of his deacon soldier, and exclaimed to the eager and expectant group around him: 'Now we shall know all the facts.' The bulletin read thus: 'My dear pastor, in my tent last night, I remembered that I had failed to send you my contribution for our colored Sunday School. Enclosed you will find my check for that object, which please acknowledge at your earliest convenience, and oblige yours faithfully, T. J. Jackson.'"

Jackson's delicacy in the matter of truthfulness was singular. "While lieutenant of artillery in the Mexican War, his company was ordered to proceed, by a narrow path, through a dense thicket of 'chapparal,' which was believed to be infested by guerrillas. He, himself, saw that the leaves of the shrubs were riddled with fresh bullet-holes. The men were so intimidated by the dread of the unseen foe, that when the head of the column approached the dangerous spot, it recoiled, and in spite of the officer's expostulations refused to advance. At length, the young lieutenant went alone far ahead of his men, and, waving his sword, shouted to them: 'You see, there is no danger. Forward!'" Yet, as he confessed, he knew at the moment that the peril was extreme. This he believed to be his nearest approach to a lie.² He was once asked by a gentleman whom he had visited:

"Why, in the name of reason, did you walk back a mile in the dark in this pouring rain?" His reply was:

"Simply because I discovered that I had made a misstatement, and I could not sleep comfortably tonight unless I corrected it."

His faith in everything he knew to be taught by God was that of a child. His was not the small mind—a "picker of flaws and the hunter for exceptions." "Duty is ours. Consequences are God's," was one of his oft-repeated principles. His maxims resemble those of the soldier-saint, Ignatius.

Even in his love letters to his wife before their marriage, he trusted that the *controlling motive of their lives would be the glory of God*. He expressed the same hope for his wife and himself and their babe, on the news of the latter's birth. Indeed, he ever had that motive on his lips. So intense was his desire for the glory of God and the salvation of his own soul, that he was not only indifferent, but almost insensible to creatures. His favorite maxim was: "*To those who love God, all things work together unto good.*" And he would add that he knew he loved God. He never claimed any revelation to that effect, however. As Dr. Dabney truly says: "To liken Jackson to Cromwell is incorrect. . . . He would never have mistaken the heated impulses of excitement for the inspirations of the Holy Ghost, to be asserted even beyond and against His own revealed word."

Jackson did love God above all things for His own sake. Normally, God, Who is generous to those who are generous to Him, gives to the generous soul the humble and loving confidence that he truly loves God, and is thence loved as a friend by God. The sympathetic Catholic will see in Jackson's attitude nothing repugnant to Catholic teaching and practice. It is absurd to suppose that love for God for His own sake, above all things, is so hard as to be the practice only of great saints.

A friend familiar with Jackson's natural fears once catechized him:

"Yes, he was confident that he was reconciled and adopted through the work of Christ; and that, therefore, inasmuch as every event was disposed by omniscience guided by redeeming love for Him, seeming evils must be real blessings, and it was not in the power of any earthly calamity to overthrow his happiness."

"Suppose, Major, that you should lose your health irreparably, do you think you could be happy then?"

"Yes, I should be happy still," he answered.

"But suppose, in addition to chronic illness, you should incur the total loss of your eyesight, would not that be too much for you?"

He answered, firmly: "No."

"Suppose that, in addition to ruined health and total blindness, you should lose all your property and be left thus, in-

capable of any useful occupation, to linger on a sick-bed dependent on the charities of those who had no tie to you, would not this be too much for your faith?"

Jackson pondered a moment, and then answered in a reverent tone: "If it were the will of God to place me there, He would enable me to lie there peacefully a hundred years." Many might feel and speak thus in the sunshine of prosperity. Stonewall Jackson felt and spoke and acted thus under the clouds of adversity.

After the amputation of his arm, he said: "You see me severely wounded, but not depressed, not unhappy. I believe it has been done according to God's holy will, and I acquiesce entirely in it. You may think it strange, but you never saw me more perfectly contented than I am today. For I am sure that my Heavenly Father designs this affliction for my good. I am perfectly satisfied that, either in this life or in that which is to come, I shall discover that what is now regarded as a calamity is a blessing. And if it appears a great calamity, as it surely is a great inconvenience, to be deprived of my arm, it will result in a great blessing. I can wait until God, in His own time, shall make known to me the object He has in afflicting me. But why should I not rather rejoice in it as a blessing, and not look on it as a calamity at all? If it were in my power to replace my arm, I would not dare to do it, unless I could know it was the will of my Heavenly Father." One of his aides, Lieutenant Smith, said: "*All things work together for the good of them that love God.*" "Yes," he answered, "that's it, that's it." His last utterance in the delusion that preceded death was: "Tell Major Hawks to send forward provisions to the men. Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees."

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT.

BY JOHN F. FENLON, D.D.



HE late Wilfrid Scawen Blunt—oriental traveler, famous breeder of Arabian horses, friend and champion of oppressed nations, poet, historian, sculptor, and Squire of Crabbet Park, Sussex—was long known as a Catholic, although never prominent in Catholic affairs of England. The publication of his diaries,¹ not long before his death, revealed a strange religious history that was something of a shock to Catholics who knew him only in a public way. The story of his religious life, sad though it is, will, we think, not be without interest and instruction.

Wilfrid Blunt was educated as a Catholic from the age of eleven, when his mother, who was soon to leave him an orphan, followed her spiritual adviser, Henry Edward Manning, into the Catholic Church. Stonyhurst and Oscott, where he spent six or seven happy years, always remained pleasant memories. There he passed a sheltered and innocent boyhood, became deeply imbued with the Catholic faith and spirit, and had his imagination filled with the beauty and greatness of the Catholic Church. He learned to like priests, and always remained at home in their society. Why he changed from Stonyhurst to Oscott and why he quit college at eighteen, we do not know; possibly his independent spirit, his love of traveling a road all his own, already manifested itself. We glean little knowledge of his academic career. He never became a great scholar in any line, but he had a keen, eager, alert mind and left Oscott knowing a little philosophy. And in philosophy, of all branches of study, a little learning is a dangerous thing.

Entering at once upon a diplomatic career, he saw eleven years of service (1858-1869) at many different posts. He made then his initiation into political and social life, which remained passions with him to the end. Handsome, lively, friendly, the young diplomat seems to have devoted his chief attention to the social side of life, as the custom is with young

¹ *My Diaries*. By Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 2 vols. \$12.00.

diplomats. He made many friends and acquaintances, especially in that little circle which always rules England. No favorable environment, surely, this to his Catholic life, which received wounds then from which it never really recovered.

In those days, the most talked-of book, if not the most read, was the *Origin of Species*, which appeared in 1859. Wilfrid read some of it with his young friends, was impressed, and, as he says, solved the riddle of the universe gazing at the stars. He had, of course, no knowledge of biology, and there is no distinctive trace of Darwinism in his paper, written at Frankfurt in 1861, which was to have a decisive influence on his life. Out of his own head, he proves by a sort of metaphysical argument that matter is God, infinite, eternal, self-subsistent; mind, an accident of matter; and the Creator, therefore, an unnecessary hypothesis. That a boy should imagine his unsupported assertions to be arguments will surprise no one who knows the mind of youth. From the mature mind, we expect something different. What would not Tyn-dall have given, for instance, to be able to prove by "irrefragable arguments" that mind is an accident of matter? Yet it pleased Mr. Blunt in his old age to re-read his youthful irrefragable argument and to recall "how rapidly" his "mind worked," and how he had "jumped" to the philosophy of monism two years before Hæckel, to whom the world gives the credit.

Having proved by a pair of syllogisms that God is not necessary, the young philosopher was frightened at his discovery. "The matter God I had imagined in place of the personal God," he wrote years later, "was a thought that made me giddy when it first presented itself to me, as a demon by my incantations out of the forbidden books that I was reading; and, in the middle of my intellectual debauch, I found life unutterably sad. But, once evoked, I could not evade it nor the destruction it involved of that other consoling doctrine of man's supernatural destiny, his life beyond the grave." Thus did he rush into danger and his faith swoon at the first sight of the enemy. He appears to have consulted no priest, to have studied no Catholic philosophy, and to have read no Catholic books. While he did not accept the conclusion of his argument and become forthwith an atheist and materialist, his faith was at least shaken to its foundation.

A moral crisis, under the circumstances, could not be expected to tarry long. The breakdown came a little later in the Paris of the closing decade of the Second Empire. It fills his verses, which he then began to write, stimulated, no doubt, by the example of his great friend, Robert Lytton ("Owen Meredith"), already well known as a poet. Lytton writes with the easy tone of a man of the world; in Blunt, we hear an undertone of deep sadness and regret, for the ideals of his innocent boyhood had still a strong hold on his conscience. At this time, too, he became enamored of the writings of Rousseau, who, by his sentimentality and false candor, influenced Blunt far more, we judge, than has any other writer. The concentration on self, which characterized Rousseau, became dominant in the writings of Blunt, who had no genius and apparently not enough imagination to deal easily with any topic but himself. It was through the influence of Jean Jacques that Wilfrid now resolved to write his memoirs—though he had as yet no memories—and to live a life worth recording. Unhappy resolution! Blunt was by nature a very sincere, straightforward man, well named; the effect of his resolution was a temptation to essay a rôle beyond his powers, and, we fear, to act at times with an eye on his diary and future readers. Better to have left the writing of his diary to the recording angel, who never can be tempted to deliver to the press even the most thrilling of stories.

Wilfrid's marriage with Lady Anne Noel in 1869 and his succession to the Crabbet Park estates in 1872, mark a new epoch in his life, when, a friend of his writes, he "settled down to a country life on his ancestral acres." If he had really been able to "settle down" to such a life, he would have enjoyed much peace—and little fame; but fame had become one of his idols at Paris. However, Squire Blunt busied himself with his new property, and enjoyed his new dignity. His poem on "The Old Squire" deserves to live, for it does a thing that needed to be done in English verse, painting the character to life. He had a sincere devotion to the memory of his brother, from whom he inherited the estate, Major Henry Blunt, the pious founder of the adjoining Capuchin Priory at Crawley. In his honor, Wilfrid carved from memory, for he remembered every feature, the recumbent figure of his brother in the habit of a Franciscan tertiary, and placed it over his tomb. This is

said to be a masterpiece, worthy of the early Renaissance. The lines which he also consecrated to his memory show that warmth and sincerity of feeling which make us understand why Wilfrid Blunt always had many friends. About the same time, he was elaborating, "in secret," his love sonnets and living over in memory his old Parisian days. *In hoc non laudo*. The sonnets were published anonymously in 1875, and entirely lack that right feeling and decisiveness of character which, at this period, would have made a good Catholic of Wilfrid Blunt. There is small use in bewailing one's spiritual condition if one neglects to take the first step on the road to recovery; only the pure in heart will see God.

There was much in his surroundings at this time to aid him. Mass was celebrated in the chapel at his house by priests from Crawley, and Wilfrid seems to have been naturally religious and fond of religious ceremony. Lady Anne was devout, and a congenial companion. His difficulties remained, however, and found vent in a correspondence he had with his old friend, Dr. Charles Meynell, of Oscott, in which he repeated and reënforced his former arguments for materialism. Cardinal Newman, to whom the correspondence had been submitted, had it published with an introduction, written at his request, by Aubrey de Vere. Newman evidently did not think Wilfrid's arguments very formidable, much less irrefragable; and de Vere, while noting that the "deeper sympathies" of "Proteus" (Blunt) do not lie with materialism, says he "forgets Lord Macaulay's memorable remark that no amount of scientific discovery has ever affected or can ever touch the great problem of religion and man's soul." A greater scientific authority, Huxley, was to agree on this point at least with Macaulay, de Vere, and Newman, as against Wilfrid Blunt.

It was in connection with this correspondence that Wilfrid visited Newman, not yet a cardinal, at the Edgbaston Oratory, and remained with him three days. He happened to be returning from a fishing trip, where, he records, "I had caught a toothache, which worried me greatly, and I remember distinctly feeling, as I knocked at the door, that I should be thus *hors de combat* at the moment of my coming to consult the great man. Nevertheless, my distress was vain, for I was shown up to him at once, and, at the instant of touching his

hand when he received me, my pains vanished, nor did they return while I was staying in the house. Newman's was a wonderful hand, soft, nervous, emotional, electric; and I felt that a miracle had been wrought. I told Father Ryder of it at the time, but he 'charged me that I should tell no man,' and I said no word of it to the saint himself. Newman, though he knew well that I had come to consult him for the good of my soul, and though I had much conversation indirectly with him upon spiritual things, did not attempt to argue out any of the fundamental principles of religious thought, and sought to influence me rather through the heart by his great kindness, and by the confidence with which I was admitted to all the life of the community. It was a touching sight, indeed, to see the old man taking his turn with the rest to wait on us at table in the refectory, and living his simple life of piety and cheerful unselfishness. The lives of monks and nuns are alone in some accordance with the life of Jesus. All the rest of Christianity is an imposture and an impudent negation of Christ."

It should be stated that these remarks of Blunt date more than twenty years after the event; the conclusion represents his feelings when he had been confirmed in his pessimism and contempt for mankind. Something of Newman's love for "the unlettered crowd before the altar," or of the Saviour's compassion on the multitude would have enabled him to see that the spirit of Christ lives in numberless souls, who are not priests or nuns. Wilfrid sought no further help from Newman, if his record tells all, and we may wonder why the greatest dialectician of his day entered into no argument with the inquirer. The answer, no doubt, is that Newman, whose knowledge of the human heart was unrivaled, saw clearly that Wilfrid's chief needs were moral, not intellectual. Newman would argue with infinite patience with a man like William Froude; he sought to win Blunt by kindness, hoping to subdue that restless, impatient spirit which was to make him finally an intellectual Ishmael.

Soon Wilfrid quit the quiet life at Crabtree Park for travel, in company with Lady Anne. Their travels (1877-1879) lay chiefly through Mohammedan lands, North Africa, Syria, Mesopotamia, and particularly Arabia, and were in great part voyages of exploration in wild and unfrequented territory.

Lady Anne wrote the record of their travels in Mesopotamia, Arabia, and Persia, in three volumes, which not only reveal the pleasing personality, but the intelligence and the literary ease and skill of Byron's granddaughter.

Wilfrid became greatly interested in the religion of the desert tribes, and has treated of it in a chapter contributed by him to his wife's first volume. One passage in it throws some light upon his own religious feelings in those days. "With the belief in God, religion in the desert ends," he writes. "The kindred belief, so essential to our happiness—that in a future life—seems to have no place in the Bedouin mind . . . It is difficult for a European to put himself into the position of one who is contented to die thus—who neither believes, nor despairs because he does not believe." The value he set upon the belief in immortality is evident, but in which class was he—among those who believe or those who despair? Probably, he was hovering between both. No doubt, it was the life of a rich squire at home contrasted with his busy life in the desert, which prompted the following reflection: "In Europe, we suffer from the malady of thought, quite as much in consequence of our idle habits as from an excess of intelligence." What these journeys and sojournings in the desert gave to Wilfrid was a love of the East, a sympathy with backward races, and a hope of a regenerated Islam. These were to affect his life deeply, as well in a religious as in a political sense.

We have no desire to retell here the story of Mr. Blunt's political activities; a reference to them, however, is necessary for a comprehension of his general religious attitude. From the early eighties, the Blunts made their home in Egypt, close to Cairo. There, on the edge of the desert, in a fine house looking towards the Red Sea and Mount Sinai, and set in a wonderful garden and orange grove which they had reclaimed from the sands, Wilfrid and Lady Anne lived in an entirely Arabian fashion. Their garden was a sanctuary, for it contained the tomb of Sheikh Obeyd, a "saint" and companion of Mohammed, and was also reputed to be a halting place of the Holy Family. Their great establishment, we read, consisted of a hundred souls. Naturally, Wilfrid soon became a famous character, to natives and visitors, and was known as El Sheikh. With the Egyptians, his name was a passport. Although he

had much at stake, Wilfrid had, from the start, taken a deep interest in Egyptian affairs. The nationalist movement had his enthusiastic support. The bombardment of Alexandria in 1882 set the seal upon his "mission in life," which he pursued with restless, unabating zeal for nearly forty years, but with more discretion after an enforced exile of several winters. "My mission in life," he wrote in 1919, "was to plead the cause of the backward nations of the world, especially those of Asia and Africa," and to help redeem them "from their slavery to Europe." This was, alas, the hour of the floodtide of imperialism. No man could sweep it back. The Western Hemisphere was safe behind the high wall which the United States had built according to the plans of Monroe; but there lay, close to Europe, the great, rich, and almost undefended territories of Asia, and especially of Africa. The powers of Europe, great and small, all joined in the scramble. Mr. Blunt's wards were powerless. He continued to champion rebellious and separatist movements, and never ceased to denounce what he believed to be the wrong-doings of his own country. He was considered, accordingly, too violent to be a safe man in politics, and never reached Parliament.

His failure in politics turned his thoughts once more to religion. He set out on a pilgrimage to Rome, of which he has left two pathetic records, one in a sonnet sequence, the other in a page of his Diary. "A New Pilgrimage" lays bare the heart of the poor pilgrim, the weakness, the inconsistency, the attractive qualities of this

latest fool of Time,
Sad child of doubt and passionate desires.

He stops en route at Paris, "the golden city of our soul," and the old fascination revives:

What message has she to me on this day
Of my new life? Shall I, a pilgrim wan,
Sit at her board and revel at her play,
As in the days of old? Nay, this is done.
It cannot be; and yet I love her well
With her broad roads and pleasant paths to Hell.

Divided thus in heart, he journeys on to Rome. Imperial

Rome he loves not, true always to his loathing of imperialism; but he wishes to love the "nobler Rome" of the saints and martyrs:

This Rome I fain would love, though darkly hid
In mists of passion and desires scarce dead.

His visit to Pope Leo XIII. is told in a page of his Diaries, which no Catholic, we fancy, can read without a tender pity

For a lost soul grown old in its dismay.

We quote it, slightly abridged, because not only does it mirror his soul, but it shows him also in his Catholic social nature, and helps us to understand why it was he retained so many Catholic friends and continued to be counted a Catholic almost to the end. "It was in the spring of 1886," he says, "I was sick alike of the affairs of the world and of the vain pursuit of happiness. I went to Rome as on a pilgrimage, with the vague hope that, perhaps, I might there recover my lost faith in supernatural things and end my days in piety. I had many friends among the resident clergy, including Monsignor Stoner and Cardinal Howard, Father Lockhart, head of the Rosminians, Prior Glyn, and others of the Irish Hierarchy; and a little programme of holy pleasures had been sketched out for me, and I was determined to open my mind wide to the influences of the place, that my soul might have its full chance. It was thus predisposed that I arrived at Rome. I made a general confession of my sins; and, if I had been unmarried, I should have attempted to join some religious Order as a desperate protection against my unbelief. As it was, I indulged dreams of living as *custode* to some church of the many churches in and about Rome. It was in this mood that Monsignor Stoner suggested that I should have an audience with the Pope, and he, without difficulty procured me one. My reception by His Holiness was of the kind which surprised and touched me almost to bewilderment, when I found myself absolutely alone with one so nearly divine, if there was divinity anywhere to be found on earth. The vision that I saw before me was that of a little old man of wonderful dignity, clad in white, and seated on a low throne, his face pale, but lit with luminous dark eyes, which seemed to hold all knowledge of this world

and the other, the figure of a saint and, at the same time, of one who knew the world, bending towards me with a look of inquiring kindness. When I had kissed his feet, he raised me up, though I continued kneeling, and, on his invitation, I spoke to him about Ireland. What he then said and the personal interest he seemed to take in me, for he continued to hold my left hand with his own right hand and to press it to his knee, gave me the courage to speak of my own spiritual affairs as in a confessional, and to ask his help. He could not give me all I asked, but when I left him it was in tears."

Some years pass, and we find our pilgrim en route to a very different shrine. Wilfrid had long taken a keen interest in Mohammedanism, and been extremely friendly and cordial with many Mohammedans. He dressed like an Arab, spoke their language, adopted their ways, and often passed for an Arab. To his very dear friend, the Grand Mufti, he almost made his profession of faith in 1902. A year later, the drift of his mind may be seen from a play of his, which celebrates Islam's conquest of Egypt, and solves the love plot by converting both the heroines to the new faith and bestowing them on the conquering hero. However, he has little esteem for Mohammedanism in the cities. Disappointments had made him weary of all civilization, Christian and Mohammedan. In the desert lies his hope: there he will find the hermitage he dreams of and a purer Islam. He is ill, but he will no longer delay his quest. He had heard much of the Senussia, a widespread Mohammedan brotherhood that had restored primitive Islamism and would have naught to do with western civilization. The chief of the Senussi lived at Jerabub, far away in the desert, close to Tripoli, a forty days' journey from Wilfrid's home near Cairo. Thither Wilfrid departs, "in the highest of spirits," and in a mood for adventure, with powerful recommendations and under the guidance of Besseys, a religious brother. He likes his new religious guide in spite of his "rugged, ugly face" and the loss of his front teeth, which makes it difficult to understand what he says. Wilfrid confides to him his wish for a hermit's life in the desert. Besseys approves; he will bring him to his own spiritual father, a hermit, who will initiate Wilfrid into the hermit life. They become so enwrapped in religious conversation that they lose their way. The journey turns out to be more dangerous than

anticipated; and more than once, when danger threatens, Wilfrid repents of his sins and prays to all his saints, Mohammedan and Christian. Delivered from danger, he entertains some new-made friends, who treacherously rob and beat him. He is deserted for a time by old Beseys. He consoles himself with the thought that the journey "has been all in the way of the adventure I was seeking." He discovers that his treacherous friends were brothers of the Senussia, with whom he had hoped to live and perhaps to end his days. He retraces his steps to Cairo, gravely disappointed with Islam of the desert and the fruit of Mohammedan monasticism.

This adventure ended his longing for Mohammedanism. "Personally, I have come back from my journey," he writes, "with my mind cleared on one point, important to my life. It is as to religion. My experience of the Senussia has convinced me that there is *no* hope anywhere to be found in Islam. I had made myself a romance about these reformers, but I see it has no substantial basis. I shall never go further now in the Mohammedan direction." A year later, his opinion is confirmed. "I feel now there is no reality at all in Islam. The Moslems of today who believe, are mere wild beasts, like the men of Siwah; the rest have lost the faith. Still less does Christianity appeal to me."

It is only a month later than this entry in his diary, however, that we find Wilfrid making a pilgrimage to St. Winifred's well at Holywell. Crippled with rheumatism and in great pain, he prays for a cure. His state of mind is singular. "I have a belief in holy places and in holy people," he says, "quite apart from all religious creeds, and I felt a great confidence in the Saint that she would do me good." Wilfrid is cured, while professing in one breath his belief in her and his disbelief in life after death. Perhaps, he would reconcile the contradiction by the theory that only saints survive. The truth, no doubt, is that St. Winifred's poor suppliant was in a very bewildered state of mind. He still attends Mass, and in the Canon prayer invokes St. Winifred as his patron. Six months, later, in drizzle and fog, he makes his pilgrimage of thanksgiving. He hangs up his crutches in token of his cure, and kneels for ten minutes reciting the Penitential Psalms. "The scene inside of the shrine," he records, "was the most interesting I ever saw in Europe. Three men were being

passed through the water, stark naked but for a slight bathing drawer around the loins. Each time, after passing, they knelt on the pavement, dripping wet and prayed aloud. A priest was reciting 'Hail Marys.' At the end of each Hail Mary: 'Holy Winifred, still, in an unbelieving age, miraculous.' The fervor of these naked men, one a mere bag of skin and bones, was tremendous. In the dim light of a foggy day, nothing at all congruous to the nineteenth century was visible. It was a thing wholly of the Middle Ages, the Dark Ages, the darkest of the Dark Ages, magnificent, touching—it brought tears to my eyes." Wilfrid remained faithful to St. Winifred after his fashion, for we find him, some years later, when shipwrecked in the Red Sea and in danger of death, saying his "usual prayers to the dead and to St. Winifred, who may help me as she did three years ago, a superstition which quiets the mind."

Wilfrid was then going on a pilgrimage to Mount Sinai on a ship that happened to carry a large number of Mohammedan pilgrims, bound for the shrines of Hedjaz. The wreck, however, caused him to abandon his pilgrimage, as he had a superstition, he says, against continuing a journey in the face of a strong warning. On his return voyage, he dreamt he was in a terrible storm, sent by God, and heard a voice crying: "There are no pilgrims here to save you again by their prayers." "Struck with terror, I made my profession of faith: 'God is God and Mohammed is His prophet.'"

This journey seems to have ended the pilgrimages of Wilfrid Blunt. His interest in religion grew less and less, and hardened at last into stark unbelief and materialism. How prolonged, how hard was the agony of his faith! At last it lies dead and all quiet within him. So he would fain believe. Other troubled souls of the period, as they drew nearer to death, seemed to become more uneasy, as Huxley, who confesses his greater repugnance to the prospect of extinction; but Blunt comes to look upon annihilation, at least so he professes, no longer as an evil, but as a rest to be desired. He was in this frame of mind when he began his relations with Modernism. He had made the acquaintance of Father Tyrrell in 1900, before that unhappy priest had published any of the books which brought his orthodoxy into question. Blunt found him enlightened and outspoken, and parted from him on this first

interview with the impression that, if forty years before he had met a priest of his intelligence and candor, his faith might have been saved. Tyrrell himself, however, was progressing rapidly on the road to unbelief, and came to look upon Blunt as a teacher.

Mr. Blunt's home became a little Mecca for modernists, who loved to find sympathy with their own views in the most unlikely quarters. Blunt urged Tyrrell to hold his ground, not to yield to either side, to those who wished him outside the Church as a liberal Catholic, or within as an obedient believer. Tyrrell's sudden death was a great blow to Blunt; pure materialist as he thought himself to be, he writes thus on seeing the dead priest: "There lay the dead heresiarch, as sad a little shard of humanity as ever my eyes saw. I could not have recognized it as the man I had known, so brilliant in his talk, so full of combative life, or, indeed, hardly as a man at all. The body, with its poor small fingers, was more like an accidental handful of shapeless clay than anything that had been alive. Pious hands had clothed him in surplice and stole, as befitted the priest he was, and there were two tapers lighted at his head. I knelt a minute or two beside him, and recited a *De Profundis*, and kissed the hem of his garment, and rose and went out, moved, as one could not help being moved, to tears of pity. It was so utter an ending."

Modernism died in England under the blows of Pius X., or lingered on only in obscure corners, with no voice raised in its defense. The publication of Tyrrell's *Life* removed from it what little credit it had ever had among Catholics. With it died all Blunt's interest in religion, and he threw himself more and more into eastern politics, particularly the cause of Egypt. Surely, Egypt owes him a monument. The noble and handsome figure of El Sheikh Blunt, riding forth on his Arab steed and in his flowing Arabian robes to defend the oppressed nations of the world, is one to tempt the finest chisel of genius. We may smile a bit, but his dream was noble, too noble, perhaps, for our eyes to behold in life, when the great nations of the world shall look on the weak, not as victims to be exploited, but as brothers to be helped. With all his faults, he was a brave and generous soul. Wilfrid ended by believing himself a total failure, a teacher without a single disciple. He saw no hope for a regenerated

Islam, no future for the nations he had so long championed. "Why should I mind? I ask myself, but I find no answer." Sorrows multiply. His best friends die. Estrangements come. Illness and old age afflict him. When the war came, he saw the fulfillment of his prophecy, that ruin was the sure result of imperialism. Perhaps, he got a melancholy satisfaction in seeing the great governments that had partitioned Africa proclaiming themselves the friends of small nations, and Wilson inventing a new name for Blunt's old principle of self-determination. But he had long lost all faith in humanity. The pessimism of unbelief dyed the very substance of his thoughts. Terrible was the silent wrath of the soul, which will not be denied unavenged. Modern history shows no sadder example of a man without God and without hope in the world.

Wilfrid Blunt died Sunday, September 9th last, on his Newbuildings estate, in his eighty-third year. In accordance with the instructions of his will, the old Squire was carried by his men to a spot he had chosen in the wood; wrapped in his old eastern traveling carpet, he was consigned to Mother Earth, and buried without a prayer.

AFTER SAPPHO.

BY WILLIAM A. DRAKE.

EVENING, thou bringest all things home,
Though dawn hath scattered far their feet;
The sheep, wherever they may roam,
The goats from mountain pastures sweet;
To men, thy ageless boon of rest;
The tired child to its mother's breast.

THE WHITE LADY.

BY W. E. WALSH.

VII.



LORD ARDILAUN was so flustered by the extraordinary episode which had made known to him the existence of a hitherto unheard-of cousin—a girl of unusual beauty and, seemingly, unusual character—that he had no exact memory afterwards of what had passed between them. She appeared so unexpectedly and departed so suddenly, that he found it difficult to believe the incident was real. It was only now he remembered that he did not even know her name.

It worried him, it shocked his sense of propriety, that one of his blood—a woman gently born—should be flying about the country like a sort of female “Pimpernel.” He had urged her to stay with him, but she had only laughed and said: “I’d be sorry to hurt your reputation, my noble cousin. What would your British friends say if they knew you were harboring a rebel?”

The more he thought of it, the more it fretted him. After all, she was the granddaughter of Roger Vallancy who, but for a boyish imprudence, would have inherited both property and title. She had come secretly, like a trespasser, to the home that should have been her own. It was her second visit, she had told him. The first time it had been too dark to see the pictures—that had brought her back. She wanted to see, in particular, the portrait of the mother her grandfather had loved so dearly. By heaven! she needed no credentials to establish her own identity, for she was the living image of that beautiful woman!

Lord Ardilaun had worried himself into a fever, and was contemplating the impractical plan of going out in search of his mysterious kinswoman when, on the third day following her visit, the morning mail brought him a letter:

Dear Cousin [she wrote], I have changed my mind, and I am going to accept your hospitality—not at the Castle, but at the Dower House. It was once the home of my people, and perhaps it would be right that, for a little while, I should live there. But, I warn you in advance, I may do things you will not approve of, and if your position as a loyal Briton is dear to you, you must send me word to go away, and I promise you I will obey. I shall be at the Dower House sometime tomorrow.

Affectionately,

DEIRDRE O'DONOVAN.

Lord Ardilaun was animated by the best of motives in his desire to have his cousin near him. He hoped to be able to keep her from participation in the political struggle. He told himself that, when she knew more of the traditions of her family, she would realize the unseemliness of the course she was pursuing. Mrs. Delany, who was in charge of his household, was a gentlewoman, and she would, no doubt, be able to exert an influence over her.

When Gerald, of Ardilaun, saw his cousin again, she was seated on the terrace of the Dower House, with old Martin, in a high state of excitement, dancing attendance on her. It was a fragrant June morning. On the crumbling pillars, roses were climbing, and among the eaves, fretted by age and overgrown with ivy, birds were stirring and singing. As he crossed the wide lawn, her voice came to him, ringing with laughter. He thrilled as he heard it. It seemed to him that an exiled spirit had returned to the place. She was as much a part of this old-world setting as the roses which clung to the decaying stone. He knew that whatever happened, he would never look on this picture again without seeing her in it.

Something like this was in the girl's mind, too. She felt that she belonged there. It was her home, and she had come back to it after a long absence. She was trying to visualize the old man who had left it in his youth, banished and forbidden to return—trying to see him here as he was, and as he might have been. And while these thoughts possessed her, she turned and saw approaching one who might be a youthful reincarnation of him.

In the short interview she had had with him before, in the dim light indoors, she had not noted, as she did now, with the sunlight falling on his uncovered head, how much he resembled her grandfather. There were the same straight brows over a prominent nose, and the waving, abundant hair. The lines of the young man's face were softer; the hair was untouched with gray, and the figure broader and more upright—but in the play of her imagination, it would have been easy to believe that this was Roger Vallancy returned to the haunts of his boyhood.

She greeted her cousin with friendly eyes. She had a softer feeling for him than at their first meeting. She hoped that he would yet give her reason to think that he was not unworthy of the good man whose lineaments he had inherited.

"Are you going to send me away?" she asked as he came forward with extended hand.

"I am not," he answered. "I am going to keep you always,

if I can. It is only now I have realized that this place has been waiting for you for a long time."

She flushed with pleasure at the sincerity of his tone.

"But please don't forget that I meant every word I said in my letter. But one purpose has brought me to Ireland, and nothing can alter that."

She stood before him with the light of an inspired devotion in her eyes. He was to learn that when she spoke of Ireland, it was as a crusader might speak of the Holy Grail. He was stirred by an exhilaration that had something of fear in it, but was reckless of consequences. In that rare light, in which she suffused him, his doubts were mean and contemptible.

The hours were winged periods. For Gerald, at least, a long silence and a long solitude were broken. For the first time, it seemed to him, he lived deeply and fully. A being from another world—one for whom he had been waiting, unconsciously, always—had come to him speaking a strange and beautiful tongue. He wanted nothing but to listen to her.

She told him of her life in the great American city, where the streets were like canyons between cliffs of brick and stone; but he could not picture her in such surroundings, lost in the labyrinths of teeming millions. She was too rare, too distinguished for such a setting. She told him of the little family in which the child was the only woman of the house—her mother had died when she was an infant—and of her relationship to the two men she loved—her father and her grandfather. She described the small apartment in Gramercy Park—once part of a greater home of wealth and fashion—where this oddly-assorted trio had been happy in the thought that they were working for Ireland: for when they were not earning a bare living, they were planning, or writing, or speaking publicly for the only cause that was dear to their hearts. It was there Roger Vallancy had died in the summer of 1916, breathing love for Ireland with his last breath. The Easter Rising, and its aftermath, had been too much for him. It was only after his death, she learned that he had insured his life in her favor—and it was this money which had enabled her to realize the dream of her life. Her father was now in Dublin, poring over precious Gaelic manuscripts in the library of Trinity College.

In the afternoon, they had visitors. Miss Nevill and Major Trench appeared without warning. They did not stay long because, as they explained, they were "on the run," which meant that they expected arrest. Major Trench had a new car—a Rolls-Royce, the latest and fastest model—and he wanted to leave it in

Lord Ardilaun's garage for a day or two. They were going up the river—the major's motor launch would call for them.

Deirdre was very quiet after they had gone. Gerald knew that she was fretting about them, and when he spoke to her, she acknowledged it.

"It's not right that they should be in danger and I not with them," she said. "They will be taken, while I am living at ease, sheltered by your name."

Gerald tried to comfort her.

"It's not at all likely," he said, "that Molly Nevill's brother would have her arrested."

"You don't understand," she replied. "They'll not put *her* in gaol. She'll be taken away to a place in England where she'll have no more freedom than if she were in gaol. But they'll put *him* in the worst prison they've got, and they'll kill him with hardship the way they killed poor Pierce McCan—and she knows it, and that's what's troubling her. The people think more of Alan Trench than of any other man in Ireland, and that's his greatest danger. The Government knows that they will do whatever he says, and that he'll never compromise."

Then she told him something that she was not sure she ought to divulge: Alan and Molly were man and wife; they had been married that morning at his place, in Ballyclare. It was a daring thing to do; but Alan was determined that the ceremony should take place where his people before him for many generations had been married. The Constabulary kept constant watch on the house, but he arranged that they should be occupied elsewhere on this occasion. An assault on the barracks was staged, and information of it was allowed to leak out. Alan and Molly came down from Dublin during the night, took the Anglican Rector from his bed in the gray of dawn, and—while the police were engaged in repelling a very feeble attack, in which no one on either side was hurt—they were married peacefully in the drawing-room of the Manor. Cards were sent to the District Inspector and others, and the whole countryside was laughing.

Major Trench was fond of such exploits. He took a mischievous pleasure in outwitting the enemy. Many stories of his audacity were current, some of which were true, and others the product of the inventive genius of his friends. Once, when they were looking for him in Dublin, he put a uniform on and helped them in the search. Bets were freely made in the clubs as to how long he would evade capture.

VIII.

Lord Ardilaun was not yet awake when a message was brought to him from Martin O'Gara on the following morning. The old man had been enjoined by his lordship to take care of their visitor, and a room had been given him in the Dower House. Martin was in the seventh heaven! When he was presented to her by his master, who told her something of his history, he stood before her with trembling limbs and such a look on his face as he might have offered to the Blessed Virgin. Thereafter he went about talking to himself, praising God that he had been spared to see her, and going over in his mind the question he would ask when a good opportunity arose.

He was at the Castle about seven in the morning, in a very excited state. His lordship must be called at once. The police were watching the house. They might break in at any moment—anything was possible. He shook with rage when he pictured them laying hands on her. When Mrs. Delany had promised to deliver the message instantly, he hurried back to the Dower House.

When Lord Ardilaun, hastily and incompletely dressed, came out on the terrace, he found the District Inspector waiting for him. The official saluted him with a somewhat shamefaced smile.

"I hope I'm not disturbing your lordship," he said. "I've been waiting a while, the way I'd not be taking you out of your bed."

"What's on your mind, Sharpe? Has the 'Castle' got me on its blacklist?"

The D. I. C. waved his hand deprecatingly. His task was not an agreeable one.

"Nothing of the kind, sir, and I'm hoping they'll have no reason to do that. But I think your lordship knows who I'm after. There's no one could be sorrier than I am, for Major Trench is a gentleman, but I think he is making a mistake in joining up with a lot of rascally Sinn Feiners."

"Quite so, Sharpe. Perhaps the major will give you his reasons when you get him. In the meantime, you ought to know that he is not here. He paid us a short call yesterday, to give us a chance to congratulate him. You heard of his wedding, I've no doubt."

The inspector smiled a sickly smile, and explained that he was aware that Major Trench and his bride had gone up the river in his launch after his call on his lordship, but he was led to

believe that they had come back and taken shelter in the Dower House again. Lord Ardilaun assured him that his information was inaccurate, but the inspector was sorry to say that, while he didn't doubt his lordship's word at all, he had orders to search both buildings, and he must do his duty.

Lord Ardilaun had no reason to complain of the conduct of the Constabulary under Inspector Sharpe. The inspection of the Castle was more or less perfunctory, but at the Dower House a very thorough search was made. His lordship watched the proceedings with an amused smile. It was evident that the ancient keep was under suspicion. Even the cellar was ransacked with lighted candles; they left no hole or corner unexplored. But while the work was done thoroughly, there was no insolence, no provocation, such as he had witnessed more than once in the towns.

There was one person who found nothing amusing in the situation. Deirdre received the inspector with a stony gaze which ignored his existence. After the first glance, she never looked at him again, nor at any of his men. Lord Ardilaun treated the matter as a joke, and when the police were gone, he laughed over his cousin's attitude towards the inspector.

"I shouldn't have believed that you could look so wicked," he said, "and there was a moment when I saw that your hands were shaking. If Sharpe had looked at you then, he'd have been sure that we were hiding the major."

Deirdre allowed her work to drop into her lap. A faint color crept into her cheeks, and she looked at her cousin with a peculiar smile.

"Do you remember what the men were doing about that time?" she asked.

"What were they doing!" he repeated. "Oh, poking about the room. No, by Jove! I remember now, one of them was hammering on the wall, as if he thought—oh, heavens!"

He stared at his cousin like one who sees a ghost.

At this moment someone entered the hall and, as Deirdre put her finger quickly to her lips, Martin O'Gara appeared at the door. Lord Ardilaun told him to come in, and the old man advanced slowly, his eyes fastened adoringly on the young lady.

"Have they gone?" she asked in a whisper when he was quite near.

"They have, m'lady."

"Are you sure that none have stayed behind?"

"Quite sure, m'lady. I watched them go, and I've been over the grounds since."

"We're depending on you, Martin, 'agrad," she said softly. The old man straightened his bent form, and his eyes gleamed mistily.

"Never you fear, m'lady, there's none'll come near the house without I'll be givin' you warnin'."

When Martin had departed, Deirdre faced her cousin again with that strange smile on her lips.

"Gerald," she said, "I'm going to show you how much I trust you."

She went to the window and stood for a moment looking out over the river. His lordship watched her in puzzled silence. She turned suddenly and crossed the room to her great-grandmother's portrait. She grasped the heavy molding of the frame and tugged at it. The picture swung forward and stood at a right angle to the wall. She knocked thrice on a panel and ran her fingers along its fluted edge. The panel slid away and disclosed a cavity. Lord Ardilaun gasped as he saw a stooped figure emerge and turn to help another through the opening.

His guests of the previous evening stood before him, hand in hand. Deirdre indicated their presence with a sweeping gesture. She laughed, but there was an undercurrent of nervousness in her laughter:

"My lord," she said, "it is evident that you do not know the hospitable capacity of your house."

Major Trench waved his free hand negligently:

"Here we are again, old chap—circumstances over which we had no control, y'know. Hope we are not wearing out our welcome."

IX.

Lord Ardilaun and his cousin were on their way to Ballyclare. Major Trench wanted to have a message delivered to his housekeeper, and Deirdre saw an opportunity to gratify a desire of her own, and to give the honeymooners a day to themselves at the Dower House. There would be no risk in this mission, for they would not go near the Manor. They would have luncheon at the Clare Arms, and their host would take the message and see that it was delivered. In the meantime, Alan and his wife would enjoy themselves without a care, for Martin O'Gara would be on guard, and they had a safe refuge at hand.

Deirdre was in high spirits. She had suggested to her cousin that they should ride, for she preferred a horse to a motor.

She had learned to ride almost as soon as she was able to walk. Roger Vallancy's knowledge of horses was the one thing he had been able to turn to commercial advantage, and at that time he still retained an interest in a Riding School he had established many years before. The girl was aquiver with an overflowing sense of happiness, which she did not try to analyze. Yet there was reason enough apparent. She breathed deeply the beauty of a fragrant world: the air was sweet with the smell of flowering hawthorn, and the sun's warmth on her cheek was like the touch of caressing fingers. She loved horses, and she was riding the kind of beast she had dreamed of all her life—a perfect creature, instinct with grace. Add to this that she was not unconscious—as, normally, no young woman is—of her own fitness to complement the picture.

Lord Ardilaun, gazing wraptly, was quite sure there never had been anything in the world so beautiful. He was afraid to speak—he was almost afraid to breathe. He had a whimsical fancy that if he did, she might vanish like a creature of the *Sidhe*. He let her ride a little in front of him, that he might feast his eyes on her. When they mounted a gentle incline, the blue of the sky made an enchanting background for her head, and the sun worked magic in her hair—yesterday it was dark, but today it was a nest of golden lights.

She turned and looked at him, and the bewildering depth of her eyes caught his breath away. She was saying to him, wordlessly: "Gerald, this is my country—my Ireland—and I love it; and I love you a little, I think, because—because—you have not disappointed me." Something of this message, vaguely and confusedly, he must have got, for he had an insane impulse to commit an act of egregious folly, that would destroy their good understanding and frighten her away from him. He was suddenly aware of a vast loneliness. He said to himself in despair: "Oh, God! What will I do if she leaves me?"

When they were at luncheon, at Ballyclare, she tried to tell him how grateful she was for his invitation to her friends to remain at the Dower House, but he would not listen to her.

"I don't want you to thank me for that," he said, "because your thanks implies that you thought me a poor kind of creature—and I don't think I was ever so bad that I would have refused them shelter—but there's one thing I wish you'd tell me: why did they come back, and when? I asked you that question yesterday, but you didn't answer it."

"I know," she said. I wanted to ask Molly if I might tell

you about it. She has given me permission. They have a hiding place up the river—on Lough Derg. The police have never been able to find it; but they are very active now. Alan had a close call yesterday. Sharpe and his men were waiting for him in the lake. At a certain point, he was signaled from the shore, and decided to return. Sharpe must have got word that he had turned back, for he followed. In the meantime, Alan and Molly had the launch hidden and had come to us. The police were watching the house all night; I imagine they felt quite sure they had him."

"But how did Alan know about the secret place?"

"It was I who told him," she answered.

"But how did you know of it? Why, even to me it had been only a fable, and I had completely forgotten it."

His cousin laughed, delighted.

"Isn't it strange!" she cried, "and I have known about it all my life. I can't remember a time when I wasn't dreaming about that wonderful place and building stories around it. Of course, my grandfather told me of it—and many thrilling tales of the priest-hunters. What kind of a boy were you at all—that you never tried to find it?"

"I was a queer, lonesome kind of lad, I think, and a horrid little coward. You see, I had no brothers and sisters to knock courage into me. The Dower House was supposed to be haunted, and the servants wouldn't go near it. Old Martin told me of the secret chamber, but I don't think he knew himself where to look for the panel. Anyhow, I went away to school in England and forgot it. But how did you manage to discover it so quickly?"

She laughed again, with a childish enjoyment of her triumph.

"It was very simple—I knew exactly where to look. It was the first thing I did that evening when I frightened poor Martin out of his wits. The picture was not very difficult to move, but to open the panel was another matter. Luckily, Alan always carries a sort of burglar's kit. He says he never knows when he may need it. Anyhow, we got it open at last, and Alan scraped and oiled it until it worked quite freely. Wasn't it a bit of luck that we were able to get it ready that evening?"

X.

They left the town behind, making their way slowly homeward. The horses sidled together like good comrades, biting playfully at each other. Lord Ardilaun gazed furtively at the

curve of Deirdre's cheek. The sun was going down, and the world was bathed in a magic light.

They turned into a lane on the edge of a plantation, taking a short cut to the river. The lane led through a little wood where clumps of hawthorn sent out waves of perfume. Between the trees they had enchanting glimpses of the stream and of slopes carpeted with golden whin. They came out on a clearing overlooking the road and the valley of the river.

How peaceful—how serenely beautiful it was! How was it possible that violence and cruelty could exist in such a world? To this thought, that was in the hearts of both of them, there came a sudden and shocking answer. The peace was shattered by a cry of human anguish. Lord Ardilaun, turning startled eyes on his cousin, saw that her face was livid. Before he had time to utter a word, she plunged away from him, beating wildly at the mare's flank. As he followed, he discovered the cause.

In the middle of the stream was a man struggling for life. On the shore, others were running frantically back and forth, and a few yards away two soldiers stood with leveled rifles. As one of the onlookers, calmer than the rest, ran with a long pole in his hands into the river, a soldier fired. The bullet skipped on the water in front of him, and he dropped the pole hastily and retreated.

When Ardilaun's horse cleared the road, Deirdre was charging the soldier who had just fired, and he caught a glimpse of a face white and set and eyes that blazed with anger. The soldier turned as she was almost on him, but he went down without a word and lay motionless. His companion, who had called a belated warning to him, cursed savagely and, raising his rifle as the girl swept by, took deliberate aim. Lord Ardilaun prayed heartily, if briefly, for the first time in his life, perhaps—but he followed it up with a roar of such commanding authority, sounding a note he had often used to his men in Flanders, that was probably more effective than the prayer. The gun-barrel wavered and descended, but before the fellow could look around, his lordship brought him to earth with a swinging blow from the butt of his riding-crop.

A quick glance told him that no imminent danger threatened his cousin. He leaped from his horse, and, taking the guns of the disabled soldiers, dropped them into the river. By this time, Deirdre had ridden into the stream, and the mare was swimming towards the almost exhausted man who, clinging desperately to life, had managed to keep himself afloat. Lord Ardilaun followed, but before he reached her side, the man was al-

ready clinging to her stirrup, and the plucky little mare had turned and was doing her best to get back to shore.

Together they brought him in. His friends ran out waist-deep to take him, with praises and endless blessings for the rescuers. They knew his lordship, and they assured him that the men of Clare would never forget his heroic conduct—never, till the end of time; as for the young lady, words failed them: her like for courage and beauty was never seen—not all the famous Queens of Ireland—not Maeve herself—could equal her!

All this was very pleasant, but there was a more serious matter to consider. One of the soldiers had a broken leg and must be cared for. This was the one Deirdre had run down; the other needed only a dash of cold water to bring him to his senses, and he was tractable enough now that the odds were against him. The materials for temporary splints were found, and Lord Ardilaun bandaged the leg and made the injured man as comfortable as possible. His companion was sent away to fetch medical aid and a stretcher from the barracks.

Meanwhile, Jimmy Keane was telling his story. Jimmy was married and lived at Ballyclare, but his old father and mother were still on their bit of land across the river. This morning he had got word that his mother was ill, and when his work was finished, he had tried to cross by the bridge. He ought to have known better, but he thought, considering the reason he had, that the soldiers might let him pass. They refused, and in the argument that followed, he had been beaten and thrown over the rail into the river. His lordship knew the rest. Jimmy's face gave evidence of the truth of his story: his lips were cut, and one eye was swollen and discolored.

"It's a quare country to live in," he said bitterly, "where a man would be destroyed for reason of wanting to see his old mother, and she at the edge of death. And, sure, in the final end, it's myself will pass away before her. It's marked for destruction I am by the token of what's happened today. Yer honor can guess what they will be doing to me if they ketch me after this. I'll be another was 'shot trying to escape.'"

XI.

"You can be quite sure of one thing, Ardilaun; they will come after you, and unless I'm greatly mistaken, they will come for you tonight. There are too many of our class going over to the people, and they're bound to make an example of a man like you. Take my advice, and come with us."

The speaker was Major Trench. Lord Ardilaun and his

cousin had just returned, and Deirdre had gone to her room to change her wet clothes. Mrs. Trench was with her. Lord Ardilaun looked thoughtfully at his companion and shook his head.

"Sorry, I can't see it your way, Major. I've done only what any decent citizen ought to do, no matter what his political convictions may be—prevented a dastardly crime. If I am arrested, so much the better; it will give me a chance to tell them what I think of the system, and I shall get all the publicity possible."

"My dear chap, what is the use of blinking facts? The truth is never made public in Ireland. The story that the other side will tell, is the one that will be made known, and it will be just sufficiently different to put you in the wrong. Listen to this: Jimmy Keane tries to cross without a permit. When he is stopped, he jumps into the river and attempts to swim across. A soldier fires a bullet in front of him, to frighten him, whereupon you and your cousin attack the soldier, who is merely doing his duty, and inflict grievous bodily injury on him. How does that sound? Plausible, isn't it?—and your version will never be heard."

Lord Ardilaun looked doubtful for a moment; but he shook his head again, stubbornly. He had committed no crime, and he was not going to run away like a criminal. They could not dispose of him as they would of Jimmy Keane. He had influence, and he would exert it to the limit. There were good lawyers to be had, and he would make the truth known if it cost him every shilling he owned.

Major Trench was not one to waste argument on a man who would not be convinced, especially as he was risking his own freedom every moment that he remained with him. He was anxious to save Ardilaun from arrest, all the more now that it seemed likely his cousin would be able to convert him to the cause; but he was still more anxious that Deirdre should not be taken. She was too valuable to lose, and he knew that since she had brought this trouble on him, she would not leave him to face it alone. The only thing that remained was to save them in spite of themselves. He had an idea—he wasn't at all sure it was possible—but it might be worth risking, if circumstances were favorable.

He called to his wife that they must be going. When Ardilaun suggested that they should stay and make use of the secret chamber, if necessary, he declined, and told his lordship that he was hoping he would think over what had been said, and use the room himself, if the occasion should arise.

It was after midnight when old Martin came to tell his master that the police were coming. He was devoutly thankful then that he had decided to stay at the Dower House. Of course, they would come here first, and it was a good thing that he was here to receive them. Deirdre was in bed, sleeping, by this time, he hoped. If it was only himself they were looking for, he would go quietly with them, and she need not be disturbed. He would leave a message for her with Martin.

He put on cap and coat and went out softly to the terrace. The stars were shining brightly. He could see them dimly, marching silently in double file between the trees. He counted ten of them, and the inspector at the head of the line—he knew his thin, erect figure. As they came across the lawn, he went down the wide steps to meet them. He leaned against the stone balustrade, waiting for them.

"Well, Sharpe, I suppose it's myself you're wanting this time."

The inspector saluted and hesitated for an instant.

"Begging your pardon, my lord, it's the young lady."

"What?"

Lord Ardilaun's heart sank.

"Word has come from Dublin, sir, that they've been looking for her. The little affair this afternoon told them where she was."

"Am I to understand that you have orders to arrest her, and not myself?"

"Those are my orders, my lord."

His lordship felt the blood rushing to his head. He made a desperate effort to control himself. He had considered it possible—even probable—that a warrant would be issued for her, but he had foreseen merely a formal charge which he would answer and give bonds for her appearance in due time. Coming at this hour, he had been quite sure that they wanted only himself—but now, the thing had a different aspect. Bail might be refused. The thought of what might happen set his blood boiling.

"Come inside," he said, shortly, and turned away.

As he mounted the steps, Sharpe said a few words to his men. Four of them followed him, and the others divided and went away to either side of the house.

Lord Ardilaun opened the library door and allowed the inspector and his men to pass through. He followed, closed the door behind him, and switched on the lights. The men ranged themselves silently along the wall, and Sharpe stood, grim and

erect, by the library table. His lordship walked over to the hearth, in which a fire was still burning and, turning his back to it, faced the inspector.

"If it is for my cousin you have come, will you be good enough to tell me why you have come at this hour?"

The inspector moved uneasily from one foot to the other.

"I am sorry," he said, "but your lordship knows that a man in my position cannot question orders."

The other cut him short peremptorily.

"I don't know anything of the kind. I know that you are inspector of this district, and that, as such, you have authority to use your own discretion on such a point. Here is a woman, gently born—my cousin—and because she would not stand by and see an inoffensive fellow-creature drowned like a rat, by brutal soldiers, she is to be dragged from her bed in the middle of the night. Do you think I will permit it, Sharpe?"

"You cannot defy the law, my lord."

"When the law undertakes to perpetrate such an outrage, I can, and will. You may wait here until morning, if you wish, and my cousin and I will then go willingly with you."

"My lord, my orders are positive. I must take the young lady into custody at once. It is not because of the attack on the soldiers—there is something more than this. Dublin has telegraphed instructions, and we must obey."

Lord Ardilaun was silent for a moment. The blood was throbbing dangerously in his temples. A smoldering fury burned in him. Why had he not brought a revolver with him? He was ready to kill, or be killed—but she should not suffer indignity while he was alive. He stood and picked the tongs from the hearth. He moved over and placed his back against the door.

"I shall not allow my cousin to be disturbed before the morning," he said coldly.

Inspector Sharpe was angry and perplexed. There was something wrong with a situation which ranged the landed gentry against him. He admired and respected his lordship—to lay hands on him seemed almost like sacrilege—but how was it to be avoided?

"My lord," he said, after a long pause, "I shall give you five minutes to think it over. If you will not listen to reason, you will force me to do what will be very disagreeable to both of us." He drew his revolver from its holster as he spoke. "You do not understand the situation, I think. This young lady is working for Sinn Fein—she is valuable to them. At this moment, they

may know that I am here—and before morning they may come in force to—”

The inspector's sentence was cut off suddenly and dramatically. A voice called briskly from a window behind him.

“Quite right, Sharpe—only you don't do full justice to our efficiency—we were here before you. Don't stir—don't turn—we have every man covered. Careful, Sharpe! I have a nervous trigger-finger—I shouldn't like to put a bullet between your shoulders. Hands up, there—you four—*quick*, I say—do you want to die in your boots?”

Four pair of eyes stared, aghast, at the window. Four pair of hands went up. Sharpe stood with sagging shoulders—a figure of despair. He knew that snapping voice, and he knew its owner would shoot swiftly and surely. He saw inwardly the picture he dared not turn his head to see. The voice rang out again, clear and compelling.

“Hand your weapon to Lord Ardilaun, Inspector. Will you kindly take it, Ardilaun? Thank you! Cheer up, Sharpe, there's no disgrace in being taken this way—we had you on the hip. Thoughtless of you, though, to scatter your men—you made it very easy for us. They're safely locked in the stable.”

Major Trench threw his legs over the sill and dropped lightly into the room.

“Come in, Michael, and disarm these warriors,” he called back. “Come around by the door, Molly—and bring Deirdre along.” He turned to his lordship: “This little comedy was for your benefit, Ardilaun. Deirdre was afraid that Sharpe might so far overcome his respect for the aristocracy as to lay hands on you, or even shoot you—otherwise, it would have been simpler to let you finish your argument with him.”

When Michael had collected the weapons of the police, Sean came down from the window and joined him. Martin O'Gara opened the door of the library and ushered in Deirdre and Mrs. Trench. Lord Ardilaun stared when he saw that his cousin was fully dressed. She went directly to him and put her hand on his arm. They looked into each other's eyes for a moment. His lordship's heart was beating rapidly. The girl caught her breath in a little gasp of relief.

“Oh!” she said. “You shouldn't have done it, Gerald. They would have shot you if Alan hadn't come.”

Lord Ardilaun put his hand over hers and held it tight. He'd have been shot willingly for the joy of this moment.

“How did you know?” he asked.

“I didn't go to bed. I was sure something would happen.

I heard you go out and I followed and listened at the door. I heard what Sharpe said. If they weren't going to arrest you, I didn't mind running away. I ran back to my room and dropped from the window, just in time. As I reached the shrubbery, a policeman came round the corner of the house. I found Alan and the others in the shrubbery."

Major Trench was talking to Michael, while Sean kept an eye on the prisoners.

"Drop them anywhere you like, Michael—the farther away, the better—but don't lose any time. Meet me at the usual place—we'll be waiting for you at the landing. I'll take Sharpe with me and put him ashore a few miles up the river."

Michael and Sean, herding the four policemen in front of them at the point of their revolvers, left the room. Major Trench turned to the others:

"Come, my children, there's no time for mooning or spooning; are you coming, Ardilaun?"

His lordship looked at his cousin, whose hand he was still holding. She shook her head slowly, as if in answer to a question.

"It is you who must decide, Gerald," she whispered, but her eyes never left his.

The major laid his hand on the drooping inspector's shoulder.

"I'm going to give you a long walk, Sharpe, before breakfast, and I'm hoping that you'll think seriously about quitting the R. I. C. You're as decent a man as anyone can be who comes from Antrim, and I've got a job for you when you've sent in your resignation."

Lord Ardilaun whispered something to his cousin, and the girl, with a sudden, impetuous movement, bent and kissed the hand which held hers. His lordship had, fortunately, another hand unoccupied—and he, too, could be impetuous.

Deirdre freed herself gently, and lifted a flushed face, and eyes that were dim with happy tears.

"My lord," she said, "Roger Vallancy is at peace tonight."

[CONCLUDED.]



The Ball and the Cross.

The BALL AND THE CROSS is one of the symbols of Christianity. It signifies, as is obvious, the WORLD AND THE FAITH. It is our intention to publish monthly in this department two or three short articles, which may appropriately be grouped under the caption chosen.

THE CHRIST-CHILD IN NICARAGUA.

THROUGHOUT the entire world the birth of the Christ-Child will soon be observed, but perhaps nowhere is there a more beautiful custom than will take place in the old Spanish churches of Central America. It was the privilege of a Boston woman to attend one of these services in the little town of Matagalpa, which lies one hundred and twenty miles from a railroad, up in the mountains of Nicaragua.

All roads led to the old cathedral on Christmas eve. Kneeling on the stone floor before the flower-decked altar of the Blessed Virgin was a picturesque throng, Indian and Spanish men, women, and children—even the dogs were not unwelcome, but wandered at will among the worshippers. Hundreds of candles illuminated the big, gray adobe church, the masses of tropical flowers, the gay colors of the silken reboses on the heads of the women made brilliant patches in the soft light. Only for the chosen few were seats provided. These were ordinary chairs, which had been kept in reserve for the owners by means of a chain stretched from arm to arm, and fastened with a padlock. All evening long, from nine o'clock until twelve, the ordinary folk knelt on the hard stone floor, making their devotions.

While this service was being held, the priest, taking the image of the Christ-Child from its sacred place, gave it to his messenger, and bade him carry it to a certain home in the town. In every home in Matagalpa there was an empty cradle awaiting the coming of the Christ-Child, but no one except the priest and the messenger knew who was to be honored that night. Kneeling and praying, the worshippers awaited the pealing of the midnight bells, which told them the Babe had found a resting place, then, with shouts of joy and expectation, they ran, first to their own home, and then, in groups, from house to house seeking the "new-born Babe."

Close by the church, we entered an adobe house to find the long, low front room divided in half by a low bank of palms and masses of flowers, along the sides and across the back the decorations were the same, only the palms reached to the ceiling and the flowers were in greater profusion. The carpet in this enclosure was unique and very lovely. Matting had been wet and sprinkled with oats, which had sprouted, and by this time were about three inches high, making the most exquisite floor cover imaginable. A path of flower petals led from the front of the room to the tall palms and flowers at the back, and there, festooned with tiny pink rosebuds and white lilies, was the cradle awaiting the Christ-Child. Large stones had been placed here and there under the matting to raise it, and on these "mountains" small trees were placed. To make them appear like the mountains around Matagalpa, they had fashioned little brown monkeys of clay, which were playing in the trees, while prowling, very life-like, were miniature tigers and lions. Village scenes were also depicted, women grinding corn and making tortillas.

Leaving the house for a time, we searched in vain, passing through street after street, but, at last, we saw a great crowd kneeling before a very humble home. A poor woman, for the sake of her little child, who had died, had spent her all in preparing her home for this other Babe Who might come, and there, in one of the lowliest homes in Matagalpa, to a childless mother, came the Christ-Child as a comfort and guest.

CATHOLICISM IN SCOTLAND.

WHEN Protestantism dies in Scotland, it will be dead "intirely." There is no country in which the Protestant religion was accepted more completely, or has held on more tenaciously. But even Scotland has begun to show the signs of re-conversion to the ancient faith. Recently, in connection with a general census of Great Britain, an interesting document came to light concerning the number of Catholics in Scotland about a hundred and thirty years ago. The contrast with the present number is illuminating and very hopeful. The registrar-general in charge of the new census, happened upon a computation of the relative number of Protestants and Catholics in Scotland, made in 1755 by a certain minister of the Kirk, Rev. Alexander Webster, of Edinburgh. It seems that at that date there was not a single Catholic in Glasgow, whereas now there are approximately 500,000. In many smaller towns and "parishes," according to the minister's

calculations, Catholics were all but non-existent. There were 12 Catholics in Solway Firth and 889 Protestants; there were 85 Catholics and 814 Protestants in Buittle, and only 22 Catholics out of a population of more than 5,000 in Dumfries. In Maxwellton, the proportion of Catholics was slightly higher, 118 out of about 1,331. There was only one Catholic in the town of Paisley, and only three in Dundee, which at that time had a population of 12,477. Aberdeen had only 135 Catholics.

Naturally, in the Highlands, Catholics were more numerous. In the parish of Ardnamurchan, from which Catholicism had never been expelled, there were 2,300 Catholics and 2,700 Protestants. Altogether there were only 16,490 Catholics in Scotland. Today there are over 600,000.

But even more conspicuous than the Catholic increase, is the Protestant decrease. Only half of the total population of 4,888,000 attend religious service of any kind. Consequently, Catholics already form one quarter of the church-going population. In the area of the Synod of Glasgow, the general population increased by 87,000 in ten years, but the number of Protestant churches decreased by five. In Glasgow city there was in the same period an increase of 25,000 people and a decrease of three churches.

The number of marriages and of school children in Scotland is even more favorable to Catholicism. In 1907, there were 2,555 Catholic marriages. In 1921, there were 5,894. The number of Catholic school children increased 1,037 in two years, while the number of Protestant school children decreased 1,812. In Dundee, in the same two years, the Catholic school children gained by 176 and the Protestant school children lost by 873. In Edinburgh, for the same period, the Catholic increase was 175, and the Protestant decrease 1,389. Those who would belittle the importance of the Catholic gain may say that it is due, not to conversion, but to the immigration of the Irish. Be that as it may, the fact is that since 1755, while the general population of Scotland has multiplied six times, the Catholic population has multiplied forty times.

Evidently, the Church has reason to be hopeful, even in the home of John Knox, the last stronghold of the most vigorous form of the Protestant religion.

Mr. J. S. Phillimore, writing on this topic in the *Dublin Review* (October), makes a remark that is full of significance for the revival of Catholicism, not only in Scotland, but in every Protestant country: "Of all the circumstances, none is more full of encouragement than this; the Catholic case welcomes and demands light, critical inquiry, re-trial of judgments; the Protestant

position is rooted in obscurantism and the sanctity of the *chose jugée*."

Here, evidently, is the precise reverse of the usual opinion. Yet, upon observation, the fact becomes evident; the countries that accepted the "Reformation" can scarcely afford to reconsider the cause of the break with the Catholic Church. Reconsideration leads to reconversion. The Catholic Church waits. She can afford to wait. Her appeal is to time, as well as to truth. And time is a test of truth.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE IN LATVIA.

ON the shores of the Baltic, I was speaking with a woman of Latvia. She had spoken warmly—or had she trumpeted?—her praise of the marriage code passed by the Latvian Constituent Assembly in February of 1921, and her enthusiasm had given rise, on my part, to a curiosity which, while it by no means equaled her satisfaction with the law, did at least evoke eager questioning. Had I indeed found in this brand-new republic the last word, the *ultima Thule* of wisdom, on the most sacred, the most important of human relationships? "Explain this code to me," I said.

"I shall explain the law by telling you what it means to me, for instance," she said. "Understand, then, that for twenty-five years—for twenty-five years, mind you—I have hated my husband—think of living that long with a man you hate!—and now" (joyously), "I'm going to get rid of him." "You are going to divorce him? On what ground?" "On what ground?"—surprise at my slow wit—"but I have told you—on the ground that I hate him and don't want to be his wife any longer, of course." After that, I read the law and inquired into the circumstances of its passage, and my melancholy conclusion was that in Latvia there must be many wives who hate their husbands.

There were other reasons, besides the elation of my Lettish acquaintance, to be curious about the marriage code. The Letts were newcomers, and interesting in the way that newcomers always are. When a family moves into a community, the neighbors watch the unpacking of the furniture, appraise the books and pictures, and wonder whether these people will raise or lower the town's moral and cultural tone. The Letts were unpacking their furniture: for centuries they had been under, first, German, then Russian, rule; after the armistice, they became an independent nation. The marriage code was one of their first attempts to express their own ideas as to how society should be constructed,

a clue as to the kind of influence which this new family would exert in the community.

But the thing which lent most interest to the law was the fact that the women, as I was given to understand, had had so much to do with its passage. When independence was declared, the women of Latvia were given the ballot and made equal partners with the men in the government of the country. Presumably, then, the code passed by the Assembly reflects the views of a very large section of the women of Latvia.

The new code makes it by no means easy to take a husband or a wife in Latvia. Hasty or clandestine marriages are impossible. The law altogether prohibits the marriage of men under eighteen years of age, of women under sixteen, and of persons of both sexes afflicted with venereal diseases in a contagious state. Persons under legal age may not marry without the consent of their parents or guardians, but if this be refused without good reason, the court may authorize the marriage. Banns of matrimony, (here, as well as in prohibiting clandestine marriages, Latvia has borrowed from the age-proved wisdom of the Church), must be published for a period of two weeks in the local registry of marriages at the dwelling place of both the bridegroom and the bride. Application for publication of the banns must be documented with numerous certificates covering all conditions legally prerequisite to the marriage. Those guilty of false declarations are to be punished in accordance with the penal code. If the candidates have complied with the law at every step and none of the various documents discloses a legal barrier to marriage, they may go forth and marry, either in a registry of marriages or before a clergyman of any creed.

Marriage by proxy is forbidden. Both parties must be present in person, attended by two witnesses of legal age. If marriage be entered into before the manager of a registry office, the ceremony must take place in public in the rooms of the registry; outside the office, the manager may unite people in marriage only when sickness prevents one of the parties from coming to the registry. Marriages not contracted before a clergyman or in a registry office—with the above exception—are declared null.

From all this, it might appear that the majority of the Constituent Assembly had a high conception of marriage. Certainly, it did some things very well. Nevertheless, the majority of the Assembly appears to have had a very low conception of marriage. It looked upon it not only as a mere civil contract, but as one without any binding force whatever. It revealed its mind, not in making marriage difficult, but in making divorce childishly easy.

But perhaps, after all, we ought to pay the Letts the compliment of saying that they are not hypocritical. What we do under false pretenses, they do openly. When an American and his wife both want a divorce, but have no legal ground, they are put to the trouble of inventing a fiction. The husband is accused of cruel and inhuman treatment, whereas he may consent to divorce because he is intimidated by his wife. In Latvia, husband and wife merely say to the court: "We want a divorce." If the court asks why, they may reply that that is no concern of his. And, under the marriage code, it is no concern of his; the joint plaintiffs are under no obligation to assign any reason whatever. The court's duty is to invite husband and wife to be friendly again, and then, if they refuse, to grant the divorce.

Divorce is also granted on the usual grounds of infidelity, abandonment, cruel treatment, and the like. A marriage may be dissolved if husband and wife have lived apart uninterruptedly for a period of three years; if either is afflicted with a lingering mental or contagious disease difficult to cure; if either is sterile in the marriage relation, physically unfit to discharge the marriage debt, or feels a repugnance against sustaining the relation of husband or wife towards the other. It was not difficult, one imagines, for the woman who had hated her husband for twenty-five years to find a ground for divorce. It is a poor law, however, even a poor divorce law, which does not reveal at least some evidence that those who wrote it did not go as far as they might have gone. They could have won noisy applause from America by providing for the dissolution of marriages when either party insisted on more than two children. What they did provide was that either might seek divorce if the other avoided bringing children into the world. The Letts, apparently, are not parties to the international conference on the limitation of progeny.

That portion of the code relating to divorce is disappointing, but not surprising. Legislatures, as a rule, are not concerned to guard the sanctity of marriage as a sacrament, even if the safety of the state and the material welfare of society do demand the preservation of the defenses built around marriage. To the Catholics of Latvia, these sections of the code must be particularly distasteful. With genuine social progress, neither a Lettish nor any other Catholic can maintain a quarrel; with social changes which begin with the breaking of the Commandments, no Catholic can maintain peace.

Editorial Comment.

A Judge
As
Literary Critic.

"THERE are no bad books. There are no good books. There are only badly-written books, and well-written books." The words are the words of Oscar Wilde. The sentiment is that of a majority of the *literati*, and of a considerable number of publishers. That fact becomes obvious whenever a test case arises. Recently, there was a suit-at-law, brought by the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, against a publishing firm which has specialized in producing morally obnoxious books. The volume chosen as particularly offensive, is a translation of the *Satyricon* of Petronius. The Society alleged that the publishers had violated the law against obscene literature. The court decided in favor of the publishers.

Whereupon Mr. Sumner, Secretary of the Society, declared that "no other book which has received the sanction of the courts is anything like the *Satyricon*. Criminal acts are therein described in the bluntest language. A man who would repeat phrases from it on the street corner might be sent to jail for six months. The *Decameron* is a Sunday School book beside it. If this decision holds, anything that has ever been written by anybody may be safely printed and circulated."

Neither the magistrate nor the publishers deny that the *Satyricon* is, in part, obscene. And there is a section (1141) of the Penal Code which prohibits the publication and sale of obscene works. Yet the Court decided that the law had not been violated. With the logic of the decision, we are not concerned.

What interests us particularly are the remarks and reasonings of the judge, in which he justifies his decision. In a dissertation of some three thousand words, he has quoted the opinions of literary critics on the work in question, and, weaving them together with his own observations, has produced a treatise on the ethics of literature. The smartest of our weekly papers declares that any first-rate critic might well be proud to sign his name to the document produced by the city magistrate.

We cannot agree with that eulogy of the judge. But we will say this for him: he has crowded into one essay, practically every argument that can be made in defense of the publication of obscene literature; he has given the most complete exposé of the pagan and neo-pagan view that we have ever seen in so short a space; and he has demonstrated once again that the *literati* agree with the unfortunate and degenerate Oscar Wilde. We think it

well that our readers should know the argument of those who do not accept our view about decency in literature. So we shall give some excerpts from the magistrate's very unusual document, together with a bit of commentary, on our own account.

SAYS the judge: "The book plays an important part in the history of civilization, and the prosecution gives rise to the question whether the record of civilization can be suppressed."

So Eager
for
"History!"

Now, what is this "contribution to the history of civilization," which the honorable judge is so reluctant to suppress, so eager to perpetuate? It is, ostensibly, "a keen satire on the vulgarity of mere wealth, its vanity and its grossness, the author of which was interested in the intellectual pursuits, as well as the vices and follies of his own evil time."

Note, in passing, the curious collocation of "intellectual pursuits" with "vices and follies." There will be more of that. But, essentially, the "satire" is an over-frank description of the obscenities, natural and unnatural, practised by the Court and the upstart aristocracy of Rome in the days of Nero. But do we really need a graphic description of the orgies that were practised by society in the decadent days of the Empire? "Let these things be not so much as mentioned among you," said St. Paul, who, quite in harmony with the spirit, if not the letter, of his own dictum, wisely gives us a mere catalogue of the same vices and crimes which Petronius describes realistically and in detail.

If one is eager for historical information, why not take it from the Epistle to the Romans, rather than from the *Satyricon*? The answer is obvious. The readers of Petronius are not really over-zealous for learning. They seek something that appeals to the emotions and the imagination. They want their history with a pleasurable thrill, and perhaps with a stimulus to passion. Why, then, do they talk grandiloquently and hypocritically about "a contribution to the history of civilization?" Why have they not the honesty of the one critic who would not even review a nasty novel, though it was charmingly written, because, as he said: "I prefer my vulgarities straight."

WHEN we hear of "students" reading such a manual as the *Satyricon*, in order to obtain historical knowledge, we think of those other "scholars" (or are they the same), who study sociology by visiting houses of ill fame, and who have a particularly keen scientific interest in vice that is exotic, abnormal, or

degenerate. There are travelers who poke their way into the most *recherché* bagnios of Paris, who delve into the dives of Cairo, or Yokohama. They linger among certain portions of the ruins of Pompeii. Their interest in *learning* is insatiable. Similarly, there are those who *must* read the *Satyricon*, in order that nothing that was done in Rome under that prince of moral perverts, Nero, may escape them.

WHO are these "students" whose education would be so miserably inadequate unless they read the *Satyricon*? The publishers of that work, it seems, printed "a limited edition of 1,200 copies, and solicited orders directly from a *private list of subscribers*" (italics ours), a list "made up of people who are sophisticated, intelligent, respectable members of the community," so that "the immature, the young and the uneducated would not obtain a copy." There is something instructive in that. It is interesting to know that a "private list" is "in possession of the publishers," and that when they are to serve some particularly toothsome morsel, like the *Satyricon*, the "sophisticated" are invited to the feast.

But is it really necessary for those sophisticated ones to pursue their studies further? Could there have been anything even in the most degenerate days of Rome of which they have not yet heard? Can Petronius—that ancient Oscar Wilde—teach them anything? We doubt it.

A Dubious,
Ethical
Principle.

THE learned judge also explains that the book under discussion is a work of literary art. "It is part," he says, "of classical literature. Its value has been recognized both from the historical and the literary viewpoint. Its value to the student and the scholar," (still harping on the *student* and the *scholar*!), "is such that it would be too serious a matter to deny access to it, for ancient literature enlarges and enriches the mind." St. Jerome, who was closer to that literature, came to the conclusion that it poisoned the mind. However, let that pass,—but what are we to say of the ethical principle, that whatever is obscene must be tolerated if only it has literary or artistic value? From our point of view, it would seem that obscenity which is artistic is more dangerous than obscenity which is crude. A dirty, slovenly, malodorous street-walker presents no temptation to the normal man. She does less harm than some beautiful, educated, nicely cultured enchantress, who practises her wiles in the drawing-room, or the conservatory. But the

poor unfortunate of the streets is hustled away as a menace to morals; the exquisitely handsome and talented courtesan is not only tolerated, but rapturously welcomed to the homes of the élite. As in life, so in literature. If the police find some filthy, ugly, pornographic stuff that could hardly damage anyone, it is confiscated and burned. But novels written with a fascinating, alluring, beguiling, seductiveness, are defended by magisterial dissertations. 'Twas ever thus. The world is always either stupid or hypocritical in matters that pertain to purity.

SUPPOSE we stop for a minute to anticipate and to answer that particular form of hypocrisy, which pretends that what is literary and artistic, cannot create temptation, except to those who are evil-minded. To us, this affectation of spiritual superiority on the part of authors and critics is especially irritating. Do they, who accuse us Christians of having "a bad mind," seriously expect us to believe that they themselves are so confirmed in grace that temptation cannot touch them? Are they superhuman? As for us, we confess that we are human. We admit that we are not immune against the suggestion of evil. Like St. Paul, we do not deny that the flesh lusteth against the spirit. So we aim to practise eternal vigilance. But have those people who read obscene literature no temptations? Are they angels—pure spirits? They certainly have not primeval innocence. If they are immune, is it not rather because they are blasé? If they claim that nothing that is written, no matter how seductively beautiful it may be, causes them to feel the *stimulus carnis*, is it not because their passions are worn out? Do they pretend that not all the indecent literature in the English language, or in the French, can give them a thrill? And is this the reason they go back to the most degenerate days in the history of the world, dig up an obscene romance, translate it, and try it as a whip to their jaded carnal instincts? Have they exhausted the possibilities of Stern, Fielding, Smollett, Rabelais, Flaubert, de Maupassant, Zola, and the rest, that they must dig up old Petronius out of his filthy grave?

Are They
Really
Immune?

BUT to return to our learned and literary police magistrate. Adopting a particularly academic tone, he lectures us as follows: "Due consideration must be given to the environment and the age during which the *Satyricon* was written. The standards of realism are different

Reverting
to
Primitive Type.

today from those of the centuries gone by. . . . The works of literature of an ancient age cannot be judged by modern standards."

Now the judge who wrote those magisterial words is probably a believer in the theory of evolution. We are frequently told that all persons as highly educated as he are evolutionists. And, no doubt, he believes in moral evolution, as well as physical evolution. Indeed, he says that we have grown away from the standards of the past. Presumably, then, we have evolved out of a less perfect state, to a more nearly perfect state. Why then go back? Why not hold the advantage we have so hardly gained? If we may not judge the past by the standards of the present, what is the advantage of evolution? Our idea is that we should look back and say: "Thank God, we have outgrown that damnable paganism of degenerate Rome. Let us stay out of it, and not revert to it." Do those who believe we come from the ape, think that we should always go back to the manners and morals of the ape? Then why should we go back to the morals and manners of an admittedly degenerate epoch?

The idea with which the magistrate is painfully struggling is that we must not judge the *men* of another age for not having the standards of this age. That is a very different proposition. But we certainly can judge the men of this age for preferring to go back to the vile conditions of an age from which we have been mercifully delivered.

The Essence
of
Decadence.

IT seems, furthermore, that Petronius was not only a fop, but a snob. "He was not a plebeian," says the judge. "The *Satyricon* is emphatically the production of a cultivated aristocrat, who looks down with serene and amused scorn on the vulgar bourgeois world that he is painting. He is interested in it, but it is the interest of the detached, artistic observer, whose own world is very far off. Encolopius and Trimalchio and his coarse freeman friends are people with whom the author would never have dined, but whom, at a safe social distance, he found infinitely amusing, as well as disgusting."

Evidently, Petronius was another Horace, with his "*odi profanum vulgus et arceo*." But it is difficult to determine whether or not the judge considers this aloofness a virtue. It would seem that he rather admires the old Roman *arbiter* for his snobbishness. And we imagine that a certain proportion of the "private list" of those who paid \$30.00 for the volume of the *Satyricon*, are, like Petronius, rich, "aristocratic," and disdainful of the

common horde. Having tried all the pleasures available in their own set, they take an interest in the coarse pleasures of plebeians. They find the ruck and the rabble "infinitely amusing, as well as disgusting." They certainly would not dine with "common people, but if "common people" have any secret of extracting joy from crude, brutish vices, the aristocrat is anxious to know of it. For his own pleasures have gone stale on him.

Now the *Satyricon*, though written by an aristocrat, is coarse and vulgar in its obscenity. The judge tells us: "It is full of humorous exaggerations and wild Aristophanic fun. . . . The material of the romance was the squalid life, by land and sea, by day and night."

In other words, like many another polished pagan, Petronius had sucked dry all the means of entertainment known to his own class. And to get what is nowadays called a "kick," he dabbled in what was sordid and squalid. That is the surest sign of decadence. It is Oscar Wilde again. Much of the literature of our day, particularly of the new poetry, is decadent in that sense—sordid, crude, brutal, vulgar, profane, blasphemous, filthy. Delicacy is thrown away. Coarse vulgarity is the mode. Any student of human nature knows the reason. Decadence is the curse of those who mount high but cannot remain high. The higher they have been, the lower they fall. And, in literary taste, it is the same as in life. When a man has risen to a high culture, but, lacking moral balance, cannot maintain himself on the heights, he plunges into the morass. From the pure delights of lofty literature, he tumbles down into the enjoyment of obscenity. With all possible reverence for the magistrate's homily on the history of civilization, art, literature, and ethical standards, we feel that the demand for such works as the *Satyricon* of Petronius can be explained in one word, Decadence.

THERE is another book, of a different sort, but perhaps equally vicious, that has been most vigorously and persistently "boosted" by many critics, advertised by all the newspapers, and sold in almost every bookstore.

"Puffing"
Bad
Books.

We need not name it. Suffice it to say that it is a novel, written with about the usual literary skill, or perhaps a little better than ordinary style, but with a most amazing frankness in describing the brazen attempts of a woman to tempt a man who is already married to the sister of the temptress. The author describes, with utmost shamelessness, scenes that would be in the last degree unhealthily stimulating even to the most stolid imagina-

tion. Indeed, the entire story is indecent, immoral, and seductive. Nevertheless, the critics of almost all the metropolitan newspapers, daily and weekly, hail the volume enthusiastically. It is "a rich and interesting story," having "the thrill of adventure." Its characters are "real men and women." "It will give great delight." It is "a book with a meaning." It "possesses potent appeal." It is a "frank, forceful, fearless delineation of primitive emotion." The heroine is "vivid, passionate, intelligent, ruthless, strong-willed, but gentle." And so on, and so on, but no word of indignation for the indecencies and immoralities, that are the warp and woof of the story.

There can be no greater calamity for the individual soul, or for the nation than the obliteration of the moral sense. Yet in the appreciation and criticism of literature, we seem to have come to that. Novels are described, criticized, praised or condemned solely on their literary merits or demerits. The only sin known to critics is the sin of dullness. The value of Christian modesty and purity are not merely discounted, but ignored. The minds of millions of readers are being constantly contaminated.

Censorship.

WELL, what then? Can nothing be done? The *literati* rise in fury if anyone so much as suggests the adoption of any kind of censorship. For ourselves, we dislike the censorship. We would prefer to trust that good taste and a sense of decency on the part of publishers, would prevent their publishing unclean books. But we are frequently disappointed. Even some of the most "reputable" publishing firms are not above producing objectionable works. There is no newspaper that will refuse to advertise them, and few newspapers that will refrain, not only from noticing, but from "puffing," any novel that has literary quality, no matter how egregiously it may outrage decency.

What is to be done? For Catholics, the answer is plain. We have the Index, and the Index automatically forbids us to read indecent books, just as it automatically forbids the reading of heretical books. Then we have the Catholic doctrine of the "Occasions of Sin." We have confession and spiritual direction. We have the Catholic tradition of holy purity, as well as the Catholic theology that any willful sin, even in thought, against the angelic virtue, is a mortal sin. We have, finally, and most important of all, the Catholic conscience. We have every safeguard. A genuine Catholic needs no other censor. But what about non-Catholic America? The more brazen offenders against decency, be they authors, publishers, or critics, may finally go to such extremes that the

American people will be driven to some such drastic measure as a federal censorship law. This would be as undesirable and perhaps as futile as the federal prohibition amendment. But "it should be remembered" (says William Lyon Phelps, writing in the department, "As I Like It," in *Scribner's* for November), "that if the censorship should be established, and we pass under arbitrary and irresponsible tyranny, it will not be the fault of the prudes and the reformers and the bigots. It will be the fault of those who destroy freedom by their selfish excesses. I should like to state in four words what I believe to be a natural law: *Excess leads to Prohibition.*"

QUITE apropos of the question of immoral books, is the incident of the editor-in-chief of a students' magazine at Columbia University, who wrote on an episode in the Life of Christ a sketch, "so shocking that it cannot be reproduced." The student board demanded, and obtained, the resignation of the editor and of the editorial staff. The young man refused to make any apology, remarking, quite in the spirit of the liberal press, "the mistake was made in supposing that the time was ripe for the publication of such a sketch." The new editor promises—or threatens—to continue the work of the deposed editor, for he announces: "The magazine is not anti-church . . . but it is greatly interested in the development of young writers along their own lines." That is the usual phrase of the "liberals" and radicals. They are morbidly fearful that some young person will not have liberty to "live his own life," or "express himself in his own way." A little repression in this case would, we think, be no crime against civilization. The only man who is free to "live his own life in his own way" is the savage. Civilization implies restraint.

Sacrilege
and
"Freedom."

IN the September number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, we made some remarks on the unfairness and inadequateness of school histories. Now comes a book from Holland (*Joan Derk van der Capellen*), the reviewer of which, in the *Literary Review* of November 11th, remarks pertinently:

Our Debt
to
the Dutch.

"Not even our standard histories, to say nothing of our popular text-books, have much more than an adumbration of the great sunshine which, to our fathers, the Dutch Republic cast over American affairs in 'the time that tried men's souls.'"

"What France did for us has been celebrated in song and story, in private and in public art, in drama and in a voluminous literature. Yet who recalls that the republic that gave us the stripes in our flag and almost every one of our national federal precedents had a history in which were included revolt against unjust taxation, a declaration of independence, an eight-year war for freedom, the formation of a federated system, having a written constitution, and which survived the diseases of federal government, with conflict between state right and national supremacy, secession, coercion, and reunion; so that John Adams declared of the Dutch and the American Republics that their histories were so much alike that a page from one seemed to be a transcript from the other.

"Is it taught in our schools that the Dutch lent us a sum of hard money, which, when paid up in 1808, amounted to \$14,000,000; that they sent us officers to fortify West Point and drill our soldiers, and that the first foreign salute to the American flag was fired from Dutch cannon, by order of Governor John A. de Graeff, at Fort Orange, in St. Eustatius, in the West Indies, after he had read the Declaration of July 4, 1776? Is it stated in our American school histories that probably a full half of our war munitions and army clothing during the Revolution came from this same source, and that Rodney left Cornwallis in the lurch in order first to capture this island.

"Does the lack of public knowledge on these points arise because most of our historiography, popular and standard, has been the product of one section of the country?"

Recent Events.

Turkey. By passing death sentences upon the Turkish signatories of the Treaty of Sèvres and the members of the Cabinet of ex-Premier

Damad Ferid Pasha, on the last day of October, the Turkish Nationalist Government at Angora introduced a series of acts, more or less in contravention of the Mudania agreement. These culminated, on November 5th, with invasion of the neutral zone and the seizure of Constantinople. Towards the end of October, in Allied circles it was thought that all danger of war had been definitely removed by an agreement between the Allies and the Nationalists to hold a general conference on Near Eastern affairs at Lausanne, on the tentative date of November 13th. Shortly thereafter, alarming reports were received that the Turks had increased the force of 8,000 gendarmes allowed them in Eastern Thrace, for the time being, under the terms of the Mudania agreement, to 30,000. These reports were only too well founded, as events soon disclosed.

On November 3d, the French Foreign Office was formally notified that the Angora National Assembly had dethroned the Sultan, and reserved to itself the right to elect the Caliph, as the religious head of the Mohammedans. Two days later, Hamid Bey, as representative of the Angora Government, proclaimed himself Governor of Constantinople, and set up a civil administration, which appears to be in full control. The new Governor's first act was to send a note to the Allied authorities, demanding evacuation of all Allied forces from Turkish soil. To this, the British, French, and Italian Governments have presented a united refusal, and have authorized the Allied High Commissioners in Constantinople to take what measures they find necessary to maintain the Allied occupation of the city.

At present, telegraphic communication between Constantinople and the Western World is interrupted, and only meagre details of what is occurring reach us. Apparently, however, there has been, as yet, no definite military clash between the Allies and the Turks. The Sultan is confined to his palace, and is virtually at the mercy of the Nationalists. Meanwhile, *pourparlers* are continuing between the Allies, regarding the date for the Lausanne Conference, which has now been postponed to November 15th. At present, the Allied Commissioners are awaiting a reply from the Angora Government to their demand that the Turks recede

from their attitude, which the Allies regard as out of accord with the Mudania convention.

The evacuation of Greek civilians from Thrace has been practically completed. They removed with them from the country nearly all the stock and means of transport, including cattle, needed by the population that remained behind. All the Christians in Anatolia, numbering a million and a half, according to the latest estimate of the League of Nations, are emigrating, apparently on order of the Angora Government. Great destitution is reported among these refugees.

At this writing, Greece is conducting negotiations for her entry into the Little Entente. This news is of capital importance. It means, in the event of a Turkish onslaught in Greece, that the Turks would have to fight, in addition to the Greeks in Europe, Rumania, Jugo-Slavia, and possibly Czecho-Slovakia.

The Revolutionary Committee in Greece has published a decree ordering the trial by extraordinary court-martial of the former Cabinet Ministers and general officers now under arrest, charged with responsibility for the Greek disaster in Asia Minor. The decree exempts former King Constantine from trial.

France.

Probably the chief event of the month influencing French affairs, occurred outside of France when, towards the end of October, the British Premier, Lloyd George, with his Coalition Government, was forced out of office by the withdrawal of Conservative support. He was succeeded by Andrew Bonar Law, head of the Conservative Party. His policy differs from that of his predecessor mainly in a declared abstention from armed intervention in the Turkish imbroglio. As the French have been backing the Nationalist cause, and have been in favor of non-interference with the victorious Kemalists, this change in the policy of their principal ally fits in very well with their present plans. The French are hoping, moreover, that the new head of the British Government will adopt a stern attitude towards Germany in the matter of reparations.

On that subject, there has continued throughout the month the usual conferences, negotiations, and sessions of the Reparations Commission, which, under the leadership of its new Chairman, M. Barthou, has been holding a series of meetings in Berlin, from October 31st to November 8th, with the usual unsubstantial results. Meanwhile, the French Minister of War has declared to the Army Commission of the French Senate, that an army of 660,000 soldiers, including six divisions of troops in the occupied

area in the Rhineland, must be retained under arms in France to preserve necessary effectiveness in national defense.

That there has been at least an approach to a change in one of the cardinal principles of French foreign policy, namely, the French attitude towards Moscow, seems borne out by the recent mission to Russia of Edward Herriot, Mayor of Lyons, and leader in the Chamber of Deputies of the Radical Socialist Party. The reception given to the mission on its return by the French press and French officialdom is even more significant. Rivalry with England and dominance of Germany are the keynotes of Premier Poincaré's policy, and since there no longer seems danger of a Red uprising in France, both of these purposes would apparently be served by a bargain with Russia. Besides, various Chambers of Commerce and trade organizations throughout France have pronounced in favor of a resumption of commercial relations with the Soviets. Another significant move is a bill, introduced in the Senate late in October, providing for the reimbursement, by the French Government, of holders of Russian Government bonds to the extent of fifty per cent. of their investment.

The Council of Ambassadors, meeting in Paris on October 26th, decided to refer the question whether the Kiel Canal should be open to the ships of the world even in time of war, to the International Court of Justice. The controversy over this question, which has been going on now between the Allies and Germany for a year and a half, arose out of the fact that Germany refused passage to Allied ships during the Russian assault upon Poland, Germany claiming that free passage at all times is not required by the Treaty of Versailles.

In accordance with the decision of the French Government to try the German war guilty before French military tribunals, evidence in two cases has been forwarded to the war councils of the first and sixth regions. These cases concern the alleged misconduct of two German Generals, Gloss and von Marwitz, and notice has been forwarded to them to appear immediately before the Courts.

A recent summary given out in Paris of the work done in the devastated regions, shows that reconstruction of roads, railways, and canals is virtually completed; that the reconstruction of factory and industrial plants is well along towards completion, and that the clearing away of shells, barbed wire, and other obstacles from the soil is also virtually finished. On the other hand, it is stated that, out of 564,000 houses wholly or partly destroyed by the German invasion, only 3,348 have been completely rebuilt. 180,417 have been "provisionally repaired" and 214,422 "definitely

repaired." According to official figures issued by the French Labor Department in October, there were only 3,350 unemployed persons throughout France on September 1st. In fact, in most branches of labor the demand for workmen exceeds the supply, and the French authorities have recently given their consent for the importation of laborers from abroad. Thousands of Italians and Poles have answered the call, and these are arriving in increasing numbers every month.

Partly owing to this condition, no doubt, the French Communist Party has suffered the severe loss during the past year of forty per cent. of its membership. This fact was announced by the Secretary-General to the Communist Congress, which met in Paris on October 15th. One year ago, the total membership was 131,476, whereas today the Party numbers only 78,828.

Another aspect of French conditions is presented, however, in a late report of the French Ministry of Agriculture, which states that, on the basis of the estimated shortage in the French wheat crop, about 2,400,000 tons of wheat will have to be purchased abroad during the present season, as against practically no purchases abroad last year. The price of foodstuffs in France today is higher than in 1918, at the time of the armistice, and this in spite of the fact that the French Minister of Agriculture has announced that the number of cattle, pigs, horses, and poultry are back again at the pre-war figures. In Paris particularly, almost simultaneously with the fall in value of the franc, there has been a veritable orgy of profiteering.

On November 3d, the Chamber of Deputies indorsed the Government's decree modifying the eight-hour day for workers in the mercantile marine. The Government claimed that the modifying decree was necessary because the eight-hour day had not been adopted internationally. It was this decree which caused a seamen's strike in the various French ports the previous month.

Italy.

The long continued turmoil, in which Fascisti activities have kept Italy for the last year, found its climax—and apparent quiescence—on October 26th. Premier Facta and his entire Ministry were forced to resign, and were succeeded a few days thereafter by Benito Mussolini, the Fascisti chieftain, with a Cabinet of his choosing. The resignation of the Facta Government was brought about by concerted seizure of a number of the principal towns by the Fascisti, and the rejection by the King of Premier Facta's proposal to issue a decree proclaiming a state of siege throughout

Italy. Upon the King's refusal to sign the decree, the *Facta* Ministry resigned, and after conferring for several days with various other party leaders, the King was finally obliged to ask Mussolini to form a Government. In addition to the Premiership, Mussolini holds the portfolios of Foreign Affairs and of the Interior. The new Ministry is composed of five Fascisti, two Catholics, three Democrats, one Nationalist, and one Liberal, with the addition of General Diaz and Vice-Admiral Thaondi Revel, who have no party designations.

The announced programme of the new Government comprises two main points: first, the pacification of the country by firm governmental control, and second, the balancing of the budget. In addition, Fascisti energies are being bent toward getting Parliament to amend the electoral law, as soon as it reconvenes on November 15th. Although the Fascisti are apparently the strongest party in the country, under the present electoral, even though they gained many more seats than they have at present, they could not obtain the majority necessary for them to remain in power as a one-party Cabinet. For this reason, they desire an amendment to the electoral law, whereby the party polling the greatest number of votes, would be given three-fifths of the total number of seats. Should the Parliament not pass the proposed measure, Premier Mussolini has announced his intention of dissolving the Chamber and calling a general election.

Since the formation of the new Government, the 117,000 Fascisti who had been concentrated at various important points, especially in Rome and its environs, have peacefully demobilized and departed for their homes. In fact, one of the striking elements of the revolution was its comparatively bloodless character.

In a recent speech, ex-Premier Nitti declared that many of the country's great industries are dead, those still in operation are in danger of suspending, and the exchange is getting worse. From 1914 to 1921, the country bought abroad over 41,000,000 lire worth of goods more than it sold. Before the war, the Government spent 2,600,000,000 lire yearly, but now spends ten times that amount, while the provincial and municipal governments have deficient budgets to the amount of 6,000,000,000 lire.

On November 4th, the fourth anniversary of Italy's victory over Austria in the World War was celebrated throughout the country with solemnity, and in profound emotion. It was the first time that the day of victory was officially and publicly observed. The chief ceremonies in Rome took place in the magnificent church, Santa Maria degli Angeli, with the King and the new Premier in attendance at Mass.

Fighting between d'Annunzio's legionaries and the Zanella forces in Fiume was reported up to the middle of October, but since then no reports have come through.

Germany.

The Presidential election will not be held this year after all, as had been expected, owing to the action of the Reichstag, which, on October 24th, adopted, by an overwhelming vote, an amendment to the Constitution prolonging President Ebert's tenure of office till June 30, 1925. Herr Ebert was elected provisionally, in 1919, by the General National Assembly at Weimar, and was to hold office only till a regular election could be held. Disturbed political and economic conditions since that time, however, have made an election inadvisable. The Constitution gives the President a term of seven years.

Towards the middle of October, the paper mark was quoted on the Boerse at 3,000 for one dollar, and shortly thereafter President Ebert issued a decree against speculation in exchange. The decree forbids domestic prices being fixed in foreign currency or on the basis of such currency, and provides that purchases of foreign currency are permissible only by consent of a special control department.

This decree has aroused considerable criticism in Germany. The Cotton Exchange of Bremen protests that the decree forces home spinners to buy raw supplies in the United States instead of in Bremen, and that it will shortly bring the domestic cotton industry to a complete standstill. In financial circles, no one believes that this legislation will retard the fall of the mark. Similar legislation has failed in Austria, Hungary, and other places, and experienced bankers point out that, if prohibiting purchase of foreign currencies could of itself arrest the fall in exchange, the problem of stopping currency depreciation would be very easy.

On November 3d, Count Hugo Lerchenfeld resigned as Prime Minister of Bavaria, and was succeeded, on November 8th, by Dr. Engen von Knilling, of the German People's Party, who stands pledged to an anti-Berlin policy. Count Lerchenfeld's resignation was brought about by differences with the Agrarian Party, growing out of certain economic proposals made by him to the Central Government in Berlin.

The latest activity of the German financial colossus, Hugo Stinnes, is his purchase of one-third of the capital stock of the *Berliner Handelsgesellschaft*, one of Germany's greatest banks and the most conservative of them all.

For the first time since the beginning of the World War, Ger-

many's potash production this year promises to exceed the 1913 output. The Director-General of the German Potash Syndicate recently stated that the total sales at home and abroad during 1922 may be expected to reach 12,500,000 double hundred weights. In 1913, the potash output of Germany was approximately 11,000,000 double hundred weights.

Although there have been no recent general statistical estimates on the rise of wages during the recent fall in the mark, the official *Wirtschaft and Statistik* makes some interesting comparisons. These show that whereas, in 1913, the salary of the highest-class officials was six times the average wage of unskilled workers, today it is less than twice the unskilled average. Placing the present average wage of the unskilled worker at 100, the skilled wage would be 106, the salary of minor officials, 114, of middle officials, 147, and of higher officials, 191.

On November 6th, Germany broke all her own previous records in the speed of her money press for one week, eclipsing all similar records in other countries, with the possible exception of Russia, when 59,500,000,000 paper marks were printed within seven days.

The ordinary budget statement of the German railroads for the first half of 1922 shows a revenue of 92,237,000,000 marks, as against expenditures of 92,180,000,000. This is the first time since the war that railway accounts have come into equilibrium.

Russia. After an occupation of more than four years, Japanese troops finally evacuated

Siberia, including Vladivostok, on October 26th, and the forces of the Far Eastern Republic, which had been steadily advancing for several weeks against their "white" opponents, took over control of affairs in the evacuated regions. The only Japanese soldiers now remaining on Russian soil are those in the northern part of Sakhalin Island. The Japanese public is demanding their return also, as it is feared that restoration of trade with Siberia will be impossible unless this is accomplished.

General Dieterichs, Commander of the White Army and successor of President Merkuloff as head of the Provisional Government, has established a base on Poisset Bay, but he is not expected to be able to hold this position. A new Government for Siberia has been formed by the People's Revolutionary Party in the Maritime Province, and Premier Kobozeff of the Far Eastern Republic is preparing to establish himself as its head. Meanwhile, despite official assurances by the Provisional Government

of protection for all inhabitants, foreigners as well as Russians, virtually every town in Korea and Manchuria is reported as having its quota of Siberian refugees, who have fled before each advancing wave of Red control. Many are destitute, all are without homes, and nearly all are making either for Mukden or Harbin, hoping that somewhere on friendly soil the remnants of their army may be gathered for another blow at the Soviets. The present plight of General Dieterichs would indicate that this hope is fallacious. Moreover, the Bulgarian Government has ordered all the officers who belonged to the army of General Wrangel, the Russian counter-revolutionist, to leave the country, threatening forcible expulsion and deportation to Russia if they refuse. This virtually ends the existence of General Wrangel's organization.

Since the Japanese evacuation of Siberia and the withdrawal of all Allied troops from that territory, the United States Government, following similar action by Great Britain, France, Italy, and Japan, has relinquished control of the Chinese Eastern Railway. Allied control of the railway was established in an agreement drawn up at the time of the dispatch of American and Allied troops into Siberia in the summer and fall of 1918. It was stipulated at the time that this control should end upon the withdrawal of foreign military forces from Siberia.

The still urgent necessity for relief work in Russia, especially in the Ukraine, is the gist of reports from both Russian officials and the heads of the American Relief Administration. Beginning with November 1st, it is estimated that approximately four and a half million persons will need some assistance in the way of food, the number steadily increasing up to eight million as the temperature drops. After fulfilling other requirements, the Soviet authorities state that they will have only 6,000,000 poods of grain left for feeding the famine-stricken.

Russia has 1,600,000 men under arms, mainly concentrated along the western frontier, from the Baltic to the Black Sea, while the Baltic States have only 120,000 men under their colors and Poland 260,000 according to figures recently given out at Moscow. These figures have been brought out in connection with the conference of representatives of the Baltic States and Poland, held in October at Reval in preparation for the proposed Moscow disarmament congress, called by the Soviet Foreign Minister, Tchitcherin.

November 13, 1922.

New Books.

SECRET HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH OCCUPATION OF EGYPT.

Being a Personal Narrative of Events. By Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$5.00.

Any book that professes to reveal the "secret history" or the "inside story" of a great event is received with eager curiosity by the general public, and with cool suspicion by the careful scholar. Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt's *Secret History of the English Occupation of Egypt* is no exception to the rule. Like most "secret" histories, it is not entirely true history; yet it is an intensely interesting book, because, if the narrative be true, it proves that England's seizure of Egypt was an outrageously unjust act, which has too long been concealed by a flimsy veil of Anglo-Saxon hypocrisy.

Such a book can hardly fail to disturb the faith of those who believe with Kipling that "the White Man's Burden" of ruling over backward races was shouldered by our genial neighbor, John Bull, solely for the purpose of benefiting the backward races. The English-speaking people has long been accustomed to accept unchallenged the statement that English rule over African and Asiatic people has been wisely beneficent, and that in Egypt, above all, English imperialism was shown at its best. Popular writers have dealt with Egypt in the spirit shown by the following excerpt from a fairly recent work: "Great Britain has most happily demonstrated [in the case of Egypt] how an enlightened European state can free an oppressed and impoverished people from the rule of a corrupt and selfish oligarchy . . . and set them on the highroad of peace and happiness." (Harris, *Intervention and Colonization in Africa*, p. 329.)

All this, Mr. Blunt warns us, is false. He is at least entitled to a hearing, as a distinguished English publicist, who had intimate personal relations with the Egyptian leaders and English officials at the time of the English conquest. Our author was certainly not a dispassionate witness—and no one familiar with his writings or his career could expect him to be coolly accurate—but he was a witness, and his testimony must be weighed.

When Mr. Blunt first visited Egypt, in 1875, Egypt was a province of the Ottoman Empire, and was ruled by an hereditary Khedive, Ismail Pasha, as viceroy of the Turkish Sultan. How Ismail's wild extravagance led to foreign loans, then to foreign

intervention, then to British conquest, Mr. Blunt proceeds to tell us, with a wealth of circumstantial detail, not unmixed with somewhat irrelevant minutiae regarding his own personal affairs.

All through the narrative runs a thread of gold. The gold borrowed by Ismail from European financiers, seems to have been one of the chief reasons for Egypt's downfall. French and English bondholders, who had advanced funds to Ismail, were constantly urging their Governments to intervene as debt-collectors. The Rothschilds, the Jewish kings of European finance, move darkly behind the scenes of diplomacy, pulling wires at London, Paris, and Berlin to safeguard their vested interests in Egypt. Mr. Blunt's account of the financial details is by no means thorough, nor is it altogether accurate; but his insistence upon the importance of economic interests is justified.

In writing of Gladstone's decision to send British troops to Egypt, Mr. Blunt is merciless. Gladstone, we are told, was two persons: in private, a charming and magnetic Liberal; in public, to a large extent, a fraud (p. 181). As a private citizen before 1880, Gladstone had put himself on record as opposed to any intervention in Egypt; but after 1880, as Premier, obedient to the "higher duty" of "securing a Parliamentary majority," he ordered British troops to the Nile. That Gladstone was inconsistent, no one can deny. That he could have carried out his principles despite the pressure of interested bondholders, of European diplomacy and of Downing Street officialdom, is open to question.

More valuable than his harsh judgment of Gladstone is Mr. Blunt's sympathetic estimate of the Egyptian Nationalist leaders, and particularly of Arabi Pasha, who has sometimes been pictured as a disgruntled army officer, chiefly concerned about his rank and salary, and sometimes as a figurehead for Moslem fanaticism. In the book before us, Arabi appears as a noble champion of the oppressed Egyptian peasantry, a believer in the fraternity of races and creeds, free from the least taint of fanatical intolerance in regard to Christians (p. 100). This praise, the reviewer believes, is much too generous. Nevertheless, it does, in a measure, raise our opinion of the Egyptian patriots who fought against foreign domination.

It must already be obvious that Mr. Blunt's "secret history" must be taken with a grain of salt. The author makes too many misstatements and historical blunders to win entire confidence. He brings Ismail to the throne in "1860" (p. 12); if Ismail became Khedive before 1863, it certainly has been a well-kept secret. The account of Disraeli's canal purchase needs revision, by the author's own admission (p. 16). On the authority of an Italian

diplomat's casual reminiscences, the author tells how the disclosure of the Cyprus Convention, during the Berlin Congress, led to a secret bargain between France and England for joint intervention in Egypt and French intervention in Tunis; but an appendix confesses that not the Cyprus Convention, but an Anglo-Russian agreement, was disclosed (pp. 26-28 and Appendix IV.). In the text, Nubar Pasha is portrayed as a dishonest financier, who acted as Ismail's broker, whereas, in an appendix, Nubar is exonerated (pp. 14, 15 and Appendix II.). The account of French intervention in Tunis (p. 93) is absurd. Numerous dates are inaccurate, and, in one instance, two different sets of dates are given for the same events (pp. 217, 237). To prolong the list would be an ungrateful task. If the American publisher had provided critical notes by a competent historian, the value of Mr. Blunt's contribution, now obscured by errors, would have been greatly enhanced for the general reader.

In closing, the reviewer cannot refrain from commenting on the fervor with which Mr. Blunt defends Islam and Egypt. The cause of Islam, we are told, is "essentially the 'Cause of Good' over an immense portion of the world" (p. 92). Therefore, "in God's name," let England "take Islam by the hand and encourage her boldly in the path of virtue" (p. 93). In a poem appended to his volume, Mr. Blunt grows lyrical in praise of the East. With such effusions, the reviewer cannot sympathize, nor can he see anything but a grotesquely inappropriate sacrilege in the stanza:

And thou, too, Egypt, mourner of the nations,
Though thou hast died today in all men's sight,
And though upon thy cross with thieves thou hangest,
Yet shall thy wrong be justified in right.

THE OUTLINE OF SCIENCE. Edited by J. Arthur Thomson.
New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Four volumes. \$18.00.

These four volumes of the *Outline of Science* will have a large and, it may be added, a deservedly large sale, and it is imperative that Catholic readers should get an estimate of their worth. The illustrations are admirable; it is doubtful if so excellent a series have ever appeared before in a work of this character. We could have spared the imaginative portrait of *Pithecanthropus Erectus*, but, on the whole, the "restorations" of prehistoric man give little reason for cavil, though we think the pictures of the Broken Hill and the Piltdown men a little premature. However scientific men will know what amount of trust can be placed in "restorations" and the unscientific will not perceive the underlying suggestions.

Of course, it is impossible to criticize adequately so lengthy a work, nor are we informed, save in two instances, who is the authority for the articles. The editor is a man of prodigious output, but even he can scarce have written the whole book. One of the articles in question is on *Psychical Research*, by Sir Oliver Lodge, and is of a much more moderate character than one would expect, containing little that any informed reader would cavil at. Of the other, by Mr. Julian Huxley, we cannot say quite so much. In discussing the origin of mind, he, first of all, places only a difference of degree, not of kind, between animal and human minds. On that point, he will find many to differ from him. But when he goes further and says: "We have only to be completely logical and believe that something of the same general nature as mind exists in all life, to make the further step, and believe that it exists, even in the matter from which life sprang." We, and we think most others, must part company with him with the remark that a little study of the science of logic, which he invokes, would have led to the construction of a sentence containing fewer fallacies. The editor (?) is on firmer ground, when dealing with the same topic in another section, he says: "By no jugglery with words, can we get Mind out of Matter and Motion. And since we are in ourselves quite sure of our Mind, we are probably safe in saying that in the beginning was Mind." The book is admirably written, as indeed we should expect of Professor Thomson. It is sane and conservative on almost all points, though we think it exaggerates—as many do—the period of man's existence on earth, and it is quite as sure that Evolution was the process by which things have come to be as they are, as M. de Dorlodot, of Louvain.

We are glad to be able to find ourselves in hearty agreement with a further statement on what has been in the past a highly controversial point. Religion, we are told, "sees an unseen universe, which throws light on the riddles of the observed world." We quite agree. "Its language is not scientific language, and the two cannot be spoken at once." It might be a paraphrase of the "*Providentissimus Deus*," of which we doubt if the writer ever heard. "Religious interpretation and scientific description must not be inconsistent, but they are incommensurable . . . while the form of a religious idea, of Creation let us say, must be congruent with the established scientific system." Certainly—but where the trouble has come in, in the past, is that science has been a little previous as to what was "established" science. Examples will occur to all well-informed persons. Where a fact or explanation is really "established" and not the dogma of the

moment, it can never, and will never, clash with any religious tenets held by Catholics, at any rate, however it may possibly clash with some of the forms of mischief.

If the teacher or parent or friend is able and willing to give a very little direction and corrective, young people, who read this book, will come away from it with a store of knowledge, which ought to make life a much more interesting thing to them.

CONFESSIONS OF A BOOK-LOVER. By Maurice Francis Egan. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$2.50.

A little while ago, it was the custom for literary criticism to clothe itself with almost liturgical seriousness and a deal of technical scholarship. Just at present, there is a fashion for literary impressions (the word is exact in its very inexactness) to boast that they are transient, familiar, and in no sense "high brow." Midway between these two extremes of the *ex cathedra* utterance and the momentary "reaction," comes this delectable book by Maurice Francis Egan. In it, he writes not as professor nor as technical critic (both of which he has done in other volumes), but as *book-lover*—which he defines as "one who loves men a little more than books." And to it, he brings the mellowness of many years and many experiences, together with the perpetual youthfulness of laughter and enthusiasm.

Dr. Egan is personal throughout these pages: one of the very best chapters is the story of his own varied and vagrant "Boyhood Reading." He is immensely tolerant, not sharing the popular belief that whenever a book is mentioned it must be either condemned or approved—and betraying quite as candid a *penchant* for the gallants of the Bourbon court as for the cloistral exquisiteness of Eugénie de Guérin. And he is hopeful: hopeful of contemporary fiction in spite of its occasional vagaries and vulgarities, and particularly hopeful because he believes that "any evidence of a sincere interest in poetry is a good sign." Finely human are his meditations upon St. Paul and the great "mouth-filling" sentences with which that Apostle praised his friends and pulverized his enemies. And there is something even more than human in the simplicity with which the poet-diplomat confesses his devotion to the letters of St. Francis of Sales—and in the sanity which led him, even back in the ecstatic 70's, to avoid the works of Renan, because he "could never understand why anybody should take a man seriously who was palpably wrong."

When Maurice Francis Egan protests that the present volume is not to be taken dogmatically, since it is a series of essays upon "the art of injudicious reading," he is merely hiding his light

behind a very beguiling lamp shade. The book is brimful of wisdom, of humor, of well-digested culture, and of human sympathy. Its appearance at this particular season is certain to add many an extra plum to the Christmas puddings of the elect!

FOUR AND TWENTY MINDS. Essays by Giovanni Papini. Selected and translated by Ernest Hatch Wilkins. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. \$2.50 net.

Papini's essays are undoubtedly interesting. They grip the reader's attention, and lure him to continue reading, even when he differs completely from the views expressed. The sentences are so crisp and vigorous, so many striking and relief-pointing phrases occur that one experiences some difficulty in laying down the volume when once one has taken it up. These essays cover a wide range, stretching from Dante to himself in literature, and from Berkeley to Croce in philosophy. The author is a good hater, and words of blame and fault-finding flow eagerly, and indeed too readily from his lips. In the essay on Hegel, Croce is spoken of in most laudatory terms; while a few pages further on (p. 163 *et seq.*), Croce is chaffed most unmercifully, and his philosophy characterized as a theory which wavers constantly between nonsense and mere common sense. These two essays were written at different periods, but their appreciations by no means coincide, and what becomes of the consistency of their author?

Maeterlinck, likewise, another *idolum fori*, is reduced to very small dimensions. While real men of genius, and creators in poetry and prose like Verlaine and Mallarmé starved in slums, others gifted with scant literary ability, but much business acumen, picked their brains and attained wealth and renown for themselves. To sum up the whole crushing indictment, Maeterlinck is a translator, adapter, and popularizer.

The essay on "Hamlet" is the most extraordinary of the collection, and absolutely inadmissible. One really has to rub one's eyes to make sure one is not dreaming, so many literary blasphemies are heaped together there. What can we think of a "critic," who coolly asserts that Shakespeare is dead, that Hamlet is a tissue of incoherences, and that the wonderful passage, "To be or not to be," is no more than superficial commonplace? All we can say is, such a "critic" knows absolutely nothing of what he is talking about; and there is just as much sense in denying the power of the ocean or the tides, the glory of the sunshine or the rainbow as in denying the poetic inspiration of Shakespeare.

Astounding, too, is the perversity which brackets Shakespeare with Carlyle, and ranks the latter as one of the four greatest

writers of England. What, then, about Milton, great in prose and verse? and Dryden and Scott and Newman? Does Signor Papini seriously mean that all Carlyle's writings put together would equal the "Ode on the Grecian Urn" of Keats, or the poetry of Coleridge, Shelley, or Francis Thompson? Surely, if he has any sense of what is lovely in words, fancy, imagination, or expression, he cannot maintain that. The essay on Nietzsche is the lament of a disciple for a most dear master. It is overstrained and exaggerated to represent Nietzsche as being victimized by men, and in no sense can he be called a saint. Other statements in this essay are controverted by Mr. Salter's laborious and authoritative work, *Nietzsche the Thinker*. On page 203, Remy de Gourmont's *Latin Mystique* is dubbed "almost a masterpiece." Experts in the subject are of a different opinion, and consider the volume amateurish and unequal.

In spite, however, of these faults, the essays make excellent reading, and summarize well many longish books. Professor Wilkins' translation is exceptionally fine.

PROPHETS OF THE BETTER HOPE. By Rev. William J. Kerby, Ph.D., LL.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.00.

Our Catholic literature is rich with authoritative, well-written books on the priest and the priesthood. The office of the priest, his powers, his responsibility, are ever the same. But since every priest is a product of his generation and must meet the new problems of his time, so there is ever need of new works for his guidance and his inspiration. That need in the present day has been supplied by Dr. Kerby through his volume, entitled *Prophets of the Better Hope*. It is a very modern book, written with the age-long faith and love of the Catholic priest. The author exemplifies his title. He knows intimately the modern world; and priests are not altogether—nor can they be—apart from it.

The present-day problems that the priest must face, the forces that will threaten his ideals and his fidelities, the challenge that will stimulate and inspire, are presented here with clarity and fullness. The priest is the sole prophet of a better world. With insight and exceptional thoughtfulness, the author shows how this prophet can effectively declare his message; what subtle forces will attempt his undoing; what mental, spiritual, and social forces in the economy of divine grace will keep him another Christ for the salvation of others, as well as of himself. The soul-searching of the book is very deep. No priest can read it without receiving that precious reward—a truer knowledge of himself.

Dr. Kerby has done a larger work than, perhaps, he contemplated. He has been able, because of his experience, to chart modern seas of social unrest, of rebellion, of religious doubt and misgiving with religion itself. He would send the priest forth thereon, warned of danger, fortified by grace and knowledge as a pilot to guide the storm-tossed to the haven of peace.

Among its chapters is one entitled "Leisure in Clerical Life." We earnestly hope that every priest in our country will give himself the leisure to read this book.

ANTHOLOGY OF IRISH VERSE. Edited with an Introduction by Padraic Colum. New York: Boni & Liveright. \$3.00.

While Padraic Colum's fascinating anthology is not liable to supplant the monumental *Dublin Book of Irish Verse*, it does supplement it admirably. That is to say, it is particularly strong in its modern note. It quotes generously from the poets of 1916—it is aware of the Irish-American contribution, as in the work of Eleanor Rogers Cox and Francis Carlin—and if, curiously enough, it neglects Emily Hickey, it has the grace to include Katharine Tynan. But by what false modesty has Mr. Colum been so niggardly in quoting his own work? His "Drover" is here, but not that superb piece of impressionism, his "Plougher;" and can he expect anyone to forgive him for excluding the unforgettable "Old Woman of the Roads?"

The introductory essay on Irish poetry is, naturally, of great interest. And Mr. Colum, unlike the *Dublin Book*, has followed the subjective rather than the chronological method in grouping his selections. Following the winds of national "moods," he gives us Songs of the Road and Home, Street Songs, Satires, Faery Songs, Personal Poems, etc. And while something may, very obviously, be urged against, as well as for, this method, it is undeniably dramatic. And to be dramatic is, perhaps, merely another way of being Celtic.

THE TOCSIN OF REVOLT, AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Brander Matthews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.00.

That Professor Matthews' hosts of readers, a clientele built up through half a century of faithful literary work, will welcome his new book goes without saying; but what would be more interesting would be the assurance that it will be read by that smaller, but nevertheless considerable, audience, the "younglings," to whom the opening essay is addressed, and whom the author describes as the sounders of "the tocsin of revolt." Sage counsel is given in this essay to both camps of the army of art,

the conservatives as well as the radicals, but counsel given with such winning charm that not even the most rabid of the revolutionaries or the most rigid of the reactionaries could resent it. And there is not one of them who could not study the book as a model of style, its bland and fluent English flowing like a clear stream under the glow of an autumnal sky. While the discerning reader cannot help but regret that Professor Matthews, never commonplace in manner, should take a commonplace view of "the errors of Rome," and while others may not see eye to eye with him in his appraisal of the Gothic of St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York, none can fail to enjoy his essays, deft, good humored, and glinting with thought, "On the Length of Cleopatra's Nose," "On Working Too Fast and Too Much," "Theodore Roosevelt as a Man of Letters," "Memories of Mark Twain," and divers other subjects. Among these essays is one entitled "What Is American Literature?"—a good answer to which query might be said to be embodied in this volume. It is a worthy example of the American essay at its best.

THE GATES OF OLIVET. By Lucille Borden. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.00.

Those who have seen the sunlight flooding the California meadowland; those who have watched the blue sea of the Pacific and heard its voice of welcome; those, who in western wanderings, have caught the spell of the white monastery walls and felt a peace and a benediction in their wearied souls; those who love fair France and the Lourdes she offers for their marveling—these, and others, too, will find *The Gates of Olivet* a thing of charm and joy.

The tale of Damaris as she is guided to the convent cloisters, is a sweet idyl that will appeal to those who believe that life is more than the pursuing of pleasure on an ever-widening circle of vanity. Throughout the book are to be found charming pictures of the streets of Lourdes, vignettes of inns and inviting shops, and, best of all, a simple, compelling philosophy of life and love that will comfort the believer, and ask the faithless to pause and think. For the pilgrimage of Damaris is a philosophy that will give joy to the discontented and solace to those who have found worldly life, even at its fullest and richest, not quite equal to their hearts' desires.

Though not her first book, this is Mrs. Borden's first novel. She has succeeded admirably in mastering problems of technique. Her characterization, direct and indirect, is handled with much skill, and her plot, unusual in conception, never lags on its way

to its high points. All things considered, the tale is written with a deftness and a finish that serve fully to present another novelist to the readers of contemporary literature.

DOGMATIC THEOLOGY. Vol. IX.—*The Sacraments*; Vol. X.—*Eschatology: Indexes.* By Rev. Francis J. Hall, D.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.25 each.

In this course of "Dogmatic Theology," justly called the Anglican *Summa*, Dr. Hall presents, in most attractive, readable form, the achievements of a life-long scholarship. He fed his mind on the marrow of giants, and synthesizes the best results of Anglican historical and Catholic Scholastic theology. He is familiar with the *Summa* of St. Thomas and with the courses of other eminent Catholic theologians, and makes free use of their studies. Anglicans may well rejoice and return thanks to Dr. Hall for placing at their disposal a thorough and comprehensive exposition of dogmatic theology, such as able and learned men have long since made available to students of Catholic theology. But Dr. Hall's work has the advantage of greater accessibility in that it is composed in the vernacular, and is rendered attractive by a clear and simple style that makes its perusal a pleasure.

The style of treatment is positive and irenic, never polemic or controversial; while the doctrines expounded are derived from divine revelation as recorded in Sacred Scripture, and attested and interpreted by Christian history and tradition during the so-called period of the undivided Church. The author has no sympathy with the Protestant principle of independent private judgment; and is wholly uncontaminated by the pervading and pernicious spirit of modernistic liberalism or rationalism. On this account, the Catholic is much pleased, and, in view of the general tendency to disintegration of dogmatic faith outside the Church of Rome, is agreeably surprised to find such a conservative and constructive work from a non-Catholic pen.

While the Catholic student can find much pleasure and profit in the perusal of Dr. Hall's work on the seven sacraments, he cannot admit his claim of Catholic continuity in the Anglican Church through the "Reformation," when the Mass-priest was repudiated in form and intent of ordination and the Mass-altar destroyed: nor can he see why he demurs to Transubstantiation while admitting "identification:" nor why he declines to admit the penal aspect of satisfaction—except as excuses for the Anglican break of the sixteenth century. Doesn't Henry VIII. give a simpler explanation?

The volume entitled *Eschatology* studies the important problems concerned with the Last Things—death and judgment, purgatory or the intermediate state, hell and heaven, the *parousia*, the resurrection of the dead, and eternal life. All these doctrines, which the author, in common with the Catholic Church, accepts as matters of divine faith, are surveyed in the broad light of Scripture and Christian tradition. The author has the happy art of simplifying his subject to make it attractive. This he effects by not overburdening his presentation with detailed proofs, but is satisfied with a summary and positive statement of the best positive results of scholarship, while referring the reader, for fuller information, to monographs on each special question. That the author depends much for theological precision on Catholic scholars is evident from his many references.

His exposition of the doctrine on the Communion of Saints and on the nature of eternal life is admirable: while his strictures on the caricatures that have made belief in hell (despite the clear evidence for the dogma in revelation) difficult, if not repugnant, to many, are entirely acceptable. Yet the Catholic may not accept his assertion that a *penal* purgatory and admission to the Vision of God before the Last Day are speculative problems that lack ecumenical authority. (His appeal is to Christian antiquity; ours is to the infallible voice of the living Church of Christ.) His speculation as to post-mortem probation and possible salvation for those denied supernatural light on earth; and his theory to explain the continuity and identity of the resurrection body by assuming that a germ-body (as it were) begotten in baptism and nourished by the Eucharist, accompanies the soul after death; and his surmise that the pains of hell are mitigated and become more tolerable in course of time, are views that Catholic theology does not favor; but they are not placed wholly beyond the pale of discussion.

The Bibliographical Index is very complete; and the Subject index is excellent, and most valuable as a ready means of locating the treatment of any question comprised within the scope of the ten volumes. The publisher, too, has done his work most satisfactorily; each volume is neatly printed, well bound, light, and portable.

THE APOCALYPSE OF ST. JOHN. By Rev. E. Sylvester Berry. Columbus, O.: John W. Winterich. \$1.50.

Of all Apocalyptic literature, canonical and uncanonical, *The Apocalypse of St. John* is the most picturesque. It abounds in symbolism and imagery, allusions and references, which were un-

doubtedly more familiar to the readers of the time of composition than they are to us of the present day. The genius of St. John under the inspiration and guidance of the Holy Spirit has reached spiritual heights never attained by the Old Testament Apocalyptical writers. Parts of the book of the Apocalypse offer no serious difficulty of interpretation. The letters are self-explanatory. The last section is evidently eschatological. Some of the symbols are explained by the author. The body of the book has, however, puzzled exegetes. Three leading interpretations have been advanced: (1) The book describes the infant Church of Christ; (2) the author prophetically pictures the history of the Church from the beginning to the end of time; (3) the book is entirely eschatological.

Father Berry adopts and defends the second interpretation. In his opinion, the author of the Apocalypse sees in a vision the future of the Church—her trials and her triumphs. It is, however, not easy to associate the symbols of the Apocalypse with actual great events in the history of the Church. The application must remain broad and general. Probable applications of prophecies are made by Father Berry to many important events in the history of the Church—*v. g.*, to Arianism, Reformation, Luther. He refers to the possibility of the complete destruction of Rome and the transfer of the papacy to Jerusalem. The likelihood of such an event is to say the least extremely improbable: the view is opposed to the general teaching of theologians. Nevertheless, Father Berry's work deserves to be classified with the two principal volumes on the Apocalypse, those of Charles and Allo.

GENERAL AND PROFESSIONAL BIOLOGY, WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO MAN. By Edward J. Menge, Ph.D. Milwaukee, Wis.: Bruce Publishing Co. \$6.50.

This volume contains an extremely valuable compilation of biological information. A thoroughly scientific book, without any tinge of controversy, it is meant for pre-medical students as an introduction to the biological sciences. It seems well fitted to fulfill this purpose. A score of practical teachers of the subjects included in it at various institutions have given it the advantage of their technical criticism. The author has had years of experience in teaching the subject and, above all, in writing of it, for it is of great importance to have written other books to make the wording of a text-book of this kind direct, simple, and to the point.

So much of the terminology of modern science and the principles underlying it, have crept into modern literary usage and the discussion of social problems of all kinds, that it would be well

worth the while of the educated man to renew his acquaintance with the biological sciences to date by means of such a book as this. One turns over the pages of it to find such varied subjects as Immunity, Animal Psychology, Genetics, General Biology of the Plant World, the Earth Worm, the Insects, and then the Principles of the Physiology and Anatomy of the Higher Creatures. There are besides chapters on the history of biology, a thoroughly scientific discussion of evolution showing the present status of the question, and an immense amount of information with regard to the development of individuals. It is, on the whole, a very interesting contribution to the teaching of science, made by a professor in the Catholic University, of which we may be proud. If there were more thoroughly conservative scientific text-books such as this, all the talk about the opposition between religion and science would cease.

THE OLD HOUSE. By Cecile Tormay. Translated from the Hungarian by E. Torday. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. \$2.00.

From a literary standpoint, this book is unquestionably a piece of fine art, written with an unusually high degree of skill and insight—though in parts heavy with excess of detail. Yet we find in it a misuse of the rare gifts of the writer, since its story of decay and death is anything but one to uplift, inspire, and leave us better for the reading. One faint note of hope is struck, however, at the end, when “. . . her two sons came down the graveled path. She looked at them, and her head rose.”

THE VALUES EVERLASTING. By Edward F. Garesché, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.25 net.

Much of our devotional literature makes appeal to a very limited number of the spiritual-reading public. One book will be of interest to priests, another only to cloistered religious, a third to working-girls, a rare fourth to all persons living in the world. We know no class that will not read Father Garesché's book with interest and profit.

Father Garesché has treated a large range of subjects: everyday heroism, the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, considerations on heaven and purgatory, a much-needed and eminently sensible treatment of devotions in general and some in particular. It is a book to be highly recommended. It is unfortunate that so many of our writers and preachers will quote Acts xvii. 28: "In Him we live and move and have our being," which is not the Catholic version.

AMERICANS BY CHOICE. By John Palmer Gavit. New York: Harper Brothers. \$2.50.

It is difficult in a short review to give any adequate idea of the excellencies of *Americans By Choice*. This volume of the "Americanization Studies" is a scholarly treatment of the immigrant in his political relations. It is written in a style that grips and holds the attention every minute.

Naturally, Mr. Gavit gives large space to the working of the naturalization law. In a great measure, it is a revelation of governmental red tape that frequently works out most unjustly for the immigrant. Only one who has had some direct contact with the operation of this law, or who has made a study of it, can realize all of the technicalities by which thoroughly desirable aliens can be denied citizenship; and, on the other hand, how powerless it is to keep out many undesirable citizens.

Incidentally, Mr. Gavit takes up and demolishes certain superstitions that have attached to thinking of the alien. One is that the immigrant is the cause of much political corruption in this country. He has not been the cause of corruption, but older Americans have sometimes used him corruptly. Put, tersely, a man cannot sell his vote unless somebody buys it, and the buyers have been the older Americans. Mr. Gavit shows that naturalized citizens are about as much interested in the ballot and use it as unselfishly as any others.

Another superstition fostered by certain writers is that there is a distinction in assimilability and desirability between the "older" immigration—that from northern Europe—and the "newer"—from southeastern Europe—with a decided advantage on the side of the "older." But, after the most thorough study that has yet been made of the actual facts in the case, Mr. Gavit concludes that "if there is any substantial difference in 'quality of assimilability' between the 'older' races and the newer, *it is in favor of the latter*" (p. 252). A smaller percentage of the "newer" than of the "older" races, for instance, was refused citizenship on the ground of immorality. And if the length of time elapsing between arrival and the filing of a petition for naturalization indicates assimilability, the facts are decidedly in favor of the "newer" immigration. At one end, we have Canada with 16.4 years and at the other Turkey in Europe with only 8.1. The average for all races is 10.6, and the only "older" race under ten years is Ireland; whereas there are six of the "newer" races below this figure.

Most heartily, we recommend this study to all who are interested in the problems of immigration and Americanization—and all ought to be interested in them.

A JESUIT AT THE ENGLISH COURT. The Life of the Ven. Claude de la Colombière, S.J. By Sister Mary Philip, of the Bar Convent, York. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$2.00 net.

This book fills a gap in the library of literature on Devotion to the Sacred Heart. The holy priest who was St. Margaret Mary's spiritual guide during the period of the Revelations and who was her staunch defender against those who misunderstood and opposed her, deserves to be more widely and intimately known. Sister Mary Philip has given to the English-reading world a biography both interesting and devotional. Extracts from Father de la Colombière's letters and retreat notes afford us an insight into the deep spirituality of this truly saintly priest.

NATURAL JUSTICE AND PRIVATE PROPERTY. By Rev. Daniel Merino. Eindhoven, Netherlands: N. V. Lecturis.

Within the brief compass of one hundred and twenty pages, in clear, concise, convincing style, the author deals with the fundamental problems of natural justice and private property. In discussing the origin of private property and the natural titles thereto, such as occupation and production, he joins issue with some of our modern Catholic moralists, such as Dr. Ryan and Father Antoine, in favor of the sounder view of the mediæval Scholastics. Such questions as justice and exchange, justice and profits, interest on capital, and justice and wages are considered in a condensed and illuminating manner. The author, with seeming reason, insists that in *commutative* justice the laborer is entitled only to the current value of what he produces, even if this falls below the living wage—as an enterprise cannot afford, and is not bound, to return to a man more than he contributes. But the need of, and claim to, a living wage, such as Pope Leo XIII. insisted upon, is met by the exercise of *distributive* justice on the part of society, which must so dispose conditions of employment as to ensure to each man, able and willing to work, a salary sufficient to maintain him and his family in frugal and decent comfort. The author seems well versed in the best literature on the subject.

THE ALTAR STEPS. By Compton Mackenzie. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$2.00.

Readers who enjoyed the youth of "Michael Fane" and his entertaining childhood which Compton Mackenzie gave us in *Youth's Encounter*, will be inclined to welcome the picture of another boy that the author draws in *The Altar Steps*, which although not marked by the same sparkle as the earlier work, is

happily free from the patches of gratuitous morbidity, which disfigured it and *Sinister Street*.

The book has the pleasant flavor of Mackenzie's style, and one enjoys the same facility of expression which is found in all of the author's work. The types are done amazingly well. Even the elusiveness of Anglican bishops is photographed. The whole phantasmagoric jumble which confronts earnest members of the Church of England is depicted with astonishing accuracy. Mark Lidderdale, the hero, is made to come into touch with all shades of Anglican "churchmanship"—high, low, and moderate.

The volume has much excellent character-study to recommend it that is not the work of a caricaturist. It gives a good idea of the protean nature of the Church of England in such a way as to interest those who know that Establishment only by name. One can form a rather good conception of the almost incomprehensible divergencies of opinion, that allow members of the Anglican Establishment to measure each for himself the amount of doctrine that the individual wishes to accept. The different characters show the liberally undefined pale of Church of England orthodoxy.

There are many touches of humor in the book. It is a trifle irritating, however, to feel that Monsignor Cripps, a Catholic priest who appears for a few uninteresting pages, is typical of Catholic priests in England. He seems too English to be Catholic, and somewhat insignificant to be a Monsignor. This, however, is a minor point. The book has much of the quiet and wholesome romance of every-day living, which pleases the reader, because he feels that it is true to facts. Such work goes far to prove that it is not necessary to make a book noisome in order to make it entertaining.

Since *The Altar Steps* is professedly a prelude to a forthcoming one, to be called *A Parson's Progress*, one can form no complete judgment regarding the final development of Mark Lidderdale. One hopes that the end will justify the beginning.

PSYCHOLOGY. *A Study of Mental Life.* By Robert S. Woodworth, Ph.D. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$2.50.

Everyone who is at all familiar with the notable contributions made by the laboratory investigations to the progress of Psychology, will be willing to acknowledge and appreciate all legitimate claims of experimental psychology. Ignoring, however, the rational or synthetic, the metaphysical aspect of this science will leave the subject matter of this study incomplete and fragmentary. Numerous problems, most vital and important, de-

mand solutions that only metaphysics is in a position to offer. There is a sense of incompleteness in our modern text-books on psychology owing to this disregard of all metaphysics.

The work of Dr. Woodworth, whose name is familiar to students of psychology, is a thoroughly modern, strictly up-to-date book on this subject. It is, in many respects, a model text-book. The student will appreciate the clearness of diction, the simplicity of style, absence of unnecessary technical terminology. Drawings and diagrams are numerous, carefully made and clear; they will be of great help to the reader. "Exercizes," appended at the close of each chapter serve as a review of the preceding material, and stimulate the student to broader views and independent thinking. Carefully selected books of reference at the termination of a chapter give the opportunity for further reading and study. Dr. Woodworth's *Psychology*, undoubtedly, deserves a place of honor on the long list of modern text-books on this important subject.

ROSEMARY AND VIOLETS, by the late Very Rev. James E. Coyle (privately printed), is a tribute to the poetic fervor of Father Coyle and to the devoted admiration of its editor, Miss Isabel Beecher. Father Coyle was a true child of Thomas Moore, and his little book is fragrant with the piety of his warm faith and his unconquerable love of Ireland. Poem after poem rings with his spirited and poetic eloquence. It is an eloquence of an Ireland thrilling with the aspirations of Wolfe Tone and Robert Emmet, and those who made Easter Day of 1916 forever memorable. (Dispatch Printing & Stationery Co., Birmingham, Ala.)

THE GREAT EXPERIMENT, by Hon. Thomas Dillon O'Brien (New York: The Encyclopedia Press. \$1.25), is an essay on the State and Federal Constitutions as securing liberty to our citizens. Certainly, we need to have our attention called emphatically to these documents. There is much wild criticism of our Government, particularly of our courts, and there are even proposals to abolish the Supreme Court of the United States. In addition to many individual violations of constitutional rights, there is a serious organized disregard of constitutional provisions. But Judge O'Brien, we regret to say, has not given us the study we need. His essay can best be summed up in his own words: "The analysis of the American Government, attempted in the preceding pages, is very incomplete."

NOTES OF A CATHOLIC BIOLOGIST, by Rev. George A. Kreidel. (St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$1.50.) Not many writers have the facility of making the dry facts of science attractive to the general reader. The Rev. George A. Kreidel, of Dunwoodie Seminary, New York, is one who deserves much praise for his pleasing, intelligent, and lucid presentation of scientific facts to the popular mind. In this

book, the author asserts "that the facts of science should not be allowed to stand by themselves, isolated and alone. Ultimately, such facts are not self-explanatory, but rather contain in themselves an appeal beyond. They aid us in making the step from Nature to the Author of Nature." In chapters two, three, and four, where he treats of "God in Nature," "The Beginning and End of the World," and "The Origin of Life," the writer clearly emphasizes this view, and thereby performs a real service to the general reader, who has become nauseated with the modern methods of pseudo-scientists. By holding the mirror up to nature, the writer reflects the power, wisdom, and goodness of God, without sacrificing scientific thoroughness. There can be no doubt that this book will be welcomed as a splendid contribution to popular scientific literature.

AHOOSIER AUTOBIOGRAPHY, by William Dudley Foulke. (New York: Oxford University Press. \$2.50 net.) In all modesty, Dr. Foulke suggests that the life story of one who has been active in Civil Service and Municipal Reform and other important movements, may perhaps be accepted as a small contribution to the history of his day and generation. Without desiring to detract in the slightest degree from the meed of merit that is his for leadership in these causes, we venture the opinion that the future historian will find in this volume material of a nature perhaps unsuspected by the writer of the autobiography. For in this record of service is to be discerned not only the figure of Dr. Foulke, but the figures also of others of his kind, studious yet simple, cultured yet kindly, who have made articulate the soul of hundreds of thousands of their fellow-citizens, who, if they had not equal educational advantages, had the same standards of righteousness and ideals that are imperishable. These are they whose leaven of wholesomeness has worked silently, yet powerfully, to preserve the Republic against the nostrums of noisy notoriety-seekers.

Informing every effort of Dr. Foulke for his city, his State, or his country, was love of the greatest of American institutions—the home. There is an intimacy in the telling of the story that is far removed from boastfulness and a buoyancy of optimism that is communicated to the reader in a manner both sensible and satisfying.

MYRRHA: A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS, by Charles V. H. Roberts. (Boston: The Four Seas Co. \$2.00 net.) The Rome of the days of Nero has been used by many novelists and more than one playwright, but seldom with such satisfying results as are achieved in this tragedy. Not only is the verse itself of an even excellence, but the sense of dramatic values, of the effectiveness of contrast and the significance of suspense is repeatedly revealed. The character drawing is definite, and the character development consistent. Withal, there is a freshness of treatment and a fluidity of action in the big scenes, which mark the play as a production apart from many of the more learned and more labored presentations of the life of the period treated.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the religious aspects of the play. The Christianity disclosed is virile and appealing; that it should permeate the piece is not merely proof of piety, but very practical playwriting, for the gripping power of the greatest of all tragedies is used to carry the five acts in climactic crescendo to a convincing culmination. In a day when Catholic dramatic societies are looking for material for stage presentation, *Myrrha* should be welcomed as a decidedly valuable addition to the available and really actable plays.

THE GIFT: A PLAY IN ONE ACT, by Marie A. Foley. (New York: Samuel French, Ltd. 35 cents.) This short play, offered to amateur players for use without payment of royalty, had a successful presentation in New York several months ago—at Columbia University, if memory serves. There is no reason why it should not have many successful productions. It should give to Catholic dramatic societies opportunity for strong acting, while not making too great demand on those having to memorize the individual parts.

THE LOVE OF THE SACRED HEART, illustrated by St. Mechtilde. (New York: Benziger Brothers. \$2.00 net.) This is the third in a series of books for special spiritual reading on the love of the Sacred Heart of Our Divine Saviour. The two previous volumes dealt with the communications of the Sacred Heart to St. Margaret Mary and the Blessed John Eudes and to St. Gertrude. The readings in this present book are based on the revelations to St. Mechtilde as related in *The Book of Special Grace*. The tender intimacy, which is there shown to have been granted by the Sacred Heart to this Saint of the thirteenth century, may well inspire those who meditate upon it with so ardent a love for the Heart of Christ as to obtain for them some share in that same intimacy. This volume forms a worthy addition to our Catholic devotional literature.

INSTITUTIONES DOGMATICÆ, by Rev. Bernard J. Otten, S.J. Vol. III.—*De Verbo Incarnato*. (Chicago: Loyola Press. \$3.50 net.) Students of theology will welcome this new dogmatic text-book of Father Otten's, which treats of the Incarnation, the Redemption, the Blessed Virgin, and the Saints. Father Otten lays more stress than most authors on the proof of the divinity of Christ, and he gives his students a fairly complete and up-to-date bibliography.

THE ORIGIN OF LETTERS AND NUMERALS, by Phineas Mordell. (Philadelphia: Published by the Author. \$2.00.) The *Sefer Yetzirah*, the difficulties of which Mr. Phineas Mordell endeavors to clear up in his thesis, *The Origin of Letters and Numerals*, is one of the Jewish writings dealing with the mysteries of letters and numerals. Its difficulties are due not only to the obscure style of the book, but also especially to the composite character of the extant work. For, according to the author, commentators of the eighth and ninth cen-

turies combined with the original *Sefer Yetzirah* (=S. Y. I.) an early commentary (=S. Y. II.), which often misses altogether the sense of the primitive work, while making the S. Y. I. two or three times larger than it was originally (pp. 5, *et seq.*, 36). In the course of his inquiry, the author notes a number of resemblances between the S. Y. and the Pythagorean system—a point treated again especially in the supplement to the book, and ventures the suggestion that the S. Y. may represent the genuine fragments of Philolaus, who was the first to publish the Pythagorean philosophy: the Pythagorean system would thus be of Hebrew origin!

Mr. Mordell's thesis is rather hard to read. The reasoning is not always clear, and one is liable to become confused when trying to follow the author in matters where so much is conjectural: the S. Y. I. is not a model of clear thought and simple expression! Few will look to that strange book for the real explanation of the origin of the Alphabet. Several statements of the author will appear surprising, and in need of proof or explanation, as, for instance, the original vowel value of the Ain, or that the Arabic Alphabet was originally invented to represent the Assyrian-Babylonian language. The Table of Corrections is far from complete: however the rather numerous misprints of English words will not cause any difficulty. A little more serious is the failure (p. 9) to mark properly the emphatic letters, which are thus printed just like the ordinary letters. On page 57 (*Mishnah* 8), the punctuation signs of the last two lines have been misplaced in the Hebrew, and on page 62 in the English translation, one clause ("stormed them through air") has been transposed, as appears from the Hebrew.

THE CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPEDIA. Supplement I. Volume XVII. (New York: The Encyclopedia Press, Inc.) The preface to this volume calls attention to the permanent value of *The Catholic Encyclopedia*, as shown in the fact that, in issuing this first Supplement, scarcely any revision was required of articles already published on subjects other than biography and geography; additional or supplemental matter on these heads chiefly being needed to cover the changes brought about since 1914. Noteworthy among the new articles are valuable contributions by specialists on Americanization, Bolshevism, Prohibition, Psychoanalysis, Soviet and Union of Christendom, to name but a few, which renders the *Encyclopedia* a valuable reference book to all those who wish to be informed on these timely questions.

THE October issue of *The Font Hill Dial* is an example of beautiful workmanship and, both in format and matter, reflects credit on the College of Mount Saint Vincent, which is celebrating, this year, the seventy-fifth anniversary of its foundation.

THE LIFE OF LIVES—The Story of Our Lord Jesus Christ for Young People, by Louise Morgan Sill. (New York: George H. Doran Co. \$1.50.) Beautiful simplicity and reverence are characteristics of the

Life of Our Lord, which comes from the pen of Mrs. Louise Morgan Sill, a writer already favorably known to discriminating readers. The volume will give young people a clear idea of the chief events in the divine story of the New Testament, though, of course, it will not familiarize them with Catholic doctrine nor with the words of the Catholic text.

HELGA AND THE WHITE PEACOCK, by Cornelia Meigs (New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.00), is a play in three acts, for children. It is a fairy tale, fanciful and delightful, and the moral it points is one that any child can understand. Another Macmillan book, *Charlie and His Kitten, Topsy*, by Violet Maxwell and Helen Hill (\$1.25), is a fascinating series of stories, all about Charlie, who is the most real of real small boys. The illustrations add greatly to the charm of the text.

Other children books recently issued are *The Wonder Story* (New York: Benziger Brothers. 35 cents), that of the birth and childhood of the Infant Jesus, here told by Miss Marion Ames Taggart in her own inimitable way. It will bring home to children the true meaning of Christmas, only too often lost sight of in their very natural delight over the Christmas tree and the Christmas stocking. *Chico, the Story of a Homing Pigeon*, by Lucy M. Blanchard (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.75), takes the small reader to Venice and introduces him to many of its wonders. We love the little Chico from the time he breaks through his shell to the time when he is one of the acknowledged heroes of the World War.

Of especial interest to boys is Father Finn's *On the Run* (New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.00), the story of Joe Ranley, an American boy, and his stirring adventures in the stormy Ireland of today.

FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

Der Heilige Bonifatius, by J. J. Laux. (Freiburg i. Br.: Herder & Co. 53 marks.) In this small volume, of less than three hundred pages, Father Laux portrays the sympathetic human side of the character of St. Boniface, which, to many of us, remains buried in the extensive correspondence carried on by the Saint with relatives and friends and brethren-in-religion in his homeland across the Channel. We see St. Boniface take an interest in the poetic efforts of a youthful relative in England. We see him write riddles in verse and give advice regarding the rules of metre. We see him receive from King Ethelbert II. of Kent a golden chalice and two waterproof raincoats with the request to procure for him two German hawks for crane-hunting. We see him write to the Abbot of Wearmouth for Bede's works, preferably his *Homilies* or *Commentaries on the Proverbs*, which might be of use to him in his preaching. At the end of this request, we read the following: "Instead of a kiss, we send your Highness, through the carrier of this letter two little kegs of wine, and ask you to prepare, mindful of the love that is between us, for your brethren, a joyous holiday." The book is written for the general reading public. A student of history will find in the appendix, of thirty pages, an up-to-date bibliography and also a short discussion of fifteen disputed or un-

certain details of chronology, locality, genuinity, etc., of matters mentioned in the book.

L'Orient Vu de L'Occident. (Paris: P. Geuthner. 4 frs.) E. Dinet and Sliman ben Ibrahim present us in this work with a brief apology of Islam in reply to some misrepresentations of the faith by western Orientalists. According to the authors, western historians are incapable of a correct and fair estimation of the Mohammedan Orient. Two are singled out for the purpose of showing the errors into which false methods and bias may lead scholars: Father Lammens, S.J., of the St. Joseph University, Beyrouth, and Mr. Casanova, of the Collège de France. Father Lammens (pp. 19-42) is evidently the authors' *bête noire*. They recognize, indeed, his great learning, but they are provoked to bitterness by his tone, which they find needlessly offensive, and by his readiness to accuse or suspect Mohammed and his friends, who hardly ever get the benefit of the doubt, while Mohammed's enemies are rehabilitated (pp. 26-30). Mr. Casanova, on the contrary (pp. 43-80), is praised for his fairness (pp. 44, *et seq.*; 79, *et seq.*), although his thesis as to Mohammed's successor is declared extremely dangerous to the Coranic Revelation (p. 46). In the Bibliography, the description of the works is too vague—without any mention of place or date—and the principle on which the works are selected is not clear: several other recent volumes, adapted to the needs of the general reader, could easily be added.

From P. Téqui, Paris: *Explication du Petit Office de la Sainte Vierge Marie*, by Rev. Charles Willi, is an excellent French translation of the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin, accompanying its every verse with a most detailed and helpful commentary (314 pages). In six preliminary chapters, he gives a brief historical sketch of devotion to the Mother of God, and initiates her devout clients into the beauties of the Little Office. *Petit Manuel des Congrégations de la T. S. Vierge.* (1 fr.) This little manual contains a number of prayers in honor of the Blessed Virgin, the Little Office of the Immaculate Conception, and the rules and regulations of the Congregation of the Immaculate Mary. *Futures Epouses*, by Abbé Charles Grimaud. (5 frs.) The conferences of this interesting volume are written for young women with a view of preparing them for their future vocation of motherhood. The Abbé's themes are purity, piety, home and social life, education, marriage, divorce, race-suicide, and the like. *L'Abbé Jean-Baptiste Debrabant.* (10 frs.) Mgr. Laveille, the biographer of the Abbé Jean Marie De Lamennais and the Abbé Champagnat, has added, in this, another striking figure to his gallery of French ecclesiastics. *Direction de Conscience Psychothérapie des Troubles Nerveux*, by the Abbé Arnaud d'Agnel and Dr. d'Espiney. (8 frs.) Priests and physicians will find this new volume on psychotherapy most useful, for it analyzes most carefully all the symptoms and conditions common to morbid conditions of both soul and body. A Catholic priest and a Catholic doctor join hands in telling us all that modern science knows of the proper treatment of nervous diseases, and all that Catholic theology teaches regarding the proper spiritual guidance of neurotic and scrupulous souls. *Les Chevaliers du Poignard*, by Albert Monniot. (7 frs.) This is a stirring tale of the French Revolution. It begins at the siege of Yorktown, in America, and ends with the death of Robespierre. The author has drawn a good picture of the reign of terror at its height, and gives a most vivid account of the adventures of the Chevaliers du Poignard.

From Bloud et Gay, Paris: *L'Enseignement du Catéchisme en France.* (4 frs.) In this interesting volume, the Abbé Bricout, one time editor of the *Revue du Clergé Français*, gives us a detailed history of catechetical instruction in France from the days of the Council of

Trent. After a brief introductory chapter on the ideas and methods of Gerson, St. Francis de Sales, St. Vincent de Paul, Olier, Fénelon, and Bossuet, the writer discusses the causes of present-day ignorance in matters of religion, the make-up of the three classes of the catechism in current use, the duties of the efficient catechist, the use of modern methods of teaching, etc. *L'Education du Clergé Français*, by the Abbé J. Bricout. (4 frs.) This volume sums up, in a brief, but accurate, outline, the history of clerical education in France during the past four hundred years, both in the Petits and the Grands Séminaires. The writer contrasts the methods of the Sulpicians, the Vincentians, and the diocesan clergy, and discusses in detail the course of studies, the text-books in current use, the ideals proposed to the students, the training of the professors, and the results obtained.

From P. Lethielleux, Paris: Dom Bede Lebbe, of the Benedictine Abbey of Maredsous, has translated Bishop Hedley's *Lex Levitarum* (4 frs.) for the Benedictine series of ascetical and mystic volumes, known as "Pax." These twelve conferences treat of vocation, purity of heart, zeal for souls, the seminary life, the study of philosophy, literature, and the Holy Scriptures. *Les Mystiques Bénédictins, des Origines au XIII. siècle* (6 frs.) contains those conferences given by Dom Besse, which treat especially (with a general introduction) of the Benedictine mystics up to the thirteenth century.

From Victor Lecoffre, Paris: *Evangile Selon Saint Marc*, par Père Lagrange (4 frs.), is an abridgment of the author's more scholarly work, divested of every appearance of erudition, and intended for popular use. It consists of a translation of the Gospel, together with a brief, though satisfactory, commentary. *St. Jean-Baptiste*, par D. Buzy (8 frs. 50), is an historical and critical study of the highest order, in which every phase of the Precursor's only too short life is fully dwelt upon and all objections satisfactorily solved. Much space is devoted to topography and controversy, but this is necessitated by the nature of the work, which will be highly prized by teachers and students of Sacred Scripture.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:

Catholicism and Criticism. By Etienne Hugueny. Translated by Rev. Stanislaus M. Hogan. \$3.50. *From Vita Nuova to Paradiso*. By Philip H. Wicksteed. \$1.75. *Liberalism, Modernism, and Tradition*. By Oliver C. Quick. \$2.50.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:

Human Nature in the Bible. By William Lyon Phelps. \$2.00. *Dante and His Influence*. By Thomas Nelson Page. \$2.00.

ALFRED A. KNOFF, New York:

Ireland's Literary Renaissance. By Ernest Boyd. \$3.50. *Prejudices*. Third Series. By H. L. Mencken. \$2.50.

RUSSELL SAGE FOUNDATION, New York:

Plans and Illustrations of Prisons and Reformatories. Collected by Hastings H. Hart. \$2.50.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:

Poems. By Canon Sheehan. \$1.00. *The Literary Life and Other Essays*. By Canon Sheehan. \$2.25. *The Divine Counsellor*. By Martin J. Scott, S.J. \$1.75.

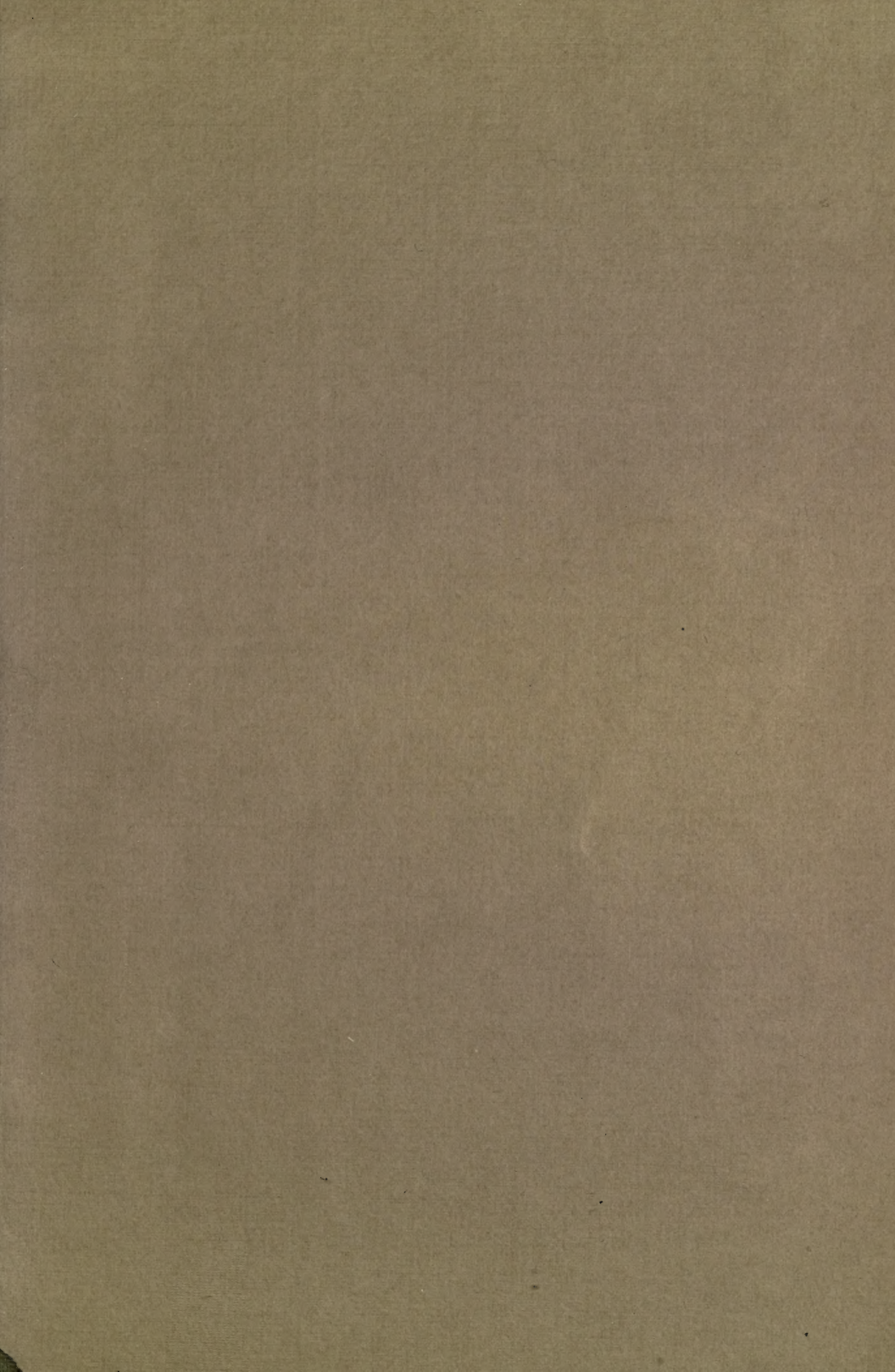
THE MACMILLAN Co., New York:

A Manual of the Short Story Art. By Glenn Clark. \$1.75. *The A B C's of Business*. By Henry S. McKee. \$1.00. *The Psychic Health of Jesus*. By Walter E. Bundy. \$3.00.

JOSEPH F. WAGNER, INC., New York:

The Epistles of St. Paul. By Rev. Charles J. Callan, O.P. Vol. I. \$6.00.

- E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:
The Life of the Spirit and the Life of Today. By Evelyn Underhill. \$2.50.
English Short Stories from Fifteenth to Twentieth Century. \$1.00.
- DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & Co., Garden City, New York:
Single Blessedness and Other Observations. By George Ade. \$1.50. *My Life and Work.* By Henry Ford. In Collaboration with Samuel Crowther. \$3.50.
Woodrow Wilson and World Settlement. By Ray S. Baker. 2 vols. \$10.00.
- BONI & LIVERIGHT, New York:
The White Heart of Mojave. By Edna Brush Perkins. \$3.00. *Tramping On Life.* By Harry Kemp. \$3.00.
- BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:
Catechism of the "Summa Theologica." By Rev. Thomas Pegues. \$2.00. *The Hymns of the Breviary and Missal.* Edited by Rev. Matthew Britt. \$6.00.
- FLEMING H. REVELL Co., New York:
Christianity and Progress. By Harry E. Fosdick. \$1.50.
- HENRY HOLT & Co., New York:
Character Problems in Shakespeare's Plays. By Levin L. Schucking. \$3.50.
- HARCOURT, BRACE & Co., New York:
Definitions. By Henry S. Canby. \$2.00. *What Prohibition Has Done to America.* By Fabian Franklin. \$1.00.
- GEORGE H. DORAN Co., New York:
Neither Here Nor There. By Oliver Herford. \$1.50. *Robin Hood's Barn.* By Margaret Emerson Bailey. \$2.00. *Mr. Lloyd George.* By E. T. Raymond. \$3.00.
- DODD, MEAD & Co., New York:
The Tale of Triona. By William J. Locke. \$2.00. *The Call of the Mountains.* By LeRoy Jeffers. \$5.00.
- BRENTANO'S, New York:
Degeneration in the Great French Masters. By Jean Carrère. Translated by Joseph McCabe. \$4.00.
- COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:
An Introduction to the History of History. By James T. Shotwell. \$4.00.
- LIEBER & LEWIS, New York:
Against the Grain. By J. K. Huysmans. Translated by John Howard. \$3.00.
- THE CENTURY Co., New York:
The Problem of China. By Bertrand Russell. \$2.00.
- THE FOUR SEAS Co., Boston:
Poems. By B. Preston Clark, Jr. \$2.00. *Six Short Plays.* By Wilbur S. Tupper. *Michal.* By Alice C. Cook. \$1.50. *A Receivership for Civilization.* By Duren J. H. Ward. \$3.50.
- HOUGHTON MIFFLIN Co., Boston:
A Critical Fable. \$1.00. *Tradition and Progress.* By Gilbert Murray. \$3.00.
The Letters of Franklin K. Lane. \$5.00.
- SMALL, MAYNARD & Co., Boston:
The Best Plays of 1921-22. Edited by Burns Mantle. \$2.00.
- MARSHALL JONES Co., Boston:
John Ruskin's Letters to William Ward. With a Short Biography of William Ward by William C. Ward. \$2.50. *Horace and His Influence.* By Grant Showerman. \$1.50.
- THE STRATFORD Co., Boston:
Father Glynn's Poems. \$1.50.
- C. A. NICHOLS PUBLISHING Co., Springfield, Mass.:
The New Larned History for Ready Reference. Vols I. and II.
- HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS, Cambridge:
The Causes of Heart Failure. By Wm. Henry Robey, M.D. \$1.00.
- J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co., Philadelphia:
Appraisements and Asperities. By Felix E. Schelling. \$2.00. *Seeing the Eastern States.* By John T. Faris. \$5.00.
- H. L. KILNER & Co., Philadelphia:
The Adventurers. By Maurice Francis Egan. \$1.25.
- THE ARTHUR H. CLARK Co., Cleveland:
The Bozeman Trail. By Grace R. Hebard and E. A. Brininstool. 2 vols. \$12.50.
- THE EXTENSION PRESS, Chicago:
The Story of Extension. By Rt. Rev. Francis C. Kelley. \$2.00.
- B. HERDER BOOK Co., St. Louis:
A Commentary on the New Code of Canon Law. By Rev. Charles Augustine, O.S.B. Vol. VIII. Book V. \$3.00.
- N. V. LECTURIS, Eindhoven, Netherlands:
Social Catholicism in England. By Dr. Karl Waninger. Translated by Rev. Charles Plater, S.J. 1 fr. 25.



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